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THE STORY OF
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The Story of Canada Series

THE STORY OF OUR PRAIRIE PROVINCES

THE STORY OF OUR CANADIAN NORTHLAND

THE STORY OF ONTARIO

THE STORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

THE STORY OF NOVA SCOTIA

In Preparation

THE STORY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE STORY OF QUEBEC

THE STORY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

THE STORY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

The Story
OF
Newfoundland and
Labrador

BY
FRANCES B. BRIFFETT, M. A.



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PREFACE

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*THE STORY OF
NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR*

CHAPTER I

THE TENTH PROVINCE

THE STORY of Newfoundland, like all old stories, begins with "Once upon a time." Once upon a time this island was part of the great Appalachian Highlands that also formed what are now the Maritime Provinces and the New England States. Then the ocean flowed over a part of the land, creating a great continental shelf, and the mountain tops appeared above the water as islands.

Long years after this change came the ice age. One great ice cap stretched from the Labrador down into central Canada and the United States. Newfoundland had an ice cap of its own which was probably many thousands of feet thick. This vast weight exerted terrible pressure on the rocks and the soil beneath, grinding the rocks and plucking up the soil to form lakes and ponds. When the ice moved, it dragged with it, like a huge rasp, all the broken debris that had been frozen to it. The tops of the jagged hills were ground round and smooth and this is now the characteristic shape of the hills. As the ice moved down to the sea, it scooped out U shaped valleys. Rivers were blocked up and forced to change their courses. When the ice cap had finally disappeared, Newfoundland was left a country of numerous lakes and deeply indented bays and fiords.

When you look at the map, you can see that in shape the island is a triangle with all its sides equal. The length of each side is slightly more than 300 miles. The three corners of this

triangle are Cape Bauld in the north, Cape Ray on the South-west Coast, and Cape Race on the South-east. This last cape is one of the best known among sailors and certainly the most dreaded in all North America.

The area of Newfoundland is 42,000 square miles; it is twice as large as Nova Scotia and nearly as large as the three Maritime Provinces together. In all this area there are only 320,000 people. We can see, if we do a little arithmetic, that the country is very sparsely populated—fewer than eight people to the square mile.

Let us make a rapid survey of Newfoundland from the air. A very good place to start will be from the Torbay Airport, near the capital, St. John's, which is older than Quebec but a much smaller city with a population of 50,000. That cape jutting so boldly out to sea at the entrance to St. John's is Cape Spear, the most easterly point in North America.

As we rise high above the Avalon Peninsula, we notice the mighty arm, Placentia Bay, is pushing northwards into the land. That bay is ninety miles long, but it just misses the arm that Trinity Bay is stretching out to it in a south-westerly direction. The narrow isthmus separating the two is only three miles wide. The Avalon Peninsula is so deeply indented by bays that it looks rather like a giant starfish. This peninsula, however, is very important, for it is the oldest and most populated part of the island; about 40% of the people of Newfoundland live here.

As we drop lower, we notice the lonely peaks standing up like sentinels on the wind-swept barrens. People often speak of these as "tolls". Inland from St. Mary's Bay is one of these, Spread Eagle Peak. It is only 1200 feet high, but even from that level it is possible to see, on a clear day, numerous lakes and ponds, four great bays, and, away to the south-east beyond Cape Race, one of the great shipping lanes of the world. The cape itself is often hidden in fog, for not far from this South-east coast of Newfoundland the Arctic Current meets the warm waters of the

Gulf Stream. When cold and warm water come together, mist or fog is formed. Winds from east and south blow this fog in to the South Coast of the island, and westerly winds blow it out to sea again. This is one reason why Cape Race is a terrible menace to shipping. One day out of every three is foggy there. The cold Arctic Current, however, helps to make the Banks of Newfoundland one of the richest fishing grounds in the world. The towns of Grand Bank and Burin on the South Coast are important centres of the Bank Fishery.

As we turn and follow the winding Eastern Coast towards the north, around picturesque bays and inlets, it will not surprise



Shelton Photo—Courtesy Nfld. Tourist Office

A ROCKY COVE

us to learn that the shore-line of Newfoundland extends for six thousand miles, about three times the distance between St. John's and Liverpool and more than one and a half times the distance between St. John's and Vancouver. We notice, too, the many small settlements on islands and points and in little bays and

sandy coves. The majority of Newfoundlanders earn their living from the sea and so they dwell as near to it as possible. There are thirteen hundred settlements scattered around the coast of Newfoundland. While a few are large towns, most of them are tiny villages.

Because so many of the people live on the coast, the bays have been divided for electoral purposes into districts; the term "county" is not used.

Leaving the last of the large bays on the East Coast behind us and following the long cold finger of the Great Northern Peninsula, we notice that the settlements become fewer. If we consult a map, we see that the place names on this part of the coast are nearly all French, such as Conche, Croc, and Quirpon, for in summer French fishermen occupied this part of the East Coast as well as the West until 1904. Almost at the tip of the finger is St. Anthony, the Newfoundland base of the Grenfell Medical Mission. This part of Newfoundland is in the same latitude as the south of Ireland, but it is much colder here. The reason is that Ireland benefits from the warm waters of the Gulf Stream while the cold waters of the Arctic Current wash the eastern shores of Newfoundland. Because the ocean does not give up its heat readily in winter, however, even the Eastern Coast of Newfoundland is comparatively mild in winter, and the temperature rarely sinks so low as it does in parts of Ontario and the Prairie Provinces which are in the same latitudes.

As we fly west over the Straits of Belle Isle, we are near the Province of Quebec. Blanc Sablon is now the dividing line between that province and Newfoundland Labrador. The narrow straits are often wrapped in white sheets of fog, and the wind in some places whistles, shrieks, moans, and whines in the hollows among the cliffs. These sounds mingle with the screaming of sea-gulls and the crying of kittiwakes. No wonder the superstitious sailors of long ago thought the straits haunted! Here was their dreaded Isle of Demons.

When the *Sieur de Roberval*, the first governor of Canada, was passing through the Straits of Belle Isle, he landed his niece, who had displeased him, and two other people on the Isle of Demons, now known by the pleasanter name of Belle Isle. Ice blocks the straits for more than half of each year, so that this uninhabited island must have been one of the loneliest places in the world. Two of the marooned people died, but the girl herself survived and many months afterwards was rescued by some French fishermen. She was half mad with anguish, and her stories of demons added to the tales that credulous seamen had already told.

Although there is so much fog in the Straits of Belle Isle, the West Coast of Newfoundland is almost entirely free from it as is the interior of the island. Following the shore, we pass beautiful Bonne Bay and the equally beautiful fiord of the Bay of Islands. Here on an arm of the Humber River is one of the largest pulp and paper mills in the world. On our left we see the blue hill tops of the Long Range which forms part of the backbone of the island. Over it the railway climbs eighteen hundred feet to reach the western slopes. Because the land is very old, Newfoundland contains no lofty peaks or spires. The Big Level in the Port au Port area is the highest mountain. This has a height of 2,677 feet, only about one-fifth the height of Mount Robson in the Canadian Rockies. At the south-west corner of the island is Port aux Basques, the western extremity of the Newfoundland Railway now part of the Canadian National system. The connecting link is the ferry that plies between Port aux Basques and North Sydney in Nova Scotia.

Unlike railways in other parts of Canada this has a narrow gauge. Newfoundland, as we have seen, is a very hilly country and, as we turn to follow the narrow ribbon of rail over spruce-covered hills, around lakes, and across bogs, we can realize how heroic an undertaking the building of a cross-country railway

was for such a tiny population as Newfoundland had about fifty years ago.

The island is slightly tilted, rising from east to west, and because of this fact the longest rivers flow into the eastern bays. The greatest waterway is the Exploits River. At Grand Falls on this river we see one of the settlements of the interior. This is the town of Grand Falls, the site of a very large pulp and paper mill.

The Gander with its tributaries drains a similar area to that drained by the Exploits, but it is only half as long as its big neighbour. The famous Gander Airport, one of the largest in the world, is near the river and here we shall put down our plane. A few miles away is the ocean. We are back on the East Coast.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a relief map of Newfoundland. You may use putty, plasticine, or salt and flour. For the salt and flour mixture use the following: one cup of flour to one half cup of salt, and water enough to make a stiff paste. To make the map: Trace the outline in pencil on a piece of wood. Put pins into the wood to different heights to show the height of land. Outline the various mountain ranges. Now build up the map carefully. The salt and flour should just cover the head of each pin. Is the land sloping in the right direction? Now take a stick and trace the rivers.

2. Learn to sing "The Ode to Newfoundland".

3. The area of regions are given in square miles. Here are the areas of some Canadian provinces to the nearest 10,000 miles. Nova Scotia 20,000, New Brunswick 30,000, Newfoundland and Labrador 150,000, Ontario 410,000, Saskatchewan 250,000. Draw a square, one inch to a side. Let us suppose that this square inch represents 10,000 square miles. On a large piece of wrapping paper draw figures to represent the sizes of the regions mentioned above. Make each figure a different colour.

CHAPTER II

THE NEW-FOUND-LAND

THE FIRST discoverers of Newfoundland were probably wandering bands of Eskimos. Between Bonne Bay and Flowers Cove on the North-west Coast there are many prehistoric Eskimo sites. At Fleur-de-Lys on the North-east Coast there is an old soapstone quarry worked, scientists believe, by Eskimos centuries before the coming of the white man.

History usually gives the honour of being the discoverer of North America to a Greenlander, Leif, the Lucky. He was the son of a stout old Viking of Norway, Eric the Red, who had gone first to Iceland and later to Greenland which was very unlike its name even one thousand years ago.

There are references to the Greenland colony in the Vatican Library at Rome and other records elsewhere. But of the voyages of Leif and his companions and the colony founded by members of his family our only sources are the old Icelandic sagas, the folk lore of long ago.

This is the story that the sagas tell: Eric, Leif's father, on being outlawed from Norway went to Iceland, a new Viking colony, on the very edge of the world as men thought at that time.

From Iceland it was possible on a clear day to see the faint outline of an unknown land, which we now know as Greenland, and it was to this land that Eric decided to sail when another

quarrel made it impossible for him to remain in Iceland. His friends who still hailed him as their chief went with him.

One of them had a very devoted son, Bjarni, who was a sailor. When winter approached, he hastened home to Iceland to share in his family's Christmas celebrations, only to find that the family were no longer there. Nothing daunted Bjarni set out to find the new colony. Before he reached Greenland, however, he was driven off his course and sighted strange places. Since he did not know the land, he could tell little about these places, but his story stirred the heart of young Leif. In Greenland there was need of many things, wood, and wine, and wheat, so that Leif had little difficulty in persuading his friends to follow him into the unknown. In the new land they hoped to find all these things.

It took stout hearts to venture out into the ice-strewn northern seas in an open boat like the galley of those days. Their first sight of the new land must have been a disappointment to the young Greenlanders, however, for it was a desolate spot. Leif named it Helluland, a word meaning a flat stone. This was probably some part of Northern Labrador. Undaunted the voyagers rowed on until they reached a land that was thickly wooded. This they called Markland, a Norse word for woodland. Farther on still they came to a land that was for them surely the "land of heart's desire", for here they could obtain, so they thought, both wheat and wine. They called the spot Vineland, or Wine-land the Good, and Leif and his companions spent a winter there. After his return to Greenland, Leif's family decided to plant a colony at Vineland, and Godred the Fair, a beautiful young woman who had once travelled to Rome, decided to be a colonist; Freda, Leif's half-sister, went too.

Although the Norsemen tried to make their colony a success, it did not prosper, partly because the Greenlanders quarrelled among themselves, partly because they were attacked by the

"Skraelings" who, no doubt, were Eskimos. Gradually the settlement was abandoned.

Now this is the part of the story that concerns us. Where was Markland, and where Vineland? Scores of learned men have tried to find the answer to that riddle. Some declare that Markland was the northern part of Newfoundland and that Vineland was in what is now Nova Scotia. Others say that Vineland was somewhere on the Gaspé Peninsula; others still that it was on the New England coast. There is even a statue to Leif in Boston. Those who know the Labrador coast best, however, declare that in spite of the absence of wheat there, Leif's Vineland was somewhere on the southern part of the Labrador coast, probably in Sandwich Bay. Grapes, of course, do not grow in Labrador nor even in Newfoundland, but berries, from which wine can be made, do.

The parent colony in Greenland fared no better than the infant colony on the shores of North America. The Black Death raged in Europe, and the dark ages became very dark indeed. When after an interval of many years ships crossed the ocean to Greenland, the colony had disappeared. The Pope of that day grieved for his "dear lost children", for they were all dead and with them had died the secret of their discovery.

JOHN CABOT

Europe was hungry in the Middle Ages, and dried codfish known as stock fish, was eagerly sought after, particularly by the people of Southern Europe. French and Spanish fishermen went yearly to Iceland to fish and there dim memories of Leif's voyages still remained. Some of these Basque and Breton fishermen, who doubtless knew of the sagas, are said to have crossed the Atlantic years before the discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot. Naturally as they were fishermen and not explorers they would keep the secret of these rich fishing grounds to themselves. Of their discoveries, then, we are not sure, but when we come to 1497 we are on very firm ground for in that year John

Cabot in his little ship, the *Matthew*, discovered Newfoundland and claimed it for the English king, Henry VII.

Five years before this discovery the great Columbus had sailed out into the Atlantic to prove a theory that the world was round and that therefore the shortest way to the gold and spices of the east lay in sailing west. Columbus as we know did not get to India as he planned, but discovered a new world. The Portuguese had been exploring the coast of Africa; soon they were to reach the Cape of Good Hope, sail around it and on to India. To keep peace between the two nations, Portugal and Spain, the Pope of the day issued a series of rules or bulls dividing the New World between the two. The limit of latitude on the north was 40°. This, as you will see by looking on the map of North America, did not include Newfoundland.

In the English town of Bristol there was living at the time a Genoese sailor who had travelled in the East and had seen at Mecca the spices of Japan. He also knew what the learned men of Italy taught about the shape of the earth. Like Columbus, Cabot was determined to find a route to India by sailing west.

Fortunately for him the merchants of Bristol were anxious to finance just such an expedition. Men from Bristol had been fishing in Iceland for many years and doubtless they had heard the vague tales of Vineland. On a previous occasion Bristol had sent out a ship to search for the islands in the west. Now the English king, Henry VII, was just as eager as the Spanish and Portuguese monarchs to have a share in the fabulous wealth of the new lands especially when he did not have to pay for the discovery. He readily gave John Cabot and his three sons a patent to "sail east, west, and north" under the English flag, and "to conquer, annex, and govern lands unknown to Christians".

In the lovely English springtime the brave captain and his crew of eighteen left Bristol. After passing Ireland, Cabot steered north, then east. On the twenty-fourth of June he sighted land.

Where was this point of land sighted by Cabot? Many in Newfoundland claim the honour for Cape Bonavista on the East Coast of the island. On Mason's map published in 1625 we find opposite this cape the words "First found by Cabot!" There are others who think that the landfall was somewhere on the Labrador, and others have some authority for stating that Cape North in Cape Breton Island was Cabot's landfall. Of one thing



THE CABOT TOWER, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

we can be sure, he did visit Newfoundland, and must have been a disappointed man at the absence of the jewels and spices he craved. But the Bristol members of his crew were keen to note that the sea on the Banks was so full of fish that they could be taken in hampers weighted with stones.

On Cabot's return to England the king gave him ten pounds as a gift and later a pension of twenty pounds a year. He was now known as the Great Admiral and men ran after him for a share in the new world that he had discovered.

In the following year Cabot crossed the ocean again, but of

this voyage we have little knowledge. It was plain to him on his second visit that he had not reached the East, nor would he see again the spices of Japan.

Cabot died a broken-hearted man, but when is not known. After 1498 he was forgotten by the great. Little did they or he suspect at that time that he had found for England a source of wealth greater than all the gold and spices of the East.

THE CORTE REALS

The Portuguese, as we know, were famous explorers. They had been the first to find a way around the Cape of Good Hope and thus reach India by sea. The news of Cabot's discovery spurred them on to further discoveries. The Corte Reals were favourites of the Portuguese king and he had given them large tracts of land in the Azores, but in 1500 Gasper, the youngest member of the family, was granted a charter "to discover and rule new lands". Twice he made voyages to the north-west, sailing along the East Coast of Newfoundland, where he named Conception Bay.



CORTE REAL'S SEIZURE OF THE INDIANS

Gaspar was searching among other things for slaves and he sent home to the king a shipload of fifty-seven kidnapped Indians, probably Naskapi from the Labrador. His ship, however, did not return from this second voyage and the next year his brother Miguel went in search of him. From this expedition three of Miguel's vessels returned safely to Portugal, but the ship on which he himself was sailing, like Gaspar's, disappeared. Perhaps the Indians found a means of avenging their kidnapped relatives. After a third expedition the Portuguese king sent no more explorers to Newfoundland, but Portugal claimed the land explored by the Corte Reals, and her fishermen came eagerly to the shores of Newfoundland and the Labrador. Portuguese merchants sold hawks and "popinjays", wild cats and mountain cats (martens) brought back from the New Land, even at the court of Henry VII. On old maps for years after 1501 the East Coast of Newfoundland was christened *Terra de Corte Reall*.

JACQUES CARTIER

The last of the great discoverers, as far as Newfoundland is concerned, was Jacques Cartier, a fisherman from St. Malo in France.

Bretons had been fishing on the shores of Newfoundland as early as 1506, if not before that time. Jacques knew the men who brought home loads of fish from Newfoundland waters and may himself have been a fisherman there before he became a navigator. He was sent by the king of France to explore the seas along the North American coast, to take new lands for France, and to find, if possible, a western route to India.

France, not wishing to be outdone in the great race for wealth and power, had already sent out an Italian explorer in 1524. He had sailed along part of the North American coast and had claimed the land for France. That the land had already been claimed by others did not trouble the French king. Where was the article in Adam's will that had given so much of the earth to Spain and Portugal, he scornfully asked.

In 1534 Cartier followed up the first French expedition. Doubtless because he knew the way to Newfoundland he sailed straight for Cape Bonavista. Then he went along the coast to what is now Catalina in Trinity Bay. Cartier called this harbour St. Catherine's Haven. St. Catherine was Cartier's patron saint; Catherine was also the name of his wife.

From St. Catherine's Haven he then went north and landed on the Funk Islands, forty miles off the North-east Coast, which he named the Isles of Birds. These islands were the home of the great auk, or penguin, and there were so many of the birds on the lonely rocks that Cartier said all the ships of France might have loaded there. He and his crew killed two boatloads of them.

Continuing north he reached Cape Bauld; then he turned south through the Straits of Belle Isle. He was the first to discover that Newfoundland was an island. Older geographers had thought of it as being part of the mainland.

Crossing the Straits of Belle Isle he visited the Labrador coast, but as Cartier was looking for a fertile land he turned in disgust from the barren coast, declaring that Labrador must be "the land that God gave to Cain". Sailing south he reached Prince Edward Island; then he went west to the coast of New Brunswick and north to the Bay of Chaleur.

On his next voyage Cartier reached the river St. Lawrence and followed it as far as Hochelaga, or Montreal, as it is now called. He had discovered a vast new land for France, but the great river did not lead, as he so fondly hoped, to the coasts of India. How little he knew that some of the world's richest mines lay waiting in the silence of the vast north, in lands stretching on into the Labrador he had despised!

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a cardboard or wood model of a Viking ship; the *Matthew*, and Cartier's vessel, the *Grande Hermine*.

2. Dramatize the scene at the court of Henry VII when John Cabot describes the land which he has just discovered.

3. Read the description of the Naskapi in the chapter on the Montagnais and the Naskapi.

CHAPTER III

FISHERMEN OF MANY LANDS

THE KINGS of England, Spain, Portugal, and France all claimed Newfoundland, but the fishermen of these countries cared little about empty titles. They were men of one idea and that idea was fish. If these fishermen had not visited our shores before the time of Cabot they were, we know, fishing here five years after his discovery.

As there was little meat in Europe in those days and no potatoes, fish was a very important part of the common people's diet. For the Mediterranean market much of this was dried codfish. The waters around Newfoundland were teeming with fish. Here was gold that could be dipped out of the water, plenty for everybody, and at first Basque, Breton, English, and French fished side by side. They were brave men, those fishermen of long ago, for only brave men would have dared to cross the Atlantic in the wretched little sailboats which were the fishing vessels of that day. These on an average were as large as the Newfoundland fishing schooner of today, but they could not sail so well. There were fog-bound coasts and floating ice, uncharted reefs with no friendly gleam from a lighthouse to warn men of danger. There were many times when their rude compasses could not be

trusted, and always, in fine weather and bad, lurked the danger of an attack from pirates, of whom there were many in these seas. On the northern part of Newfoundland and on the Labrador there was the added danger of being attacked by Indians or Eskimos so that the vessels were armed with cannon and, as the fisherman sat in his little skiff and fished with hook and line, his gun was always beside him on the thwart. Despite all these dangers, however, men continued to come, some of them for more than forty years.

The fisherman worked hard; there was no frozen bait to be had then, no traps, no seines. He fished with hook and line. Then he split the codfish, washed it, and dried it to creamy whiteness upon the beach. But pebbly beaches such as those of which the fishermen dreamed are not found everywhere in the bays and coves of Newfoundland. Because they were scarce there was always a race in the springtime, each skipper trying to be the first to reach a suitable harbour where he could claim for himself the best beach, or as much as he wanted of it. The captain of the first fishing vessel to sail into a harbour was admiral for the season. He had great power and did as he pleased.

In one way Nature favoured the fishermen. There was an ideal trade route to and from Newfoundland. In the spring the east wind blew, and in September and October, when the vessels were ready for home, the west wind was there to fill their bellying sails.

And life was not all drudgery in Newfoundland. There was plenty to eat, delicious salmon, trout, and lobsters so plentiful that it was possible to spear hundreds of them in a day. There were also wines and sweet oil, biscuits and marmalade, for merchant vessels from many ports came regularly to sell their wares to the fishermen in Newfoundland.

Whenever the fishermen gathered together in little bays or harbours, there was feasting, wine, song, and laughter as well as drunken brawls, no doubt, for these were rough men in a

very rough age. It was on such occasions, perhaps, that the natives, watching from the shelter of the woods, ventured out to steal the nets and sails of the white men who stole their furs from them when opportunity arose.

These fishermen have all faded from history, but they have left memories of themselves in the place names scattered thickly along the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador. In Conception Bay around whose shores Gasper and Miguel Corte Real once sailed and to which Spanish and Portuguese fishermen came in great numbers there is still a Spaniard's Bay and a Portugal Cove. The tiny island of Baccalieu reminds us that it was once the *Ylha dos Bocanhos*, Portuguese for Island of the Codfish (the whole of Newfoundland once bore this name). Cape St. Francis was *Cabo de San Francisco*, and Cape Spear *Cabo de Espera*. Cape Broyle comes from *Abrolho*, meaning a rock, and *Fermeuse* was *Fermosa*, the beautiful. There is Cape Freels from *Cabo de Frey Louis*, and on the South-east Coast Cape Race, which was *Cabo Raso* or Smooth Cape.

A great part of the coast is dotted with names that are French in origin such as *St. Julien* and *Fleur-de-lys* in the north-east and *Bonne Bay* and *Port au Choix* on the West Coast. *Port aux Basques* on the south-west corner reminds us that here French and Spanish Basques hunted the whale and walrus.

We have reminders, too, particularly on the East Coast, of the old English fishermen. Many of their names are as rough and unpolished as they were themselves. A tickle was a "ticklish" or difficult place to navigate, and there are many tickles in Newfoundland such as *Leading Tickle* in *Notre Dame Bay* and *Tickle Bay* and *Tickle Point* in *Trinity Bay*. But they also bestowed beautiful names on many places. *Heart's Desire*, *Heart's Content*, *Heart's Delight* and *Heart's Ease* are in *Trinity Bay*, and *Happy Adventure* is in *Bonavista Bay*.

THINGS TO DO

1. Maps about two hundred years ago were in great demand as decor-

ations. People today are using them for the same purpose. Make a decorative map of Newfoundland. Use manila paper, the back of a piece of oil cloth, or part of an old white window shade. Add colours with crayons. Use grey-green for the land, green-blue for the water, deeper blue at the border. You will need reds, greens, and browns for the objects; also silver and gold. Use, too, some black for contrast. When you have finished painting, give your map a coat of shellac.

2. Perhaps you would like to make a lampshade of your map. You can make paper look like old parchment by using oil paints. When dry, varnish. After this has dried, take a soft rag and dip it in turpentine and then in burnt umber oil paint. Take a clean rag and wipe out the highlights. Rub the wrong side of the map with a rag dipped in turpentine and orange-coloured paint.

3. On a modern map of Newfoundland find as many French place names as you can. Learn the meanings of the words. Many of them are very beautiful.

CHAPTER IV

BRITAIN'S OLDEST COLONY

IT WAS not until the time of Queen Elizabeth that the English court realized the great importance of the first English discovery. There were many reasons why the countries of Europe wanted colonies at this time. Thousands of people were unemployed and as a result there was great unrest. Now if these men could be sent fishing to distant colonies what a benefit it would be to them and to the motherland. The gold and spices of the East still lured men like Frobisher and Davis to search for a North-West Passage to India, but merchants soon saw that there

was gold in the fish and fur trade. To encourage English fishermen, Queen Elizabeth passed a law that everybody must eat fish at least twice a week. At this time the queen was greatly concerned about the might of Spain and how to defend England against this bitter enemy. In that day England depended on the fishing boats and fishermen to bolster up her tiny navy in time of war; so the fishery was "the greatest jewel of the realm". Then, too, the fish that came from distant Newfoundland could be sold in Spain and in the end the gold that the Spaniards had brought home from Peru would become English gold.

The queen and her parliament became determined to do these two things: to build up the English fishing fleet, and to destroy the fishing fleets of Spain. Sir Bernard Drake, the cousin of the great Sir Francis who had plundered the Spaniards in South America and had then brought his cargo of gold all around the world and safely home to England, was sent to destroy the Spanish ships in Newfoundland. In this raid he captured many prizes and carried off six hundred prisoners to England. But Englishmen still trembled for their own Newfoundland fleet because they knew that its loss would be "the greatest blow that could be given England". To protect "the gold mines of the Newfoundland fishery" of which, they said, "there is none so rich", a colony was planted in the island.

At this time there was at the court of Queen Elizabeth a brilliant young sailor and poet, Sir Walter Raleigh, who was the favourite of the queen. He had a half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and it was he who obtained a patent from the queen to plant colonies in the New World.

It was in 1583 that Sir Humphrey Gilbert made his first successful attempt to visit Newfoundland. He had with him nearly three hundred men among whom were some miners, because he hoped to find precious metals. But Gilbert's men were not the type that makes good colonists. Some of them were pirates whose first work in the New World was to board and

rob a French ship. It would have taken a stronger man than Gilbert to keep such a crew in order.

When Gilbert entered St. John's harbour, he found many ships there and plenty of food for his hungry men. There were also merchants in the port, some of whom had houses in St. John's even at this time. Both they and the captains of the fishing vessels were very generous and Gilbert and his officers feasted on the choicest food of many countries, as well as enjoying for the first time the delicious salmon, trout, and lobsters of Newfoundland.



GILBERT BEING FEASTED ON BOARD SHIP IN ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR

Sir Humphrey lost no time in taking possession of the colony. He ordered a tent to be set up on a little hill—probably King's Beach Hill where the Newfoundland monument now stands—and there, surrounded by his officers, soldiers, and the captains of all ships then in the harbour, he read his commission from the queen to colonize Newfoundland. A very old custom was

then followed. A sod and a willow wand were given to the English nobleman as a symbol of ownership.

One of the miners found what he thought was a silver mine, and Sir Humphrey was delighted. "I am now become a northern man," he said, "and my heart is set on Newfoundland." His crew thought otherwise. Some of them stole a ship and sailed off; others hid in the woods; some he had to send home to England. After seventy days, the general himself sailed away with his three ships and all the men that were left to him. This was a sorry beginning for a new colony, but he intended to return in the spring.

After one of his ships had been wrecked on Sable Island, Sir Humphrey had but two left, the *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel*, which was a little boat of about ten tons. He had been sailing in the *Squirrel* because she was light enough to run into small coves which he wished to explore, but now that the stormy Atlantic had to be crossed, his officers begged him to go on board the *Golden Hind*. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was not a very good seaman, but he was a very brave man, and he refused to leave the tiny ship and her crew. The storms grew worse and worse, but when the *Golden Hind* came near, he shouted above the wind "We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land". One night those watching from the *Golden Hind* saw the lights of the *Squirrel* go out. She was never seen again. Thus perished the first colonizer of Newfoundland.

It was not until many years after this ill-fated expedition that another attempt was made to settle Newfoundland. In the meantime Elizabeth, with the help of her merchantmen and sailors, had completely defeated the galleons of Spain. But now in 1610 the queen was dead and her courtier, Sir Walter Raleigh, out of favour. The governor of this new colony was a business man, John Guy, of Bristol. He had worked hard to form a company known as "The London and Bristol Company of Gentlemen Adventurers". There were forty-six members in the

company among whom was the great Lord Bacon. Guy was the first governor, and the company gave him very exact instructions. He was to send home to England in addition to fish, oil, and furs, hazel nuts, from which the optimistic shareholders hoped to make oil, and kelp for the making of glass.

Early in May, 1610, Guy, his brother-in-law Colston, and thirty-nine other people set sail for Newfoundland. They did not settle in St. John's, but went to a beautiful little harbour now known as Cupids, in Conception Bay. Here Guy built a fort and a mansion which he called Sea-Forest House. He also built a saw-mill, a grist-mill, and boats, and cleared land for a garden. But John Guy had difficulties as great as making oil from the hazel nuts of Newfoundland. He was harassed by pirates who not only stole his property but carried off some of his men as well. The fishermen would not obey his orders. He had tried to protect both the fish and the forests of the island, but the fishermen were only concerned with getting the best places on the beaches. They looked upon Newfoundland as their own, and did not want colonists there. John was an ambitious fellow and did not stay long in the new colony. Already an alderman of Bristol, he returned home and was soon made mayor of that ancient town. Captain Mason, who afterwards founded the state of New Hampshire, became the next governor of the infant colony in Newfoundland.

Besides the settlement at Cupids, Guy's company had another at Bristol's Hope (now Harbour Grace). Here lived Robert Hayman who fancied himself a poet. He wrote,

"The aire in Newfoundland is wholesome, good.
The fire as sweet as any made of wood:
The waters very rich, both salt and fresh;
The earth more rich, you know it is no lesse."

This is not very good poetry, but we can forgive Hayman since we all like to hear our island praised.

It was fashionable to become colonizers at that time, and many



gentlemen were eager to join Guy's company and buy land. One of these was Sir William Vaughan. He was a poet, too, and wrote of Newfoundland. Vaughan had not the practical common sense of Hayman when it came to choosing colonists, however. Hayman knew that only good industrious men made good settlers, but Vaughan believed the theory of his day, which was that one of the advantages of planting a colony was to rid the motherland of lazy fellows and criminals. So the men he sent to Newfoundland were not the stuff from which pioneers are made.

Sir William bought a tract of land which was south of a line drawn from Petty Harbour to Placentia. He planted a colony, Cambroil Colchos, at Trepassey, and at a spot between Renews and Aquafort he built Golden Grove, named after his estate in Wales. This scholar, who knew more about the ancient Greeks than he did about the men of his own day, left the management of his colony to others while he wrote a book about Newfoundland, which he called "The Newlander's Cure". This book, however, proved to be a success since he found two noblemen willing to buy part of his land from him. One of these was Lord Falkland, who bought a grant of land and called it South Falkland. This nobleman also bought from Guy a strip of land lying between Bonavista Bay and Trinity Bay and named it North Falkland. Like Vaughan, Falkland stayed at home and wrote a book about Newfoundland.

The other nobleman who bought land from Sir William was Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore. Calvert did not write a book; he came himself to live in Newfoundland. In Europe at this time there was no freedom of religion. France and Spain denied that right to Protestants, and England denied it to Roman Catholics and also to Puritans. Calvert was a Roman Catholic and he dreamed of a colony where there would be freedom of worship for all. He called his colony Avalon after Avalon in the West of England, and made Ferryland his capital. Here he built a stone mansion for himself, but his house soon became

a hospital since fifty of his hundred colonists became sick at one time. England and France were at this time at war, and French privateers made raids on English shipping in Newfoundland. Lord Baltimore made counter raids and captured several French fishing vessels. But the winters were cold at Ferryland, and Lady Baltimore complained of the lonely life there. His colonists, including those brought out by Vaughan, were not much good for work; some of them were children who had been unwanted in England, parish orphans most of them. In addition to all these troubles the clergy quarrelled among themselves. Lord Baltimore complained to the king that the climate was too cold. The king replied that the climate was not too cold, but that Lord Baltimore was too soft and that he had better come home. By this time, however, Lord Baltimore had gone to America, where he founded the state of Maryland.

Poets and noblemen were not able to colonize Newfoundland. The true colonists were those brave and sturdy fisher folk who settled in tiny groups — often no more than the members of one family — in the little coves and on the islands along the coast. They went wherever codfish was plentiful and where they could build houses and boats. No weak or lazy person could stand the kind of life they lived in those lonely settlements. Their children grew up strong and self-reliant. We are proud to think of them as our ancestors, and we like to think, too, that we still possess some of their qualities of courage and independence.

THINGS TO DO

1. Dramatize the scene where Sir Humphrey Gilbert takes possession of Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth.
2. With pieces of twigs for logs, cardboard, salt, flour, and glue, make the model of an early settlement such as Guy's at Cupids.
3. Children without parents, or whose parents were too poor to support them, were sent as servants to the plantation at Ferryland. Suppose that one of them was able to write and that he or she had the opportunity of sending a letter to a friend in England. Write such a letter.

CHAPTER V

THE SALLEE ROVERS AND OTHER PIRATES

IN THE early days of which we have just read, piracy was common in the North Atlantic as well as on the Spanish Main, but it was sometimes mixed up with patriotism and religion. Thus the fine old sea-dogs of Queen Elizabeth's reign did not hesitate to rob and plunder the Spanish colonists in South and Central America because the Spanish king was the enemy of England and Protestantism. Even the gallant Sir Francis Drake, the darling of his homeland, was, in the eyes of those Spanish people whom he robbed, no better than a pirate.

Spanish and Portuguese fishermen in Newfoundland, no doubt, thought of his cousin, Sir Bernard Drake, in the same way, although the latter had a commission from Queen Elizabeth to destroy the Spanish trade with the island by seizing the Spanish fishing fleet. Since Portugal was at that time ruled by Spain, Sir Bernard seized the Portuguese fishermen as well and carried off their ships and cargoes to England. The fishermen, 600 of them, were thrown into an English prison where they were, however, given a rude sort of trial for we read that the judge and jury and Sir Bernard Drake himself caught the terrible prison fever from these poor wretches and died of it. This incident will give us some faint idea of the stench and filth of the prisons of that day.

They were always overcrowded and for this reason among others the practice arose of partly manning with criminals the

vessels sent out on service of the state. John Cabot was given men from English prisons for his second expedition; Jacques Cartier also had to use some of this sort; so it is easy to see why there were so many pirates. These men were not particular



CABOT SIGHTING NEWFOUNDLAND FROM THE "MATTHEW"

about right or wrong. In time of war they robbed their enemies, but when peace came, their chance of freedom lay in running up the Skull and Cross-bones and becoming out-and-out pirates.

When in 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert entered St. John's harbour with three ships, one of them, the *Swallow*, was manned by pirates and trouble enough they gave the pious admiral since they began to rob the fishing vessels as soon as they reached Newfoundland.

When, after the time of Queen Elizabeth, peace was made with Spain, many of the bold fellows who had sailed against the Spanish Main could no longer rob the Spaniards without being hanged at home; so they became pirates and scoured the high seas, robbing friend and foe alike. Now these sea-rovers, of

course, needed food and clothing as well as cannon, ammunition, ships, and wine. All these things they could get by raiding the fishing fleets which were always well supplied by merchant vessels.

Sir Henry Mainwaring, one of those bold sea-robbers, stayed in Newfoundland for three months and lived off the fishermen before finally sailing away with four hundred of them. Some of the men he compelled to become pirates, but some joined his crew readily enough since the wild carefree life appealed to them. From the old records it is clear that Sir Henry was not particular as to whom he robbed. From a French ship he took 10,000 fish while from a Portuguese ship it is related that he carried off all their wine and provisions except the bread.

Four years later part of Sir Walter Raleigh's fleet on their way home from South America, thought of the rich pickings to be had in Newfoundland. They entered the principal harbours and, after taxing the fishermen for powder, shot, and other necessities, seized as many French ships as they needed and carried off the cargoes to be sold in Italy. Since fishermen are excellent sailors, they also took away more than one hundred of them.

Another notorious pirate of this time was Peter Easton, who had his rendezvous at Ferryland and proved a menace to John Guy's Newfoundland colony. After robbing and destroying ships and property, he sailed away with nine vessels, one hundred guns and cannon, and five hundred men. Some of these men went willingly. The truth is that pirates were not hated by everybody for they sold their stolen goods more cheaply than they could be obtained elsewhere. At this time the nations of Europe would not allow their colonies to trade except with the motherland. Although the English colonies in North America were not allowed to trade among themselves, the rules were often broken, and pirates there as elsewhere were always sure of a ready market for their goods.

While these pirates of whom we have written were English,

French pirates also robbed fishermen in Newfoundland. One of these was the bold sea-rover Michel de Sancé who in 1596 pillaged English ships in the harbour of St. John's.

But the pirates that really struck terror into the hearts of French and English alike were the Sallee Rovers. These got their name from the port of Sallee on the North Coast of Africa. Since at the time Turkey owned that part of Africa, most of these sea-rovers flew the Turkish flag though many of them were really Europeans.



"SALLEE ROVERS" PREPARING TO TACKLE A SHIP

The Stuart kings forgot that the glory of England lay with her ships and men. They let the navy decay so badly that the Sallee Rovers became a scourge to seamen. Such places as Turk's Cove in Newfoundland is a reminder that these pirates came even to the New World, but it was when returning to England in the fall that the Newfoundland fishing fleet was in the greatest danger.

After a while the seaport towns of England began to raise

money to fight the pirates and, when Cromwell became Lord Protector, he sent a fleet to the very stronghold of the Saltee Rovers and did so much damage that they were no longer a serious menace on the Atlantic. But they were not completely destroyed until a little more than one hundred years ago when France conquered Algiers and completed the work of rooting them out. Then our fishermen could sail safely with their cargoes to the Mediterranean ports.

THINGS TO DO

1. Captain Clarke, who was in St. John's harbour at the time of Michel de Sance's visit did not know that the Frenchman was a pirate and invited him to breakfast on board his ship. Michel pretended to be sick and asked the English captain to visit him instead. When Clarke and nine of his men did so, they were instantly surrounded by the French and taken prisoners; then their ship was robbed of everything of value. Dramatize the scene on board the French ship when Captain Clarke finds out that he has been tricked.

2. Make a coloured sketch of pirates robbing a Newfoundland sack ship (merchant vessel).

CHAPTER VI

IN THE TIME OF THE FISHING ADMIRALS

A VERY old European rule gave to the captains of the first three vessels to arrive in a harbour each year at the beginning of the fishing season the titles of admiral, vice-admiral, and rear-admiral. These had the right to keep the best part of the beach for themselves. Then in the time of Queen Elizabeth a law

was made that whatever space on shore the master of a vessel selected he could keep just as long as he had buildings on it which he used for carrying on the fishery. Because of this law a custom arose of a master's leaving part of his crew in Newfoundland during the winter to keep the stages and flakes in repair and to build boats. Some of these servants never returned to England but became settlers. There were also those colonists who had been brought out to the island by Guy, Vaughan, Baltimore, and Falkland.

But the merchants in the south-west of England had no intention of letting settlers take the beaches away from their fishermen, and in 1634 they were able to get laws passed known as the Star Chamber Rules. These laid down a number of regulations for Newfoundland and gave the fishing admirals the power to see that they were enforced. Thus the admirals were



FISHING ADMIRAL IN COURT

to act as judges. To give them such power was, of course, very unwise, since most of these admirals were rude men who could

neither read nor write and who used their power mainly for the benefit of themselves and their friends.

This is how Judge Prowse, a fine historian of Newfoundland, describes a fishing admiral in his court. The admiral he pictures in a blue fishing jacket and trowsers filthy with pitch, tar, and fish slime. On his head is a sealskin cap robbed from a Beothuck or traded for a stick of tobacco. His seat is an upturned butter-tub, and the court a fishing stage.

At the close of a trial the judgment went in favour of the one who could pay the highest bribe or offer the largest bowl of calabogus (rum and molasses). These admirals had no power to try criminal cases, but neither did anybody else in Newfoundland.

The government of England as well as the merchants did not wish to see Newfoundland become a settled colony, for the English fishing fleet was to be the training ground for sailors who in time of need could be taken, without further training, into the navy. Of course, if settlers had the beaches, fewer English crews could dry their codfish there. Newfoundlanders might be loyal to Britain, but they were too far away to be of much use in wartime. A further law was made which forbade a settler to cut wood, build a house, or keep cattle, sheep, or goats within six miles of the shore. Since the settlers were fishermen, this law was intended to drive them out of the island. All the owners of ships trading to Newfoundland were forbidden to take settlers there, and no fisherman was to be left in the island after the fishing season was over. Despite such laws, however, the people went on living near the coast; then another order was issued to burn their houses and root the settlers out. Newfoundland was to be merely "a ship moored near the Banks" for the convenience of the English fishermen.

The settlers had at first no means of defending themselves, but they still clung to Newfoundland in spite of the fact that they had been urged to go to Jamaica or other West Indian

islands. By this time the merchants had persuaded the parliament that Newfoundland was quite unfit for colonization, but the people who lived there knew better. Even though they were still ruled by the fishing admirals and they and their property were always at the mercy of these tyrannical men, the settlers refused to leave. Many of them could not save their homes, however; the fishermen from England carried fire and destruction wherever they went. A petition to the English parliament for "a governor with great guns and ammunition" says that fifteen hundred men in three weeks could not build up what had been wantonly destroyed in St. John's. Settlers had been living in the island for more than sixty years, and there were thirty or forty English settlements, all of them, except Trepassey, on the East Coast. John Downing and George Kirke, the sons of former governors of Newfoundland, and a few of the more prosperous fishermen, organized their neighbours into bands which stoutly resisted the enemy. Contrary to what might have been expected, they found strong supporters in the naval captains who had been sent out to protect the interests of the English fishermen. These men saw at once how difficult it would be to uproot so many little settlements, and furthermore they said the island must be saved from the French who had a colony at Placentia. This was in the reign of Charles II, who had no intention of displeasing the King of France, so that, although the settlers obtained temporary relief, the laws were not changed and the threat of eviction still hung over their heads.

Although the Newfoundlanders had asked for a governor, their petition had not been granted, but the practice later arose of making the captains of the convoys, sent out to protect the fishing fleet, governors while they were on the coast. That, of course, was only in the summer season. The first of the naval governors was Captain Henry Osborne (1729). In an attempt to bring some sort of law and order into the island, he divided it into districts and appointed justices of the peace over each

district. But the fishing admirals maintained that their authority came from parliament and they continued to do as they pleased.

At this time punishments everywhere in the world were stupid and cruel. Some of the magistrates were almost as ignorant as the admirals were.

One of the first things that Osborne did was to have stocks set up in the principal settlements. Sitting in the stocks or being publicly whipped was considered a mild punishment for petty crimes. One could be put to death or sent into slavery for stealing even small amounts. In 1784 a ship was wrecked in Bonavista Bay. A poor man was accused of taking some articles from the wreck. He was tried and sentenced to death. The captain of the vessel, a Frenchman, was so horrified when he heard the verdict that he pleaded for the man's life. He was then pardoned, but all his property was taken away and he was left to die of grief. Two years later a man was hanged in St. John's for stealing an amount of money less than ten dollars. Another man was whipped sixty times, his property taken away from him, and he, himself, deported, all for the theft of ten pence, that is about twenty cents. People were branded with the letter R burned in their right hand, after which they were deported for crimes which would hardly be considered crimes today. All through the eighteenth century the fishing admirals, too, had the power to fine and whip and triangle men. The triangle was a frame stuck in the ground and to this the victim was tied and flogged. Fishermen who disobeyed the commands of their skippers had to forfeit their wages; for the second offence they were imprisoned, and for the third deported.

Despite these cruel and repressive laws, there was at times wild disorder. During the distress in Ireland, young Irishmen came to Newfoundland in swarms. In the summertime they got work as servants to the planters, but in winter they crowded into St. John's and the other large settlements where they led a very lawless existence.

The magistrates were not paid a salary, but they collected fines, and these were often quite severe — a drunken man was once fined \$150. They also sold licenses to public houses. Each of these licenses cost nearly twenty-five dollars. Half of this amount the magistrate kept for himself. It is no wonder that there were scores of public houses in St. John's and incredible quantities of rum and other liquors were sold.

When the young prince, who later became William IV of England, was a naval officer on the coast of Newfoundland, he, like other officers of his rank, was given authority by the governor to preside over courts as a judge. The prince was a very jolly fellow and one day, while he was walking along a road in Bay Bulls, he met a man who was quite distressed. When the prince heard the man's miserable story of how he had lost his case, he offered to return to the court with him. It was not one over which he had the right to preside, but he pleaded so strongly that the case was reversed. This, it is said, was the only verdict in those days ever given in favour of the poor against their merchants.

According to the story that has come down to us, he was not at all careful when he, himself, was acting as judge. One day at Placentia there was a riot which the magistrate was not able to quell; the prince went on shore and ordered the ringleader arrested. Then he called a court and sentenced the man who was brought to him to receive one hundred lashes, but the poor fellow fainted before all the penalty could be carried out. The next day the prince inquired into the facts of the case and found that he had punished the wrong man.

Throughout all this time the idea of discouraging settlement in Newfoundland remained. When Governor Palliser came to the island in 1764, he was told to make life difficult for those who were stubborn enough to remain there during the winter; that whatever they wanted cooked should be given to them raw, and whatever they wished raw should be given to them cooked.

No wonder he could boast four years after that there were fewer people in Newfoundland at the end of his term of office than at its beginning. He was a very conscientious man acting as he believed in the best interests of Englishmen.

There were, however, among the naval governors men whose sympathies were always with the oppressed. One of these who took the part of the poor against their masters was Captain George Rodney, who later became renowned for his great naval victories over the French in 1782. His name was given to the small boat which is still used in Newfoundland and elsewhere. Another was Admiral Campbell, who came to the island as governor in 1782. He was a gentle, good-natured man and during his term of office introduced freedom of religion. This gave Roman Catholics the legal right to build churches and have their own priests. Governor Waldegrave, who organized a society for the care of the poor in St. John's, and Sir Thomas Duckworth, in whose time Newfoundlanders gained the right to lease and own property, are naval governors who should also be remembered.

In 1809 the rule of the Fishing Admirals was abolished, and seven years afterwards Newfoundland was given a resident governor. She had won the right to existence as a colony.

THINGS TO DO

1. Dramatize a scene in a Fishing Admiral's court.
2. Read "The Three Strangers" (Modern Literature for Schools).
3. Make a model of the stocks.

CHAPTER VII

BATTLES LONG AGO

WHEN France owned Canada, she, of course, wished to guard it from attack by the English fleet. To do so, it was necessary to have fortifications in Newfoundland. Frenchmen had fished on the South Coast of the island almost from the time of Cabot, and some French writers claim that they were fishing here even before Cabot discovered Newfoundland for England. But they did not attempt to plant a colony in the island until the time of Charles II. This was nearly one hundred years after Sir Humphrey Gilbert had taken possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth. Charles II, who was the cousin of the French king, cared nothing about colonizing Newfoundland. There was no objection on his part when one day in 1660 a large French battleship sailed into the harbour of Placentia and landed soldiers, cannon, and building materials for the first French colony here. The men set to work to erect a fort, which was known as Fort St. Louis. Later there were others. Placentia, which the French called Plaisance, was always strong enough to beat off all attacks by the enemy.

In a short time colonists arrived and built their houses on the opposite side of the harbour from the fort. Where they settled there was a long line of beach for drying codfish. This part of Plaisance was always known as La Grave (the Beach). France as well as England had fishing admirals, and none of the settlers could get grants of land near the harbour for farms.



THE BEACH AT PLAISANCE

But they did have their tiny plots of ground where they grew a few vegetables and herbs for their soup.

Plaisance was always the principal French settlement, but there were small ones on other parts of the South Coast. In time of war all the French gathered at Plaisance where they could be protected by the guns of the fort. In peacetime the settlers, or habitants as they were called, went quietly about their work of earning a living just as their neighbours, the English, did on the East Coast of the island. When war broke out, as it did in the reign of William III of England, the fate of all the settlers in Newfoundland, both French and English, was a very cruel one.

At first the French fared better than the English since they had good forts and trained soldiers. They had made friends with the Algonquin tribes of Canada and used them as their allies. When Frontenac was governor of Canada, he was quick to see the advantage of the Indian way of fighting. Pierre Le Moine d'Iberville, a brilliant young Canadian officer, who knew

all that the Indians could teach him about woodcraft, was sent out on raiding parties. After winning successes in New England, he was permitted to attack Newfoundland. He brought with him, in addition to French officers and soldiers, Indians known as Abenakis, a word which means allies. These Indians were to be used to strike terror into the hearts of the English.

D'Iberville had with him two powerful ships, but, when he arrived at Plaisance, he discovered that two attempts had already been made against St. John's and that both had failed. As it was no good to attack by sea again he waited for the winter. It was particularly fortunate for him that winter came very early that year. One bright morning in November he and his men slipped away from Plaisance and sped swiftly on snowshoes over the frozen bay. When they came to the forest, there was not even a footpath. The rivers were only half frozen, and the French had to cross them waist deep in water. It took them ten days to reach Ferryland on the East Coast. By this time men in the small English settlements knew of the raiding party and made a brave effort to defend themselves. At Petty Harbour, not far from St. John's, thirty-six settlers were killed; then d'Iberville went on leaving death and ruin behind him. When he neared St. John's, he met eighty-eight settlers who were on their way to help the people of Petty Harbour. Fifty-five of these men were killed. On reaching St. John's the French found all the people gathered within the shelter of the fort. Some of the besieged had seen English ships far off, battling with contrary winds, and so the garrison held out for three days hoping that help would reach them. But d'Iberville threatened to send his Indians among them with their scalping knives and, faced with this terrible prospect, they yielded. War was just as cruel in many ways then as it is now. St. John's was burnt and the settlers, crowded into one small ship, were sent off to England. Then d'Iberville and his raiders went on to spread terror and ruin in other settlements around Conception Bay. All fell except Car-



FRENCH-CANADIAN SOLDIERS, TIME OF D'IBERVILLE

bonear Island, to which the people of Harbour Grace and Carbonear had gone for safety. It was strong enough to hold out.

When spring came the colonists returned to St. John's and began to rebuild their ruined homes and make the settlement stronger than before. The English Government at this time sent four hundred soldiers to garrison the port.

England was strong on the sea, and Captain John Leake with ten ships destroyed the French settlements at Trepassey, St. Mary's, Colinet, St. Lawrence, and St. Pierre. Then, as the long war continued, the tide flowed again to the side of the French, and in 1705 the governor of Placentia brought Micmac Indians from Nova Scotia to harry the English settlers. The governor of Canada also gave him some of his best soldiers under a clever young officer, de Montigny, who had been to Newfoundland with d'Iberville and knew the country well. Once more the French attacked St. John's in the winter time. This was nine years after d'Iberville's raid, and the English soldiers had grown careless so that they were not even in the fort when one morning wild war-whoops startled the sleeping town. St. John's was taken, but the fort held out. Women and children who had been driven into the fort worked with the soldiers. After a month the French governor, who had threatened them with all the fury of the Indians, had to leave the town which was destroyed. The men who had been kept prisoners in the church were forced to carry the loot to Placentia. As d'Iberville had done, Montigny and his Indians ravaged the settlements around Conception Bay. They captured Harbour Grace and Carbonear, but as in the attack of 1696, the settlers of these two places successfully defended themselves on Carbonear Island. After getting all that was possible from Conception Bay, de Montigny and his raiders scoured the Eastern Coast including Bonavista. Here the people who, thanks to a New England skipper, Captain Michael Gill, had beaten off an earlier attack, now yielded and

ransomed their property for a large sum of money. All that year the French continued to harry the East Coast.

Once more, in 1709, disaster struck the English, and St. John's was again captured by the enemy under St. Ovide de Brouillon, a young French officer. This time the people were able to ransom their town.

Meanwhile in Europe the fortunes of war were going against the French, and in 1713 peace was made with the English. By the terms of this peace, France had to give up her colony in Newfoundland, and the French settlers here were sent to Louisburg in Cape Breton Island. Many of them had been born in Newfoundland and thought of it as their native land. In after years some of them found their way back to the West Coast.

For a while there was peace between France and England; then war broke out again. In 1748 Louisburg was captured chiefly by American colonists under their gallant officer, Pepperell. An English squadron from Newfoundland also helped to complete the capture. Throughout this time and in the years that followed, the English settlers in the island had peace and slowly the forts fell into decay. Then in 1762 St. John's was captured for the fourth time by the French and even Carbonear Island was not able to resist their attack. But the news of the capture was carried to Halifax, and Colonel Amherst, one of the heroes of the war in Canada, was sent with Scottish and colonial troops to retake Newfoundland. The French were driven off from Torbay, and the British advanced overland to Quidi Vidi. There a fight took place, and the enemy retreated up Signal Hill. Before dawn next morning Amherst's forces attacked, and a young Scottish officer, McDonnell, passed the sentries before he was discovered. In this battle the French forces, who had been abandoned by their admiral, surrendered. Since that time St. John's has remained free from enemy control.

When in 1796, just one hundred years after d'Iberville's successful raid, the French admiral, Richery, approached St. John's,

the town was ready even to the heated shot; the enemy sailed on and destroyed the little settlement of Bay Bulls. Two years before this time the French colony of St. Pierre and Miquelon had fallen into the hands of the English, and the Acadians who had settled there after being driven from Nova Scotia were once more homeless. When peace came in 1815, some of those who had been driven from St. Pierre returned, and since that time England and France have learned to live as neighbours.

THINGS TO DO

1. Suppose that you were one of the children in the fort at St. John's during the raid of 1705. Describe the siege in your own words.
2. Make a sketch of the English settlers leaving St. John's in 1696.
3. Read "The Old Navy" and "A Ballad for a Boy" (Ballads for Boys).
4. Make a lino-cut of a frigate of the time.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BEOTHUCKS

WHEN the early explorers discovered the New World, they believed that they had reached the shores of India and they, therefore, called the natives Indians.

In the time of Cabot there was living in Newfoundland a branch of the great Algonquin family whose tribes ranged over a large part of what is now Canada. How long this particular tribe had lived in Newfoundland before Cabot's time we do not know, but they had been separated from their cousins on the mainland long enough to have many customs and manners which were peculiarly their own.

They called themselves Beothucks (meaning men or human beings) but because they painted their bodies with red ochre they were known to the English settlers as "Red Indians". This colour probably had some religious significance since their canoes, their paddles, their bows and arrows, and even their pots were painted red.

In the days before they became hunted by trappers and fishermen, they had lived all summertime on the coast near the mouths of the larger salmon rivers, particularly the Terra Nova, the Gander, and the Exploits. They selected coves with sandy beaches since rocks would have been fatal to their birch-bark canoes. These canoes differed in some ways from those of other tribes. The gunwales met in the centre forming two crescent moons. The canoe was not round in the bottom but pointed like a V. To keep it upright in the water stones were placed in the bottom of it and over them a mat of grass; on this the Indian knelt to paddle. Ballasted in this way the canoes must have been very sea-worthy, for in them the Beothucks travelled many miles out to sea. They are known to have visited the Funk Islands, forty miles from the mainland and one of the stormiest places in the North Atlantic. There is an interesting question arising in connection with this expedition. How did they discover these tiny islands so far from land? It was no doubt in their search for birds' eggs that they reached this spot where the great auk nested and where there were more eggs than they could carry away.

Eggs were a staple article of their diet. One way of saving them for winter use was to pack the boiled and powdered eggs into buckets of spruce bark; another was to make a kind of pudding or sausage from eggs, seal's fat, and liver.

Salmon were exceptionally plentiful in Newfoundland at this time, and the Beothucks caught and dried quantities of them for their winter use. When they ate lobsters and other shell-fish,

they preserved the shells and from these long strings of beads were made.

To kill seals the Beothucks used a harpoon modelled on that of the Eskimo; sometimes even a small whale could be killed and then, no doubt, there was much rejoicing in the band.

In the winter the Indian depended mainly upon the caribou for food and clothing. To trap these animals while they were returning from their summer haunts in the north, long deer fences were built ending in a pound. One of these fences along the Exploits River stretched for more than thirty miles. When one remembers that the trees had to be cut with flint axes, one realizes how great a piece of work this was. The trees were cut in such a way as to fall one upon another with interlacing boughs. The dexterity of the Beothucks was also shown in their use of the bow and arrow. When hunting the Indian kept three or more arrows at one time in his fingers and shot rapidly and accurately. These arrows were each a yard long and the bow the length of a man.



BEOTHUCK WIGWAM

A Beothuck, when in the interior of the island, usually built his wigwam on some elevation where he was able to look out over the river or lake. The wigwam or mamateek was usually a cone-shaped tent of birch-bark and skins, but the tribe also sometimes built straight-walled houses. In every mamateek there was a central fireplace and around it were trenches lined with fir or pine; in these trenches the family slept.

When Sir Humphrey Gilbert started on his ill-starred expedition in 1583, he took with him toys such as Morris dancers as well as hats and caps to please the simple natives whom he hoped to find. But he did not see any Beothucks in Conception Bay for at that time they were not seen south of Trinity Bay.

It was in Trinity Bay nearly thirty years after Gilbert's time that John Guy found a small number of them. They were, he said, men of average size, broad-shouldered, and very erect. They wore their hair plaited in true Indian fashion with a feather standing upright on the crown of the head. They were dressed in deer-skins but some of them wore shoes and mittens, which no doubt had been stolen from the summer fishermen. In many ways these people were like children; they loved to dress up. When the chief was given a towel, he put it on his head; then he and his friends joined hands and laughed and sang. Like children, too, the Indians were ready for a picnic on the beach. The English had bread and butter, raisins, and beer, which they shared with the Indians who, in turn, gave some of their dried venison to their new friends. A young Indian pulled up a root and offered it to Guy, but it was taken by an older man and carefully washed before it was shared among the English. This was a fine act of courtesy which Guy and his friends appreciated.

When the Beothucks made camp, Guy noticed that they used a sail as well as furs for a covering. White men had many things that the Indian needed,—hatchets, knives, nets, sails,—and these things he stole whenever occasion arose, but nobody tried to steal from Guy. The Beothucks were on the contrary most

generous in their gifts to him and his party. When the English returned to the camping-ground two days after their visit, they found the Indians gone, but they had left for their friends a fox skin, twelve beaver skins, a sable skin, four chains of shells and an old mitten.

Guy had promised to return the following year when the grass would have reached a certain height. The Indians were expecting him when one day they saw a ship approaching. Shouting and dancing with joy they all crowded down to the beach, but, unfortunately, the vessel was not Guy's. The skipper of this ship, seeing so many natives, became alarmed and fired his cannon. The poor Indians, believing that Guy had brutally betrayed them, ran into the woods.

Up to this time the natives were considered harmless enough, and had worked willingly for the Basque whalers in return for a few trinkets and a little bread. But attacks such as they suffered in Trinity Bay turned them into crafty and treacherous enemies of the fishermen. Once in a place in the north of the island, called St. Julien, about eighty Beothucks made an unexpected attack upon some French fishermen there and killed sixteen of them. Then they showed a fierce native cunning. Dressing themselves in the clothes of the dead men, they attacked another settlement where, because of their disguise, they succeeded in killing twenty-five people and carrying off their heads in triumph, for the Beothucks did not scalp their victims.

Over in Nova Scotia there was a tribe of Indians known as Micmacs. These were the allies of the French and had been armed by them with guns. Some of these Micmacs settled on the banks of the Conne River in Bay d'Espoir not far from the French colony of Plaisance. Like the Beothucks they lived by hunting and trapping, and from the Conne River they were able to reach the head waters of the Exploits, the Gander, and the Terra Nova. Along these rivers they travelled until they reached the haunts of the Beothucks. Some say that the French

had offered a reward for every Beothuck destroyed. Whatever the motive the Micmacs did murder Beothucks. Once, when Beothuck children found in a Micmac canoe the heads of some of their people, they ran in terror to their parents who told them to be quiet. A banquet was then made for visiting Micmacs and at a given signal they were surrounded and murdered. A war of extermination began between the two, but unfortunately, since the Beothucks had only bows and arrows, they were no match for their enemies. They were, however, foes to be feared and, unless on the war-path, the Micmacs never ventured into their haunts.

In the early part of the eighteenth century small English settlements were scattered over parts of the coast most frequented by the Beothucks. Afraid of the white man's gun, the Indians only ventured out to the shore at night when they stole his nets and sails. Sometimes they only took salmon enough to eat, but for this petty thieving they were shot like wild animals.

By the middle of the century, however, public opinion became aroused. Sir Hugh Palliser, the governor of Newfoundland at this time, was determined to protect both the Beothucks and the Eskimos. A young English officer, John Cartwright, who knew the East Coast, was sent up the Exploits River to find the tribe if possible. He and his party ascended the river to what is now Red Indian Lake. Here, on the shores of the lake which they were the first white men to visit, they found a Beothuck camp, but the Beothucks had seen them approach and had secreted themselves. Judging by the number of wigwams, the tribe at this time numbered, Cartwright thought, about five hundred.

The governors who followed Palliser were equally anxious to get in touch with the Indians. One governor had a large picture painted showing a young officer and his men bestowing gifts upon the Indians, while in the background two mothers,

one white, the other red, look on and smile as their children play together. The picture was taken to Red Indian Lake, but this attempt to reach the tribe was also a failure.

Next a missionary tried to reach the Beothucks but he, too, failed. Then in 1811 the governor of that time sent Lieutenant David Buchan up the Exploits River. Buchan travelled in the winter, and the Indians were taken by surprise. At first they appeared quite friendly, but unfortunately his presents for them had been left in a cache twelve miles from the Indian camp. Four of the tribe promised to go with him to the cache while two of his men remained in the camp. Three of these Indians, however, ran away from Buchan when they saw that there were more Englishmen at the depot, and on Buchan's return to the camp he found his men murdered and the Beothucks gone.

Eight years after this unfortunate visit a settler, who had been repeatedly robbed by the Beothucks, got permission from the governor to try to recover his property. On the shores of Red Indian Lake he and his party came up with the Beothucks. There were very few of them left at this time, and they attempted to run away, but one, a young woman, could not run fast enough and was caught. In trying to rescue her the chief, her husband, was killed. The young woman was then taken by her captors to Twillingate and placed in the care of a clergyman there. The idea behind the kidnapping was that, if she could be shown the benefits of civilization and taught to regard the English as friends, she would on her return to her tribe become an ambassador of peace.

Demasduit, or Mary March, as she was called, since she had been captured in that month, was a gentle, graceful woman. She was later taken to St. John's where the government officials showered her with gifts, but Mary's thoughts were with her people and with the baby who, unknown to her, had died two days after her capture. Poor Mary! she was never to see an Indian wigwam again, but died on an English ship at the mouth

of the Exploits River. Her body, surrounded by gifts, was placed in a coffin and carried inland to be left suspended on a platform above her wigwam. Years later an explorer found her buried in Indian fashion with her husband and child. Her friends had placed the gifts she had brought for them in the tomb with her.

Four years after Mary's death three other women of her tribe were found and brought to civilization. They were nearly starved and two of them, the mother and one of the daughters, were dying of tuberculosis. The second daughter Shanawdithit, or Nancy as the English called her, was later taken to live with the Peyton family in Twillingate where she made a very good maid.

There was in St. John's at this time a brilliant young Newfoundlander, William Cormack, who was determined to save the remnant of the Beothucks. An institute was formed to civilize them, and Cormack undertook to find the Indians. Meanwhile Nancy was taken to his house in St. John's, where she taught him much of what we now know about the history of her tribe. She knew little English, but loved to draw, and it was from these drawings that Cormack learned about many of the customs of her people.

According to Nancy there was at this time no more than thirteen Beothucks alive. The rest had been murdered or had died of starvation. In 1827 Cormack searched the interior of the country for this remnant, but in vain. They had all perished.

Nancy was the last of her tribe and she, despite everything that could be done to save her, died of tuberculosis a few years after her capture. We have much to feel ashamed of in our treatment of these shy brave people.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a model of a Beothuck canoe.
2. Dramatize the capture of Mary March.
3. Write the story of the last Beothuck.

CHAPTER IX

MICMACS (ALLIES)

THE Micmacs came to Newfoundland from Nova Scotia, but when they first crossed the Gulf of St. Lawrence to hunt in



Shelton Photo—Courtesy Nfld. Tourist Development Office

A WATER WAY

Newfoundland we do not know. Probably this was while their friends and allies, the French, had their colony of Plaisance and occupied settlements on the South Coast. It was at this time that the terrible war of extermination began between the Micmacs and the Beothucks. In this war the Indians from Nova Scotia had the advantage; they were well used to war, for they had fought with most of the tribes around them. Like the Beothucks they were hunters, and those who came to Newfoundland must have thought it a happy hunting ground, for they had most of the interior to themselves. Of course, they avoided going into their enemy's territory unless they were on the war-path, but they were free to roam almost the whole of the interior. In their birch bark canoes they travelled along numerous water ways in which no other human being had ever dipped a paddle. Take a map of Newfoundland. Find the Conne River in Bay d'Espoir on the South Coast. This is where most of the Micmacs settled. From this river they could travel with short portages to the mouth of the Terra Nova or the Gambo River in Bonavista Bay. From St. George's Bay, also a Micmac settlement, they crossed the island to Hall's Bay on the north-east. All through the eighteenth century they threaded these waterways, and the English settlers on the Avalon Peninsula did not know that there were Micmacs on the island. These people at that time were very loyal to France and the Roman Catholic religion to which they had been converted by French missionaries. Once a year they visited their priests on the French island of St. Pierre lying off the South Coast of Newfoundland.

When William Cormack, a young Newfoundland explorer, crossed the island in 1822, he had with him a Micmac guide, Joe Sylvester. Mount Sylvester in the interior of the island is a reminder of this Indian. Cormack went from the head of Trinity Bay across the height of land to St. George's Bay on the West Coast. This was a long and arduous journey and because of the work he had to do he went on foot. His food gave out and

he was saved from starvation more than once by the Micmacs. He found to his surprise that there were about two hundred of these people living in Newfoundland at this time. Unlike the Beothucks they had learned to make gardens and raise vegetables.

In the journal which Cormack kept of this journey we can read a very interesting account of these Indians of his day. They were, he said, the most self-dependent people in the world. Once when Joe, his guide, was almost drowned, a Micmac who stood nearby made no effort to save him. But Joe explained later that no Indian liked to owe his life to another.

These Micmacs hunted in families or in small groups of two or three families. Caribou were plentiful and one man often



NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU

killed forty or more. No fat deer was allowed to escape, for a young Indian could outrun a stag. They were, of course, expert trappers, but since everybody was trying to trap as many beaver as possible, these were already getting scarce. Besides the valuable fur, which every trader wanted, the flesh of the beaver is very good to eat and the tail was considered a great delicacy.

Cormack admired the ease with which the Micmacs found their way through the forest. They had noticed where they hunted that wind-fallen trees pointed to the north; that moss grew best on the north side of trees. They were at home in the woods, and had learned to call the animals to them. They would hiss like a beaver and whistle like an otter. Indian girls were as much at home in the woods as their brothers. When the men of the family were absent, they were able to keep the wigwams supplied with game.

Micmacs were also expert fishermen. To get eels and salmon they often fished at night. Two men would go out in a canoe. While one crouched in the stern and steered, the other with a poised spear stood over a lighted torch fastened to the bow of the boat. As the fish came to the light, the Indian killed them in rapid succession. Geese, ducks, and other wild birds were also hunted in the same manner.

By Cormack's time the Micmacs had adopted many of the white man's customs and had forgotten much of their own folklore. They still had a chief, but he was in Cape Breton Island, which was the headquarters of all the Micmac tribes. To cross the gulf more easily some of those in St. George's Bay had built a vessel like a Newfoundland schooner.

These Indians were a very healthy people, but when they became sick they had many home-made remedies. They made a liniment from the powdered horn of the caribou and the yolks of eggs and used the turpentine blisters from the spruce tree for salve.

The Micmacs had no written language, but one day a missionary, Father Le Clerk, watched some children trying to memorize the prayers he had taught them. They were using a sign language. This sight inspired the priest to translate the church manuals into hieroglyphs or ideograms. This was the form of writing used by the tribe until one hundred years ago.

The Micmacs were a happy, cheery people, generous among

themselves and to strangers. Just like the rest of the tribe in Nova Scotia, those in Newfoundland married the sons and daughters of the white settlers who were their neighbours. The descendants of these Indians have French or English names now. They have the same duties and privileges as other Newfoundlanders.

THINGS TO DO

1. Read "A Journey Across the Island of Newfoundland in 1822" by W. E. Cormack.
2. Read the chapter on the Montagnais and Naskapi and then make a booklet with the title "Indians of the Long Ago". Tell their story in your own words. Illustrate your booklet with coloured sketches and animated maps.

CHAPTER X

THE BOW WOW AND OTHER PARLIAMENTS

FOR many generations people of Anglo-Saxon and of French descent have had a great love for democratic government. That is "the government of the people, for the people, and by the people". But for hundreds of years Newfoundland endured the rule of Fishing Admirals and Naval Governors. A few of the latter, however, were very enlightened men. One of these was Governor Gambier, who, away back in 1802, wanted a parliament for Newfoundland. The British parliament of his day disagreed with him.

Six years later a brilliant Scot, Dr. Carson, came to Newfoundland. We owe a very deep debt of gratitude to this fiery agitator.

To tell the British people about the cruel laws that were stifling Newfoundland, he wrote pamphlets and had them published in Scotland. He fought for the right of Newfoundlanders to own land and make laws in an assembly of their own.

Another of those who took up the fight for better laws was a witty Irishman, Patrick Morris. When in 1819 a Newfoundlander was whipped at the order of a naval officer, there was a wild outcry in the island. Dr. Carson, Morris, and their friends sent a petition to the parliament in England asking that the surrogate courts in which naval officers acted as judges be done away with. They wanted local government, but the West Country merchants in England did not wish to see any change in the way Newfoundland was governed. Even the fact that a few roads were being made displeased them.

"They are making roads in Newfoundland," said one of these merchants in angry surprise. "Soon they will be having carriages and driving around."

As the years went on the dissatisfaction in Newfoundland grew worse. It was hard, the islanders thought, that they should be denied a voice in their own affairs when even little Bermuda had local government. While they were agitating for a parliament of their own, however, a great struggle for democracy was going on in England. In 1832 the First Reform Bill was passed which gave representation to many thousands of Englishmen. At that time Newfoundland was given her assembly.

Most people in England knew very little about this island, and in London an amusing cartoon was published. It was called the "Bow Wow Parliament". In it the speaker, a big Newfoundland dog in wig and bands, is just putting a motion. "As many as are of that opinion say, 'Bow'; contrary minded say 'Wow'. The 'Bow's' have it."

Conditions were not quite as bad as that in the new parliament, but they were far from satisfactory. There were no parliament buildings and the first members met in a rented room.

As they had no funds with which to pay for it, the owner later took the members to court for debt. The rules of parliamentary procedure are well established, but they have to be learned. Before the members discovered just what their duties and privileges were, quarrels took place both in and out of the assembly until, in 1840, the assembly was suspended for a while. The type of government then in force was such that the elected house did not have power over taxation. This system did not work well in any of the North American colonies. When Responsible Government was given to Canada in 1849, Newfoundland wanted the same form of government, since it gave control to the elected house. The island, however, had to wait for this privilege until 1855.

One very unfortunate circumstance which arose out of the parliamentary system was a great deal of sectarian strife. Since Roman Catholics and Protestants were usually on opposite sides in politics riots sometimes occurred as, in 1861, when soldiers were called out to disperse the mob. Seven people were killed at this time, including a priest who was trying to quiet the rioters. As the years went on, however, bad feelings lessened, dislikes and hatreds which had been brought to the island from other lands began to fade out, and all denominations settled down to live in friendship as they had formerly done.

Soon after Responsible Government was declared, Newfoundland gained her Magna Carta. This was known as the Labouchere Pledge. It promised that all the rights of Newfoundland over her land and fisheries should be respected.

Unfortunately the right to manage her own affairs meant that Newfoundland could not expect England to give grants of money as she had done previously. This money, of course, had come out of the pockets of the British taxpayers, and the British Parliament had controlled its spending. Under Responsible Government, then, there were some very hard times, but on the whole

the country prospered. Roads and railroads were built, and as a result new industries were established.

Like other countries Newfoundland spent money freely in prosperous times so that, when prices crashed, as they did everywhere in 1929, and she could not sell her produce in foreign markets, there were no reserves of money to pay her debts or feed thousands of hungry people. As a dominion she could not get a grant from the British Parliament and so was forced to give up Responsible Government until the time came when she could once more pay her way in the world.

The new form of government that was introduced in 1934 was known as "Government by Commission". There was no parliament, and Newfoundland and Labrador were governed by six commissioners, three of whom were English and three Newfoundlanders. The governor of Newfoundland acted as chairman at their meetings. These men were appointed by the British Parliament and were extremely capable. During fifteen years of this form of government many improvements took place in the standard of living. Newfoundlanders were grateful for the help given them by the mother country, but they looked forward to the day when they would once again have a democratic form of government.

War brought prosperity to Newfoundland, as it did to many other parts of Canada, and it was not long before the island had money enough to meet all her own needs and a surplus to lend interest-free to Britain. Now she was free to choose the form of government she wished. In 1948 a plebiscite was held in which the people were given three choices—to retain government by commission, to have responsible government and be a dominion once again, or to federate with Canada as one of the provinces. The majority of the people chose Confederation.

THINGS TO DO

1. Write a pamphlet such as Dr. Carson might have written in 1808.
2. Make a graph to show the rise and fall of Responsible Government in Newfoundland.

CHAPTER XI

ST. JOHN'S

ST. JOHN'S, the capital of Newfoundland, is very old. Ships have been gathering in its harbour for more than four hundred years. Nobody knows how it got its name, but it was on St. John's day, June 24, that John Cabot first sighted land in the new world. No doubt St. John's was named in honour of this discovery. The first time the name of the city is mentioned is in a letter written from the port in the year 1527 by the old English explorer, John Rut. He tells how on the third of August he entered into "a good harbour called St. John's" and there found fourteen French, Basque, and Portuguese ships.

It was here fifteen years later that Jacques Cartier, who had just spent a terrible winter in Canada, met the Sieur de Roberval, the king's viceroy. Cartier was ordered to return to Quebec, but he did nothing of the sort and in the night stole off for France. We can see by this incident that even at the beginning of French rule in the new world this port was a meeting place for French vessels on their way to and from Canada.

St. John's was a busy place even in those far-off days. There were thirty-six ships of many nations, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Basque, as well as English, anchored in the harbour when Sir Humphrey Gilbert entered it. There were merchants who had built houses for themselves, and these must have been comfortable for Sir Humphrey spent the three weeks of his stay here on shore. Since it was summertime they took the new



SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT WITH FISHERMEN AT ST. JOHN'S

owner of the land on Sunday walks to what they called the Garden. This was a spot where the wild flowers were particularly lovely.

St. John's is a landlocked harbour, and high cliffs that tower on either side of a narrow opening shelter it from the stormiest winds. The Narrows themselves are no more than five hundred feet wide and in the centre is Chain Rock. This earned its name in the old days when, during the wars between France and England, a chain boom was placed across the harbour each night and fastened to this rock. That frail chain would seem to be a very poor protection compared to the steel nets which protected the harbour in the last Great War.

When the stranger to St. John's sails through the Narrows, he sees the massive fortifications that were erected here in that war, but he sees also on his left Fort Amherst which is almost two hundred years old. The Queen's Battery is still standing on the towering bluffs of Signal Hill to the right, but many

of the old forts in St. John's have long ago disappeared. In the lower part of the town where the Newfoundland Hotel now stands there was once Fort William. Long years before Montreal was founded and even before the Puritans came to



Courtesy R.C.N.

A CORVETTE PASSING FORT AMHERST

New England, there was a fort on this site. In the central part of the city was old Fort Townshend where some of the early governors of Newfoundland used to live. The Central Firehall now occupies this spot.

These forts, and others such as Fort Frederick, saw plenty of action in the old days, for in wartime St. John's was always liable

to attack. Sometimes it fell to the French. On one of these occasions, 1705, Fort William, into which women and children had crowded, held out despite all the threats of the enemy and, when the French retired, the English flag still floated above the ruined town. The last time St. John's was taken was during the Seven Years' War. This successful attack came in 1762 and must have been a great surprise to the English, since nowhere else had British territory been lost. St. John's, however, was not long in enemy hands. Colonel Amherst, with the help of American forces, retook it, and the French garrison were made prisoners.

It was during the long war with Napoleon that mutiny broke out in the British navy where the common sailors lived under horrible conditions. This mutiny spread to a warship in St. John's harbour, but the officers and the marines did not lose control of their ship, and the governor ordered the shore batteries to get red-hot shot ready to burn her if necessary. Before this threat of death the mutineers yielded and the governor sent them off to church like naughty schoolboys. In this war England was almost completely mistress of the seas, and privateering became a highly valuable occupation. In St. John's such advertisements as this appeared: "An agreeable situation now offers for a genteel young man of liberal education to act as steward on board H.M.S. *Rattler* now on the point of sailing in quest of a Spanish galleon which is expected from Mexico." Whether the *Rattler* caught her Spanish galleon or not we do not know, but Spanish treasure ships were captured by British privateers, and at this time Spanish and Mexican coins were almost the only ones in use in Newfoundland. Sometimes her ships outward bound were captured and recaptured again; others, of course, did not fare so well, but it was the enemy who suffered most. At one time there were so many war-prizes in St. John's harbour that, when they were anchored together, they formed a bridge right across to the South Side. Some of these were loaded with French silks

and wines, and young clerks from the mercantile houses used to amuse themselves by shooting at bottles of champagne.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century St. John's was only a small and very dirty little town. There were no more than 6,000 people living there; some of them in filthy surroundings. Nobody had the legal right to build a house with a chimney, neither could he own land. But some of the officers of the garrison had very fine gardens even at that time.

A few United Empire Loyalists came to Newfoundland, and one of them started the first newspaper on the island. This was in 1806. By that time, too, St. John's had its own post office, but it was nearly forty years after this before there was a regular mail service. In 1811 the terrible laws against buildings disappeared, and two years later people were also permitted to own land. St. John's began to grow up, and wealthy people built beautiful houses, but the poor still lived in wretched slums. It was at this time, too, that a hospital was started. The governor ordered every servant to pay a tax of one penny for each pound of his wages and all people entering the harbour were compelled to pay one shilling each. Dr. Carson, who did so much for Newfoundland, became a visiting doctor, but, of course, there were no trained nurses at that time, and the hospital was unheated even in winter.

Although the age of progress seemed to have begun, the old city had many setbacks and many disasters. There were four bad fires, the most severe of which were in 1846 and 1892, when the city was almost destroyed and many thousands of people were made homeless, but now there is nothing to remind us of those tragedies.

The city of St. John's is built on the north side of the harbour, and the older part of the town is along the steeply terraced hillside. The oldest and chief business street is known as Water Street. It is here that much of the business for the whole of Newfoundland is conducted, for it is into St. John's that a great



Courtesy National Film Board

PART OF LOWER TOWN, ST. JOHN'S, WITH SIGNAL HILL IN BACKGROUND

part of the food, clothing, salt, and oil used in the island comes. The fifty thousand inhabitants mainly earn their living by manufacturing or importing the goods needed by their fellow Newfoundlanders and by exporting to other lands the products of the fishery. There are very modern shops and other business houses on Water Street, but it has still the charm of a seaport. There is the smell of dried codfish and of tar, for not far away are the wharves where the fishing vessels are unloading their catch. Beyond them in the harbour there are ocean liners and across on the South Side more wharves and oil refineries.

Leaving Water Street, one climbs steeply to other streets which run east and west along the hillside. Most of the north and south thoroughfares are steep and rocky, and one of these, now called Carters' Hill, was once upon a time known as Burst Heart

Hill. Sometimes the pedestrian climbs from street to street by a series of steps. The streets in the older part of the town remind us of colonial governors, Duckworth, Gower, Cochane, Hamilton, and, when we mount the hill to the wide plateau, there are Harvey Road and Le Marchant Road. We are reminded too, that the first road-builders in Newfoundland were soldiers: Military Road still links us to those far-off days. Many of the streets in St. John's are narrow compared to those of newer cities and some of them until recently had cobble-stones over which wagons, trucks, and cars clattered and clanged.

There are now many fine stone and brick buildings in St. John's: churches, colleges, business houses, and lovely old residences. The beautiful Gothic cathedral of the Church of England is built of sandstone from Signal Hill, as is St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church. The government house, too, is built of this stone. This building is more than a hundred years old and at the time of its construction cost \$150,000, which was a very large sum of money for those days when money was worth more than twice as much as it is today. Governor Sir Thomas Cochrane had a hand in designing this building. He was, historians say, one of the best governors Newfoundland ever had, but unfortunately this sturdy old man, who did so much for agriculture, built a mansion that was imposing but not at all beautiful.

The vast Roman Catholic cathedral, with its twin towers rising high above the city, is also built of native stone. This sandstone came from Kelly's Island fifteen miles from St. John's; the court-house, too, is built of it and faced with native granite. But not all the stone used in St. John's is native. That in the Colonial Buildings (Parliament House) came from Ireland.

Many of the residences in St. John's are still built of wood, for in Newfoundland where the winters are not cold, people prefer wood to brick, since it is cheaper and more easily handled. In the older parts of the town there are still slums, but St. John's

is making every effort to get rid of them, and a new housing project is already at work building cheap and comfortable houses for the poor.

Like other cities, St. John's has parks and playgrounds, and the loveliest of these is Bowring Park on the outskirts of the city. Here in this park is the exquisite little monument to Peter Pan, the boy who never grew old. It is exactly like the Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, London, and was made by the same sculptor, Sir George Frampton. This park was given to the city by Sir Edgar Bowring of the very old mercantile house of Bowring Brothers and is a finer "garden" than the merchants of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's day had ever seen.

THINGS TO DO

1. Suppose you had been the "genteel young man" who had gone as steward on H.M.S. *Rattler*. Describe the attack on the Spanish galleon.

2. "Places are what they are because of where they are." What advantages had St. John's more than Ferryland or Cupids to make it a busy city and the capital of Newfoundland?

CHAPTER XII

DEEP SEA FISHERS

THE men who fish on the Banks of Newfoundland are known as "Deep Sea Fishers". We have already seen that, long before the first ice age, part of the continent of North America sank beneath the ocean and a great shelf was formed along the Atlantic seaboard. This, known as a continental shelf, is the largest in the world. The highest points of such a shelf are called "Banks",

and the best known of these are the Banks of Newfoundland, just off the coast of this island. The largest and most famous of the group are the Grand Banks, off the South-east Coast, which have an area of 37,000 square miles—almost as large as Newfoundland itself. The water on these banks is very shallow, not more than fifty fathoms deep, and this makes it possible for the sunlight to penetrate through it. Plant life is abundant in shallow water such as this, and on these plants feed minute creatures which are in turn eaten by larger ones. Where there is an abundance of food, one will find an abundance of fish. Codfish like water that is cold and salt, and here on the Banks they have the ideal condition; for it is right off the Grand Banks that the icy waters of the Arctic current meet the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream. John Cabot found these seas “teeming with fish” long years ago. And since his time fishermen of many nations have caught countless millions, but still there is enough for everybody.

Although these Banks are called the Banks of Newfoundland, they do not belong to Canada. They are more than three miles from the coast, and no country can claim the waters of the ocean for a greater distance than three miles from its shores.

At the present time European countries send large powerful trawlers to the Banks. These are equipped with steam or motor-power, which makes it possible for them to use otter trawls. These are large funnel-shaped nets kept open at the top by the pressure of the water upon wooden kites, known as otter boards, attached to the net. As the trawler moves through the water, it drags the net along the bottom, scooping up the fish found there. This is the quickest method of catching deep sea fish.

The New England States and the Maritimes now send trawlers to the Banks. Most of them are smaller than the European ones and are powered with diesel engines. They are known as *draggers*. In Newfoundland, where there is plenty of bait and where the south coast ports are so very near the fishing grounds, the fishermen use another kind of trawl. This consists of a line

which may be a mile long. Attached to it at every three or four feet are shorter lines each of which has a hook at the end of it. When not in use, the trawl is reeled tidily in a tub, but when the fishermen want to set it, all the hooks are carefully baited and it is let down on the bottom with an anchor at each end, as well as a barrel or some other kind of buoy to show the fishermen where the trawl is. Each large schooner must have many such trawls, and after they have been in the water all night they must be hauled. The fisherman begins at one end, raises the line, removes the fish if any, rebaits the hook and lets it down again into the water. He is very annoyed if his bait is soft, for, if it is, it will not stay long on the hook. This work of hauling the trawls must be done in all kinds of weather, and it is always done from a small flat-bottomed boat called a dory.

There are two kinds of Newfoundland fishing vessels on the Banks. The larger ones are known as "bankers". These are schooners which may be one hundred and fifty tons or more, but usually they are around eighty. The crew of such a banker numbers about twenty men, and the ships are equipped to be away from their home port for weeks if necessary. Small schooners known as "western boats" fish nearer to their home waters; some of these are less than twenty-five tons and have a crew of five men.



Courtesy—Service d'Information Français

A DORY .

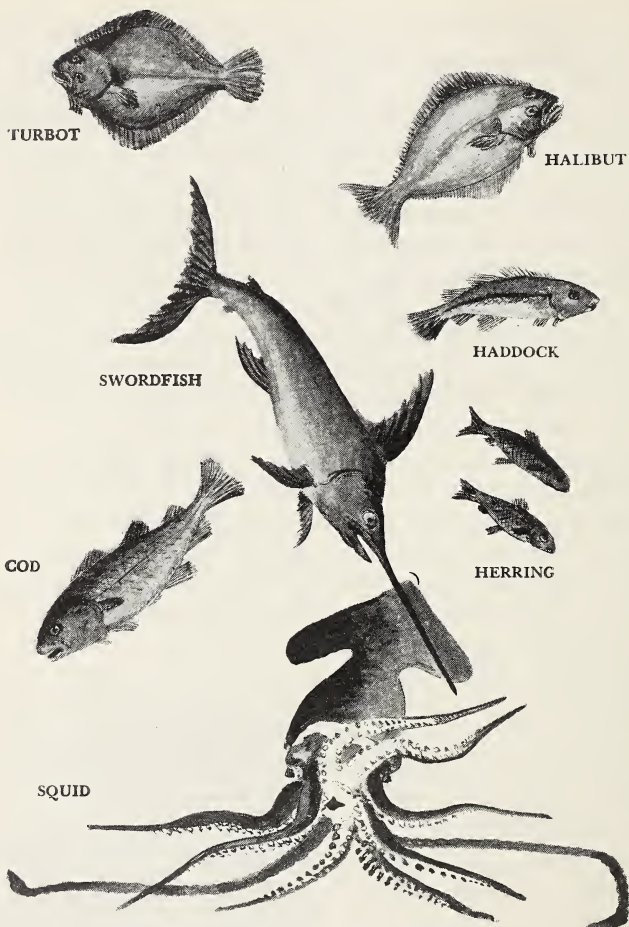
All these schooners, large and small, depend on dories. When the vessel reaches her fishing grounds, trawls must be set, and the men take to their dories, two men to each boat. Out in these tiny boats, miles away from help, the deep sea fisherman is in constant danger from his great-

est enemy, fog. His dory is in the very path of the great Atlantic liners ploughing along at thirty knots or more. When that thick blanket of fog comes down upon the water, it hides a small boat completely in its folds, and a big ship would not even feel a tremor from a dory that it had destroyed.

Storms, too, come up with unforeseen speed, and the dory may be driven miles out to sea. In the old days there was great loss of life so that it was said of the Banks "every wave is a fisher's grave". Fortunately in late years the destruction has been less. The crews of bankers are picked men, skilled and experienced seamen, and even during the last war when there were German submarines on the Banks, the Newfoundland fleet fished in these waters and most of them returned safely with their catch.

The fish caught on the Banks are chiefly codfish. The cod is not beautiful like the salmon nor fantastic like the squid. It is bluff and hearty with a big head, a wide mouth, and a barbel on the lower jaw. It is hard to define the colour since this is a mixture of greens and browns and reds spotted with large freckles. The codfish makes good use of its big mouth for it is a voracious feeder, eating squids, small fish, and almost anything else that comes its way. With such an appetite we would expect it to grow large, and some do. Cod have been caught that were five feet long and that weighed more than fifty pounds, but the average is a much smaller fish than this. Many of those caught weigh less than ten pounds.

Besides the codfish there are other fish of the same family which are also good for food. The commonest of these are the haddock, the hake, and the pollock. The average weight of the haddock is three or four pounds. It is much like the cod except for a black line that runs along the back and two black spots, one on each side just above the pectoral fins. In the olden days fishermen had a superstition about the haddock. It was, they said, the fish from which St. Peter took a piece of



silver. Later Satan tried to perform the same miracle. As he grabbed the fish, it escaped out of his clutch, but the two black spots remain to show where it had been caught. Credulous folk often carried a finbone from the haddock as a cure for rheuma-

tism. At one time there was not much other use for the fish as there was little market for haddock except when salted, smoked, and sold as finnan haddie. Of course, it is still sold in this way, but now there is a great demand for the fish, fresh and frozen. Many people prefer haddock fillets to those of cod-fish.

The hake and the pollock have coarser flesh than either the cod or the haddock. The hake is silver coloured; the pollock, sometimes known as green cod, is greenish brown in colour. It is about two feet long and weighs from four to twelve pounds.

The largest fish that the fisherman will find on his trawls are those of the flatfish family, and the largest and best known of these is the halibut. It lies on the bottom and always swims on its left side, which is white and sightless. The right side is dark brown and both eyes are on this side. The halibut has a large mouth armed with sharp curved teeth. It is a glutton, devouring the small fish that are its neighbours. No wonder a halibut will sometimes reach a length of nine feet and weigh as much as seven hundred pounds! The average weight of the fish, however, is very much less than this. The flesh of the halibut is white and delicate. The young fish are called chicken halibut.

The turbot, also a flatfish, has a deep narrow body; it weighs from thirty to fifty pounds. The flesh is sweet and oily, and is considered a very great delicacy by many people. This is usually sold as pickled fish, but some is sold fresh. A small quantity of turbot is also canned.

Two other large fish caught on the Newfoundland coast are the tuna, or horse mackerel, and the swordfish. The tuna may weigh seven hundred pounds or more and is a very great traveller. One tuna hooked off America, was later caught in the Mediterranean. The swordfish is from seven to ten feet long and has a high dorsal fin. Its so-called sword is really a very long snout like a flattened bar, but it is strong and sharp enough

to pierce a wooden boat. The sword fish has vicious habits and causes great destruction among other fish.

THINGS TO DO

1. Take a bottle and fill it with hot water. Let the water remain in it for a minute or two. Pour it out except a small quantity in the bottom of the bottle. Now take a piece of ice and place it in the neck of the bottle. Hold the bottle to the light and watch the mist or fog forming. Now you can see why it is so foggy on the Banks of Newfoundland.
2. Read *Captains Courageous* by Kipling (Macmillan).
3. Make a model of a dory on the Banks; use plasticine for the men; dress them in sou'westers and oilskins.

CHAPTER XIII

THE INSHORE FISHERMAN

WHEN centuries ago English fishermen refused to leave Newfoundland at the end of the season as the English law said they should, they hid themselves away on the more distant parts of the East Coast out of reach, as they hoped, of the fishing admirals and safe from pirates and privateers. All they wanted was a cove or island where the surrounding waters contained plenty of codfish. The East Coast, which is the nearest to Europe, became the most thickly populated, and this is why there are many more people living on the East Coast than on the South or West. About twenty thousand of the men from the eastern bays are inshore fishermen. That is, they do not follow the codfish from harbour to harbour along the coast as the crews of the fishing

vessels on the Labrador do, and unlike the deep sea fishers, they are never far from land.

The inshore fisherman today usually has a small motor-boat and, if he is fairly well off, a cod-trap also. This trap is a large box-shaped net with a bottom in it. There is an opening at one end and from this a long net, known as a leader, is stretched.



Shelton Photo—Courtesy Nfld. Tourist Development Office

INSHORE FISHERMEN

The codfish, finding this leader, will follow it into the trap and, once in, he finds it very difficult to get out again. To set and haul such a trap as this requires the work of several men, and if the owner has not enough members of his own family to do the job, he gets help from some of his neighbours in return for a share of the fish. The trap is usually set on shoals near some headland and the site of one's trapberth is very important, since

the codfish are much more plentiful in some places than in others. In addition to the traps, cod-nets are also used. After the early run of cod is over, usually by midsummer, the inshore fisherman uses hooks and lines or trawls, which are smaller than those used on the Grand Banks. In both cases he needs bait—herring, caplin, or squid. If he cannot obtain bait, he uses a jigger. This is made of lead, moulded in the form of a small fish, with two hooks attached to the head.

His fishing grounds are five or six miles from the shore, but he knows the bottom of the sea hundreds of feet below his boat as well as the farmer knows his fields, and can tell every twist and turn in the rocks down there on the ocean bed, every rise and hollow. On this knowledge depends his success as a fisherman. He must watch also the movements of the wind and tide since these, too, control the movement of the cod. He has no map or chart of this ground which usually extends for several miles, but he never misses the particular rock or shallow around which he wishes to fish.

The fisherman's day begins early and he is on the grounds before daylight. Once there he works rapidly. An expert fisherman uses more than one line if the cod are running well. He quickly pulls up one line, hand over hand, takes off the fish, rebaits the hook and while it is sinking attends to another line. For several hours he fishes in this way and it is often late in the afternoon before he returns home. Then, if he has caught many fish, the hardest part of his day's work is before him. But now his wife and children usually come to his rescue and together they lift the fish from the boat to the stage where the heads are removed and the fish split and cleaned. The splitter must remove the greater part of the backbone without injuring the flesh in any way. This is actually a very difficult thing to do, but long practice has made the fisherman an expert and he can split three or four cod a minute.

After the fish has been cleaned and split, it is salted, and

here, too, care must be taken so that it will get just the right amount of salt. The thick part of the fish must be given more than the thin, but not too much or the cod will lose some of its value. When the fish is ready to be dried, it is thoroughly washed; then it is spread on scaffolds covered with spruce boughs; these scaffolds are known as flakes. Once the fish has been spread out to dry, the fisherman and his family must watch the weather. Too much sun will burn it, and if there is not enough sun, it will become slimy and spoil. On no condition



Shelton Photo—Courtesy Nfld. Tourist Development Office

DRYING CODFISH ON A FLAKE

must rain fall upon it. On some days it is spread and taken up several times. When it has become firm and thoroughly dry, the fish is ready for market, and if it has been well made, it is graded as merchantable. This is really grade one. The Newfoundland shore fish is the finest quality of dried codfish.

When the cod are running well, the fisherman and his family must often work more than eighteen hours a day, for they are not concerned about overtime. Now that there are several filletting plants in Newfoundland, the inshore fisherman who lives near one is able to sell much of his catch as fresh fish; this,

of course, is a great benefit to him. He is spared the work and uncertainty of drying it, and he is well paid.

For many generations the fisherman who dries his codfish has been subject to the credit system. Only the more prosperous have been able to buy their boats, nets, and other equipment for fishing and supply themselves and their families with food and clothing. The others must depend upon the credit which they receive from their merchants. In the spring before the fishing season commences, the fisherman gets his supplies from the local merchant who, in turn, may have received an advanced loan from the importers in St. John's. In the fall, the merchant takes the fisherman's codfish. If there is anything left when the debts have been paid, the fisherman may receive it in merchandise or more rarely in money. This system has been severely condemned by many people since taking goods on credit sometimes without even knowing the price, makes it very easy for men to pile up debts, especially in bad years, until they cannot hope to become independent again. The merchant who takes risks in giving out supplies and who himself must pay his merchant in St. John's or in the larger outports, asks a high price for his goods, since there is little competition. There was in the past one good thing about this system which had so much evil in it. In the days before governments concerned themselves very much about the welfare of the poor, credit advanced by the local merchant often kept people from starving. But in the modern world this system has outlived whatever usefulness it might have had and is fast disappearing.

In recent years efforts have been made to set up co-operatives in Newfoundland, and these are rapidly spreading. In a co-operative, a group of fishermen pool their resources so that they can buy in the cheapest markets and sell their produce for the best possible prices.

Credit banks are also becoming more popular. These belong to the people and are operated by them. Those who are mem-

bers of a credit bank are able to borrow money at lower rates of interest than they could obtain elsewhere.

In the study groups which are held in connection with the co-operative movement the fisherman learns what can be done to raise his standard of living. But for prosperity he, like the farmer, must depend upon the markets of the world, for it is only when the peoples of the world are prosperous that he can sell his produce and buy from others the things he needs for his well-being.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a fisherman's needle and card. If there is anybody in your neighbourhood to teach you, learn to knit twine. It is one of the oldest and finest of our handicrafts.

2. Imagine that you have spent a day on the inshore fishing grounds. Tell the other members of your class about some of your experiences.

3. Here is a topic for a debate. Resolved that the life of an inshore fisherman is harder in summertime than is the life of a dairy farmer.

CHAPTER XIV

WITH THE NEWFOUNDLAND SCHOONERS ON THE LABRADOR

WHILE the French fished on the North-east Coast of Newfoundland, the Newfoundland fishermen from farther east went beyond them and crossed the Straits of Belle Isle to the Labrador where their rivals were not allowed to fish. At first these Newfoundlanders fished only on the southern part of the coast of Labrador. Then as the years went on, they ventured farther

and farther north, pushing their fore-and-afters, as the Newfoundland schooners are called, into bays and inlets that had not yet appeared on any chart. Some of these little vessels were no more than twenty-five tons, but they travelled for hundreds of miles along a very dangerous coast.

There were no lighthouses to mark treacherous rocks and reefs. There was not one even on Belle Isle until 1858 or on Cape Bauld until 1884. Most of the lighthouses along Labrador today are less than twenty-five years old. Indeed the work of marking banks and shoals and rocks is still going on, and there are many dangerous spots like the terrible Funk Islands off the coast of Newfoundland, which are still without a warning light. These must be passed by the fishing vessels on their way to and from the Labrador. How did the Newfoundland fisherman find his way through fog and icebergs without warning lights or fog-alarms? Long before the world knew anything about radar he had worked out a system of his own which was founded on the same principle. If he believed himself near the shore in a fog, he blew his fog horn or shouted, and then listened for the echo. When it came, it told him how near to the rocks he was. He learned, too, to notice the slightest change in the air, and the presence of an iceberg with its chilling breath never caught him unaware. In one way, too, the grim coast is helpful to the fisherman. There are numerous harbours along it where a schooner can take shelter from an approaching storm.

The crews were skilful, but the frail little schooners themselves were ill-equipped to stand the autumn gales. Anchors and chains cost a great deal of money for a poor man and those used on the smaller vessels were often not strong enough to hold a schooner in a storm. In the past there have been years when all the vessels crowded into a harbour for safety have dragged their chains and been dashed to pieces on the rocks. Accidents have become rarer in recent years, however, because

the schooners are better equipped and protected by lighthouses, fog alarms, and warnings by radio.

Except for these changes, life aboard a Newfoundland fishing schooner has altered little in one hundred years. The fishery on the Labrador, like that of the East Coast of Newfoundland, is a shore fishery. When the schooner reaches a harbour where the big fish is plentiful, she anchors, and the crew put out the cod-traps. To set and haul the traps they must use stout boats called trapboats. Most of these are now powered with motor-engines so that the fishermen are saved the many hours of hard rowing which their fathers and grandfathers had to put in each day, for the traps are often set several miles away from the schooner.



Courtesy National Film Board

NEWFOUNDLAND SCHOONER

The fishing schooner on the Labrador is known as a floater since she serves as a floating stage. The fish taken from the trap are brought on board her to be split and salted. Each member of the crew specializes in one particular part of the job, for when the fish are running the work must be done with the greatest possible speed. It is then that the men toil day and night, catching a little sleep when they can. If the supply of cod holds, they will be able to load their vessel and return to Newfoundland in the late summer. If it doesn't, they will follow the codfish farther north. Vessels above the average may carry as much as one thousand quintals. (A quintal is 112 pounds.) The vessel of fifty tons carries about seven hundred quintals and has a crew of eight or nine men.

Sometimes a skipper owns his own vessel; sometimes she is owned by an outport merchant or one in St. John's. But in every case the members of the crew are sharemen. When the cargo is sold, each man gets his share of one half of its value. Thus, if a schooner which brought home eight hundred quintals had a crew of ten men, each man would get the value of forty quintals. When prices are high, such a man may make more than four hundred dollars, and this is what he would call making a good voyage. But sometimes there is very little fish on the Labrador and, after a long summer has been spent in a fruitless search for it, some of the fishing fleet must return to Newfoundland with almost empty holds. Such a poor voyage is often the fate of the Labrador fisherman. In any case whether the vessel is loaded or nearly empty the salted codfish is taken to Newfoundland to be washed and dried. Since it has been more heavily salted and has lain longer before being dried, it fetches a lower price in the market than the Newfoundland fish.

The Second Great War brought prosperity and plenty of employment at home for most Newfoundlanders, so that fewer men now risk the uncertainty of fishing on the Labrador. Many

of the smaller fishing schooners are disappearing, and today there is only one third as many floaters as there used to be.

THINGS TO DO

1. In a bowl of cold water place a square piece of ice. How much of the ice is beneath the water? You can see now why icebergs are so dangerous to shipping and why they often ground.
2. Make a model of a Newfoundland fishing schooner.
3. Prepare a coloured sketch of a lighthouse.

CHAPTER XV

BAIT FISH

HERRING, caplin, and squid are known as bait fish for they are of the greatest importance to fishermen, especially to deep sea fishermen and to others using trawls or hook-and-line.

The most important of these fish is the herring which is, of course, an excellent food fish as well. It is found both in fresh water and in salt. The herring is a beautiful slender fish, blue on the back and covered with silvery glinting scales on the sides. It has a large mouth but very poor teeth and it eats only minute sea-creatures such as tiny crustaceans. The Labrador herring is much larger than its European cousin.

The herring makes not only a cheap but an extremely valuable food for the flesh is rich in oil. When the fish swim in schools, large patches of this oil is spread over the surrounding water. There is an old fable about the herring. The other fish, it is said, recognizing its splendid qualities, made it the king of the sea. The flatfish, however, thought that this honour

should have gone to him. He, therefore, screwed up his mouth in a terrible grimace. "So you're the king fish of the sea, sir!" he scornfully said. At that moment the wind changed and he never got his mouth back in place again and, what was even worse, the whale, seeing the mocking look, flattened the insulting fellow with a blow of his powerful tail, and so he became a flatfish. But the herring is still the king of the sea.

Herring are found in bays where they swim in large schools. They are caught in gill nets which are hundreds of feet long and several feet deep. There are corks along the head rope and pieces of lead along the bottom of such a net, so that, when it is set in the water, it hangs straight up and down. These nets are dyed a reddish brown, and the herring do not notice them at all. They rush on until they have filled up so many meshes that the net sinks under their weight. Millions of pounds of herring are caught each year in Newfoundland; it is a good thing for us that one fish may lay as many as forty thousand eggs at a time. These, however, are not laid separately, but in a mass and are attached to stones at the bottom of the sea. Here, of course, they are in great danger because some hungry creature may come along and gobble up the whole lot for a snack.

Herring can be caught all round the coast of Newfoundland, but they are found most plentifully on the West Coast in St. George's Bay and in Bonne Bay. Here they are also caught in the wintertime. The herring season for Newfoundland extends from August to the middle of May.

As food these fish may be prepared for market in several ways. A large quantity, averaging many millions of pounds, is exported each year as salted herring. Of these the best quality is known as the Scotch Cure. Now that there are many quick-freezing and filletting plants in Newfoundland, other millions of pounds are sold as frozen and filleted herring. Some are smoked as bloaters and kippers; some are canned. They are

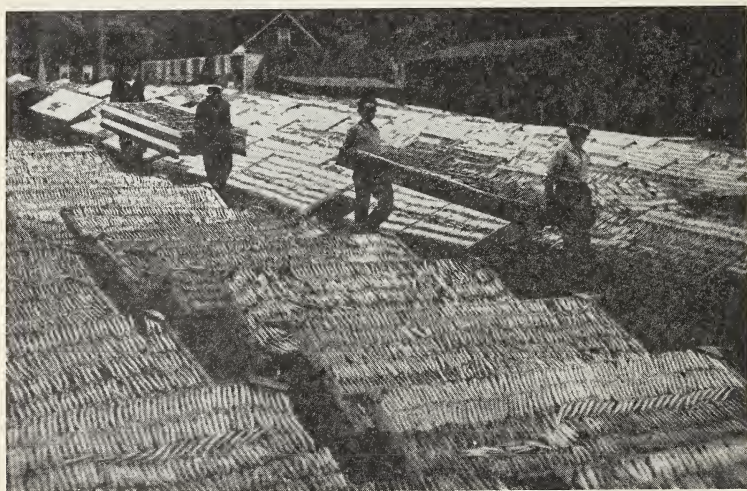
also manufactured into herring meal and herring oil, but these products are not used for food by human beings.

Before the days of the freezing depots, herring caught for bait in the winter time were put out overnight on scaffolds where they were stiffly frozen. At other times in the year it was difficult to keep bait fresh. Now, however, the bait fish are taken to large quick-freezing depots, some of which belong to the government while others are owned by private firms. A large depot can freeze 10,000 pounds a day and can store as many as 300,000 pounds. The Newfoundland Government also has refrigerator ships to freeze and deliver bait to the fishermen on the Banks and to those fishing in winter on the South-west Coast. The radio, too, helps the fishermen to find the bait they need. Every day during the fishing season reports received from the bait centres are broadcast so that fishermen know where to go for their supply of good bait. Its quality is of the greatest importance. If it is too soft, it falls off the hook, and if it is stale, the fish will not take it.

In some years the herring catch is small, and then the people who need cheap food suffer as well as the fishermen. Because of its importance, Canadian scientists are busily studying the life habits of the herring in an effort to understand why it is scarcer in some years than in others. They want to know what can be done so that every year there will be a plentiful supply.

While caplin is not exported very extensively for food, it is a very valuable source of bait. This fairy-like little fish is not so large as a smelt, but tastes very like it when cooked. Caplin are caught in early summer when they come in to the land to spawn on the warm sand. They swim in immense schools so that the water through which they are moving is like liquid silver. It is while they are near the shore that they are caught in caplin seines. A seine is "shot" round the school as rapidly as men can row; then it is drawn in, leaving barrels of the fish

trapped in a huge bag. Fishermen, when in search of bait, also use a cast net, which looks very much like a ballet dancer's skirt with a fringe of lead balls at the bottom. To use this net requires a great amount of dexterity. The fisherman finds a place where the caplin are thick and throws out his net with both hands while he holds the drawstring in his teeth; then he quickly pulls it together like a bag. Some men catch several barrels of fish in this way. In the spawning season many caplin run in on the shore and die. Much of the spawn, too, is lost. Some of it is thrown by the waves high on the beach where it soon becomes dry and lifeless; some of it is eaten by sea-birds and by other fish, but, fortunately, such quantities survive that caplin are plentiful enough to be used as fertilizer. The fisherman and his family also salt and dry caplin to use as food in the winter.



Courtesy d'Information Français

CAPLIN BEING DRIED AT ST. PIERRE AND MIQUELON

Another friend of the fisherman is the squid which, no doubt, would be surprised to find itself a friend of anybody, for the habits of the squid are not particularly social. It is really a cuttle-fish and more closely related to the mussels and the clams than it is to such fish as the cod. There are giant squids with bodies as long as twenty feet and arms thirty feet. Such monsters sometimes drift ashore on one of our beaches but they are not very common. The ordinary squid, used for bait, is a little fellow about a foot long. It is an odd-looking creature with a body like a cone and with two triangular fins at the tail-end. These are used as propellers. It is, however, the head of the squid that attracts attention. Around the mouth there are ten tentacles. The two that are longer than the rest have suckers at the ends of them for seizing prey. In the remaining eight tentacles the suckers are arranged in rows; these are used in feeding. Back of the tentacles are two hard, bright eyes. When a squid is in a hurry, it propels itself backwards by forcing jets of water through its funnel. This backward motion is often the squid's undoing, especially at night when great numbers pile up on the beaches where the ebbing tide leaves them high and dry. These are eagerly sought as fertilizer, but one must be wary in picking them up, for a squid which is still alive will spatter his captor with a thick black ink. This is the squid's chief weapon of defence and, when attacked in the water, he will escape from his enemy in an inky cloud which completely hides his gorgeous colours of red, orange, and purple. Fishermen catch squid for bait with a jigger. All the squids that are exported are also caught in this way. The Newfoundland fisherman does not eat squids, but oriental people consider them a great delicacy.

THINGS TO DO

1. Illustrate the scene where the herring is crowned king fish of the sea.

CHAPTER XVI

WHERE SALMON IS KING

THE HERRING may be "the king of the sea", but in the rivers of Newfoundland the salmon is king. This lordly fellow with his flashing coat of mail, his speed, and his courage, can play the part of a monarch very well.

When a salmon is very young, it is called a "parr". It is content to remain in the river where it was hatched for two years. Then, at the end of that time, it comes down to the sea and becomes a "smolt". A winter spent in the ocean brings about another change and our fish is now a "grilse". This beautiful silver fish may travel far. It grows large and fat feeding as it does on young herring, caplin and other small fish. It does not return to the river until it is ready to lay its eggs. Unlike the Pacific salmon, it does not die at this time but may return again and again to the same river. If it is lucky enough to escape hooks and nets, a salmon may grow to be twenty, thirty or even forty pounds, although this last weight is rather unusual.

To find a place where conditions are just right for hatching the precious eggs, the salmon will travel many miles up a river. There may be falls in the way, but the courageous fish will hurl itself at a cataract, leaping sometimes as much as twelve feet. Time after time it will jump at a high barrier until sometimes it is beaten to death on the rocks. Once it has succeeded in passing rapids or conquering falls, it finds some spot in the upper

waters of the river where there is gravel. Here the mother salmon scoops out a nest with her tail. There must be no mud at the bottom of this nest for otherwise the eggs would be smothered, neither must there be sand, since in shifting it would crush them. The spaces between the gravel must allow water to circulate because, in order to hatch, eggs need oxygen. We can see now why salmon like some rivers better than others. Once a suitable nest has been made, the salmon begins to lay her eggs, five hundred of them for every pound of her weight, so that when she has finished, after eight or nine days, there are many hundreds of pretty pink eggs in the nest. After these have been fertilized, the parent fish have done all they intend to do for their offspring. It takes the eggs about a month to hatch, and for five weeks afterwards the baby salmon can live on the yolk of the egg. The little fish is now about an inch and a half long.

Although salmon enter the river in spring or early summer, they do not spawn until October or even November. During this time their beautiful coats of blue and silver become drab and their firm red flesh pale and unpalatable. They have been starving themselves in the river and are unfit for food in the fall.

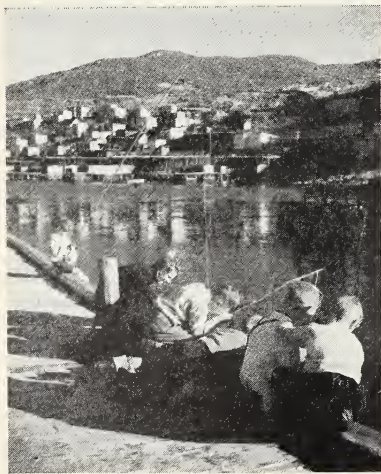
Once salmon were so plentiful in the rivers of Newfoundland and Labrador that Captain Cartwright, who lived in Labrador, tells in his journal how he saw in a pool salmon so thick that it was impossible to throw a ball into it without hitting some of them.

Because the salmon were so plentiful, fishermen were not at all careful. They sometimes blocked the mouths of rivers and, of course, caught all the salmon going up to spawn. When settlers built water-mills on river banks and threw sawdust into the water, they ruined the river, for salmon will not go where the water is not pure.

Now, of course, we know a lot more about the habits of fish,

thanks to the work of scientists, and great care is being taken to protect the Atlantic salmon, so that there will always be plenty for fishermen and sportsmen. Meshes of salmon nets are now large enough to let small salmon through them. Nets are not placed near the mouths of rivers, and the waters of rivers are kept as free as possible from pollution. To assist the plucky salmon to reach the upper waters, ladders are built to help them scale the higher falls and debris is cleared away. Every year large numbers of tourists visit Newfoundland to fish in her rivers, particularly in those on the West Coast.

At one time the salmon caught by fishermen had to be either pickled or canned for export, but, since the quick freezing process has come into use, much of it is exported as chilled or frozen fish.



Courtesy National Film Board

THE FAVOURITE SPORT

While the salmon is king, the trout is certainly the favourite of boys and girls, and trouting the favourite sport. It is fortunate that there are so many speckled beauties in our rivers and brooks. One of these is the brown trout. It is a small fish with very red flesh of a most delightful flavour. Some trout, such as the Lock Leven and the rainbow, have been introduced into Newfoundland. The island has had trout hatcheries for sixty years, so that there is always a good supply of these big handsome fish. The rainbow

may grow to a husky twenty pounder and the Loch Leven to eighteen or nineteen.

It is in brackish or fresh water that eels are found. These also are good food, and the pioneers used their skin in many ways. The strange thing about these brown snakelike fish is that, while some other fish live in salt water and come to the rivers to spawn, eels do just the opposite. Everybody knew that eels spawn in salt water, but nobody knew where until a Danish expedition located the spawning grounds somewhere between Bermuda and the Leeward Islands at a place where the sea was a mile deep. The parent fish never return; perhaps they die. While the young eels are ribbon-like transparent creatures, unable to swim well, they begin the long journey which will take them a year to finish. When they reach land, they swim until they find a fresh water stream. Here they grow rapidly. It is several years before some strange instinct drives them to sea on their lonely mysterious voyage.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a humorous drawing of the meeting of the three kings, King Cod, King Salmon, and King Herring.
2. Collect pictures of fish found in Canadian waters.
3. Visit a fish hatchery if there is one in your neighbourhood. Find out how the lakes and rivers of Canada are restocked yearly with fish.

CHAPTER XVII

LOBSTERS AND LOBSTER FISHING

WE TALK of the lobster fishery, but lobsters, of course, are not fish at all. They have been described as "stalk-eyed, ten-footed, long-tailed crustaceans."

When you look down through the water and see a lobster crawling into his rocky cave, he does appear to be an ugly, awkward fellow. Nature has given him as a protective covering a blue-black suit of armour. It is only when the lobster has been boiled that he becomes a brilliant red. Since the armour is made to fit and does not grow with the lobster, he has to throw it off and get a new suit whenever it becomes too tight. For the first year of his life the young lobster may change his suit as many as seventeen times. The next year he will have three or four new ones and after that he is content with one new suit a year. The lobster's weapons are his two large claws. One that is thick and heavy is used for cracking things; the other, a slender and sharp-toothed claw, he uses to seize and hold his prey. Even a small lobster can shear a lead pencil in two with these powerful claws. To make him easier to handle after he is caught, fishermen sometimes plug these claws with wooden wedges.

A lobster has four pairs of walking legs, but he never crawls far from his burrow in the rocks. His ideal home is in shallow off-shore water where there are rocky crevices in which to hide. He likes this water warm, and so is found most plentifully in small bays and coves. A great number of the lobsters caught in Newfoundland come from the West Coast and from Placentia and Fortune Bays on the South Coast.

Since the lobster has a voracious appetite, he is not particular about what he eats. Whenever he sees something that he thinks will do, he grabs it; so fishermen sometimes catch lobsters simply by using a paddle or an oar. This method is known as claw-nipping. When lobsters were very thick in Newfoundland, as they were about seventy years ago, a boat could take a thousand of them in a day just by using this simple device. Of course, to catch lobsters in this way one would need to find them in very shallow water.

The common method of taking lobsters is by using lobster traps or pots as they are often called. A pot consists of a coarse

framework of laths in the shape of a box about three feet six inches long by one foot ten inches wide. The ends are covered with a coarse netting in which is a round hole, about six inches in diameter, surrounded by a small hoop. When they are drawn into the trap and tied, they form a funnel-shaped opening. The pot is then baited with fish, usually herring, weighted with a



Courtesy National Film Board

LOBSTER TRAPS

flat stone and set in water from ten to thirty fathoms deep—though sometimes it is much deeper than this. When the lobster crawls into the trap, he cannot find his way out again.

For a great many years Newfoundland fishermen paid little attention to lobster fishing. About a hundred years ago, how-

ever, lobster canning was introduced into the island and scores of factories sprang up. So plentiful were lobsters then that the canning factories were able to buy them for less than a cent each, but so many people engaged in this new industry that soon there were few lobsters left for anybody. As a result the Newfoundland Government prohibited the catching of them for some years.

Now lobsters are protected by wise laws and can be caught only during a few weeks in the summer before the moulting period begins. No fisherman may take "berried lobsters". The eggs or "berries" are carried by the mother attached to the outer part of the shell; they hatch into big-headed larvae called mysis. The baby lobster is only one-third of an inch long when he has to look out for himself. As he floats helplessly on the surface of the water, he is very likely to be gobbled up by some greedy fish or sea-bird. It is fortunate that the mother lobster lays many thousands of eggs a season, for only one or two out of a thousand will survive to become adult lobsters. When the young lobster has been floating on the surface for a month, he sinks to the bottom and finds a house for himself. Here his life is not such a dangerous one.

Because Newfoundland has been careful to protect the lobster industry, it has become prosperous again. Several thousands of cases of canned lobster are exported each year, and millions of pounds of live lobsters are shipped to the United States, packed between layers of seaweed, still wet with salt water, and kept cool by cracked ice placed around the container. These lobsters are usually from one to three pounds in weight and have the most delicious flesh. The one that weighs about a pound is six or seven years old or maybe even ten, for lobsters, like children, do not all grow at the same rate. They get tougher as they get larger, and the biggest warriors are very tough fellows in every way. Nobody knows just how large a lobster may

grow. There is in the Natural History Museum in Boston the record of a giant that was forty-five pounds.

When fresh lobsters were first sold, only wealthy people ate them, but in prosperous times they are eaten by everybody. The demand has helped to drive the price up and now the lobster catcher in Newfoundland gets more than thirty-five times



Courtesy National Film Board

LOBSTERS—FRESH FROM THE SEA

as much for his haul as his grandfather did. Since lobsters are found on the part of the island where there is good farm land, the lobster fisherman usually has a small farm.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a model of a lobster trap.
2. Read in "The Water Babies" the story of Tom, the lobster, and the otter.

CHAPTER XVIII

FRESH FISH ON OUR TABLES

QUICK frozen foods are common today, but the method of freezing them is very modern. It was in 1915 that a few scientists learned the secret of freezing foods quickly, but at first crude ice and salt baths were used and fish were frozen whole. The results were not very satisfactory.

Just about this time a young American scientist, Clarence Birdseye, was living as a fur trader at Cartwright on the Labrador. He noticed that when he had frozen caribou meat, ducks, geese, and even vegetables in the bitter winter weather, they were, when eaten, just as good as if they had never been frozen. The reason for this is that if freezing is done very quickly the tiny crystals of ice which form in the cells are not large enough to injure them, but when the process of freezing goes on more slowly the ice crystals become large enough to burst the delicate tissues and the fish, or other food frozen in this way, becomes mushy and unpalatable. Mr. Birdseye, when he returned to the United States, began the practice of filletting fish. He also developed a simple apparatus for freezing packages of food.

There are now in all the larger fishing centres in Newfoundland filletting and freezing plants. Some of these freeze more

than fifty thousand pounds a day and can store more than a million pounds.

To keep the fish sweet and fresh the greatest care must be taken in the preparation of the fillets. This is why all filletting plants are rigidly inspected by government officials. They see that there is a plentiful supply of clean water, that the uniforms of the workers and the factory buildings are kept clean, and that only the freshest fish is used.

Before it is filleted, the fish is thoroughly washed; then immediately afterwards the fillets of such fish as cod, haddock, and hake are dipped in a sodium-chloride-brine solution. This process strengthens the cell structure so that when they are defrosted these fish will not drip. As soon as they are drained from the brine the fillets are placed in a wrapper or other container. Next they are frozen. Here the greatest care must be taken to see that the fall in temperature from freezing point to seven degrees below zero occurs at a speed which will not injure the delicate tissues. When the fillets reach storage temperature — about 38 degrees below the freezing point — they are removed from the freezer and kept stored at this temperature.

Newfoundland was exporting whole salmon in refrigerator ships as early as 1921. Much of it is still exported in this way as well as in fillets.

When fish is filleted there are many by-products that are useful for food or fertilizer. Of course, everybody knows about the great life-saver, cod-liver oil. Since the last Great War many thousands of gallons of this oil have gone as a gift from Newfoundland to the starving children of Europe. It is rich in the two vitamins, A and D, which everybody needs to be well. The most primitive method of extracting the oil from the livers was to put these into a barrel and let the sun melt them. This method left the oil with a rancid taste which was very unpleasant. But now cod-liver oil for human consumption comes from modern plants where steam is used to extract it. After the steam-

ing is completed the high-grade oil is drawn off and pressure is applied to extract what is still left in the livers. This second grade oil is sold as poultry feed. The first grade of oil is later put through a freezing process which removes a fat known as stearine. The oil is now the clear, almost tasteless liquid with which we are familiar. Newfoundland exports yearly nearly half a million gallons of the finest cod-liver oil in the world.

Besides being used for poultry feed, the poorer grades of oil are also used in tanning leather, in the manufacture of oil-cloth, soap, and even steel. More than half a million gallons of common cod-oil and stearine are exported each year.

Other by-products of the codfish which are exported are tongues, roes, codfish skins, and the air-bladders, or sounds as they are usually called, used in the manufacture of isinglass.

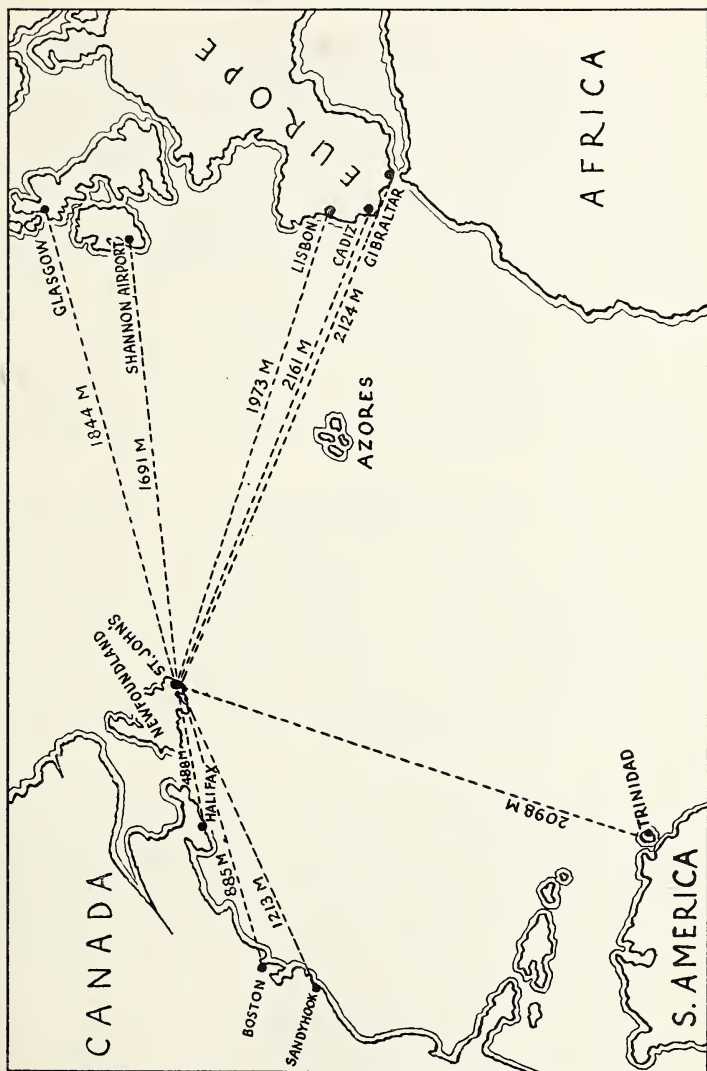
THINGS TO DO

1. Make a list of the fish on sale in your neighbourhood. In how many different ways have they been prepared for market?

CHAPTER XIX

MARKETING FISH ABROAD

SINCE Newfoundland must export her fish products to many lands, it is fortunate that she is the geographical centre of the western trade routes. St. John's is almost as near to Lisbon in Portugal (1,973 miles) as it is to Liverpool in England (1,921 miles), and Barbadoes in the West Indies is about the same distance from Cape Spear as is Gibraltar at the entrance to the Mediterranean. Newfoundland is also nearer to Africa than



NEWFOUNDLAND AS A GEOGRAPHICAL TRADE CENTRE

is any other part of the North American continent, and as close to her markets in South America as she is to the Canadian West.

One of the principal exports is dried codfish, which for generations has been exported to Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece, as well as to Brazil in South America and to the West Indies. In normal times Spain is one of the best customers, and she and the other Mediterranean countries take the merchantable or best grade of dried codfish. The poorer qualities have usually gone to the West Indies.

Much of the dried codfish is now freighted by steamers, but Newfoundland vessels powered with diesel engines are also used. Sometimes the Mediterranean countries send their own ships to Newfoundland for dried fish, bringing in turn cargoes of salt and cork and, in the old days, olive oil, wines, grapes, and oranges.

Every year Newfoundland exports more than a million quintals (112 lbs.) of dried codfish and about fifty million pounds of salted herring. She also ships many millions of pounds of fresh and filleted fish which include salmon, halibut, haddock, hake, and herring, as well as codfish. In fact, more than twenty kinds of fish are exported. Some of these are as well known as lobsters, and some are as rare as yellowtails. These exports may be chilled or frozen, pickled, tinned, smoked, or dried. They may be whole or filleted or even shipped alive as many lobsters are.

An unusual export is that of dried squid. This fish is not eaten by Newfoundlanders, but the Chinese and some other oriental people consider it a luxury and are willing to pay very high prices for such a dish as cooked squid. Some of these fish prepared in Newfoundland go to the Chinese in the United States, but others are shipped to such far away places as Hong Kong, Siam, and Singapore.

THINGS TO DO

1. To the nearest thousand quintals Newfoundland exported in 1947

the following quantities of dried codfish: Puerto Rico 251,000; Italy 210,000; Portugal 176,000; Jamaica 110,000; Brazil 108,000; the United States 28,000. Make a chart showing the relative sizes of our exports to these countries. Use the symbol of a dried fish to represent each ten thousand quintals; half a fish for five thousand, and smaller parts for less than that number.

2. Using charcoal, powdered poster colours and sheets of heavy paper, make a mural of the fishing industry. Show schooners, trapboats, and dories; men with cod-traps, gill nets, and cast nets. Show also the washing, drying, filletting, and canning of fish and the shipping of it to foreign markets.

CHAPTER XX

"HARPS AND HOODS"

IN THE arms and along the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador there are bay seals. These are a pretty silvery grey when young, but turn darker as they grow older. They are always as playful as kittens. Bay seals love to sun themselves on the rocks, especially if there are salmon nets nearby, for they are skilful thieves and steal the fish from the irate fisherman, usually with no injury to themselves. Since a seal can live out of water, some have found their way overland to distant Labrador lakes. Here, if there is plenty of fish, they are content to stay and, unless attacked by Indian or Eskimo, lead a very unadventurous life.

Bay seals are not the ones of which Newfoundlanders talk when they tell of the great seal hunt that takes place every year in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and off the Eastern Coast of Newfoundland.

The seals that ice-hunters seek are *harps* and *hoods*. The creamy grey coat of the adult harp is decorated with a brown patch on the shoulders and along the sides. This patch is said to resemble a harp, hence the name. The male hood (hooded seal) wears a coat of spotted grey and brown and on his head a peculiar skin bag or "hood". These seals are migrants. Their summers are spent in Arctic seas — the harps probably in Hudson's Bay. In October, both harps and hoods start on the long trek to the Banks of Newfoundland. Here during the earlier part of the winter they swim in the unfrozen waters and eat millions of fish, particularly cod.

In February, some instinct warns the seals to turn north again until somewhere off the southern coasts of Labrador they meet the fields of Arctic ice slowly moving southward. The harps and hoods travel in two parallel lines, the hoods always to the east. On the outer part of the ice field the floes are rough and broken into small pans. This is just what the hoods have been searching for and, when they find it, they climb on the pans and begin to move southward again.

The harps, meanwhile, have selected smooth thin sheets of freshly frozen ice through which they may easily bite their way to the surface. Here they crowd together, several thousand of them in one herd, for the harps are simple, kindly creatures that love company, but the hoods are surly and keep to themselves in groups of twos or threes.

In the latter part of February the young whitecoats are born. The baby seals are so called because the hair is then a downy white. The soft little bundle of fat weighs only a few pounds at birth, and, except for a tiny black snout and two very black eyes, can hardly be distinguished from the ice around him, but he grows rapidly, gaining about one pound a day. By the middle of March, when the seal hunt begins, he is a yard long and weighs up to fifty pounds.

The baby seal cannot swim before he is a month old and each

day, while he is on the ice, the mother must leave him and go in search of food. Down through the bobbing hole she dives and swims, sometimes for long distances, looking for fish. While she is away, wind and tide are at work changing the position of the pan on which her baby is lying, but she always finds her way back to her own bobbing hole and her little pup.

In April, the young whitecoat leaves the pan since his mother has taught him to swim by pushing him into the water. By this time his coat has become spotted and he is a "ragged jacket". As he grows older his coat becomes darker, but at two years old, when he is known as a bedlamer, (French *bête de la mer*) he is still spotted. At five years old the young harp is full grown. He is now about six feet long with a black muzzle, long whiskers, and flippers armed with sharp nails or claws.

Although the harp is mild and docile and thus becomes an easy prey for the hunter, the hood is a fighter. It is a very brave man who will approach an old hood without a rifle. The male hood is between nine and ten feet long and weighs from seven to eight hundred pounds. When he becomes angry he blows up his "hood" until it swells out over his head, giving him a truly ferocious appearance.

Since both harps and hoods are hair seals, the skins are not used for fur coats like those of the Alaskan seal, but when tanned they make a very fine grained and beautiful leather. Bags and purses and many novelties are made of seal skin. These skins, however, are not manufactured in St. John's, but are shipped to England, to other parts of Canada, and to the United States.

It is the fat of the seal, however, which is most valuable, and each seal has plenty of fat. Whitecoat pelts are from two to three inches thick. On the south side of St. John's there are huge warehouses where seal-oil is refined and the skins cleaned. When the fat is separated from the skins, it is steamed into oil, purified, and shipped to various countries. Formerly this oil was used

in lighthouse lamps, but today it is used mainly in the manufacture of soaps and leather.

Seal meat, although dark, is quite nutritious. At present there are a few factories in Newfoundland canning this wholesome food, but the demand for it is small, and thousands of pounds are left yearly on the ice-pans.

THINGS TO DO

1. Describe the adventures of a bedlamer seal. Tell the story in the first person.
2. Compare the habits of harps and hoods with those of the Pacific fur-bearing seal.

CHAPTER XXI

SEAL HUNTING

ALTHOUGH seals are animals, they belong to the sea just as cod-fish or herring do. They are also caught in a net similar to a herring net, but, of course, the twine is much stronger, and the mesh is correspondingly larger. The earliest method of catching seals was to use nets, and this is the method used by fishermen in Newfoundland and Labrador today.

In this chapter we are to read about the hunt that goes on in early spring when the Arctic ice drifts along the coasts and into the bays of Newfoundland. Often these floating pans of ice contain seals, and in the early days small boats were used to hunt them among the floes. Indeed, they are still used for this purpose. Sometimes, however, the ice did not come to the land, or there were no seals upon the pans that did drift near the shore,

and so the practice began of sending sailing ships out to the ice-fields. These ships would sail hundreds of miles, if necessary, until the main herds were reached. Seal-oil was very valuable about one hundred years ago, and seal hunting during the months of March and April became the major industry in Newfoundland. The owners of the sealing vessels grew wealthy, according to the standards of the day, and more and more ships were sent to the ice-fields until there were four hundred of them. At this time thirteen thousand young Newfoundlanders went yearly "to the ice", and a great many men were employed on shore in connection with the industry. Some of these worked in the ship-yards building vessels and small boats; some were skilled sail-makers and sturdy blacksmiths; others took charge of the pelts after the hunt was over, skinned off the fat and rendered it into oil.

At the ice, as elsewhere on the Atlantic in the latter half of the nineteenth century, steamers began to replace sailing vessels. At first these were small wooden ships of no more than three hundred tons, but they were specially built as ice-breakers and their bows were sheathed with steel so that they could butt their way through heavy Arctic ice. Years later fine steel ships were also used in the seal hunt; each of these could carry a crew of about three hundred. The wooden ships were manned by one hundred and fifty men or fewer.

The sailing vessels had been owned by men in the outports and had gone out from these harbours, but the steamers mostly belonged to the merchants in St. John's and sailed from that port. Laws were made to protect the industry, one of which was that no seals could be taken before the fourteenth of March when the whitecoats would be quite young and very fat. Because of this law all steamers from St. John's sailed at exactly the same time.

For days before the sailing of the fleet St. John's would be crowded with men who had "berths" to the ice and others who

were hoping to get them. The man who was lucky in getting a berth signed on as a member of the crew. He then found a tiny bunk somewhere down in the hold of the steamer and this he could keep until the ship became loaded when sometimes he would find that part of the hold used to store seal pelts.

Such a life was far from comfortable, but to get a berth a man might have walked fifty or sixty miles, often through snow drifts and in bitter cold, eager for an opportunity of earning a few dollars in the spring time. Before the turn of the century the sealer was forced to pay "berth money", sometimes as much as seventeen dollars, but in 1902 the men went on strike and refused to pay. They have not had to do so since that time. The sealer is not paid wages as sailors are on other steamers. He is a shareman. The owner of the ship provides the food and equipment and for this he takes two-thirds of the value of the cargo. The remaining one-third is divided among the men. In former years the sealer made little money; in bad seasons he sometimes made none at all.

To the young Newfoundlander, however, seal-hunting spelled adventure. At first came the sailing of the fleet and that was a gala day in St. John's. Gay with bunting and with sirens screaming the ships steamed through the Narrows while, on the shore, bells rang, whistles blew, people crowded the waterfront, and the old cannon on Signal Hill boomed a hoarse salute.

Once outside the Narrows it was each ship for herself. Everyone was eager to be the first "in the fat", that is to reach the main patch of seals. Sometimes the ice was so thick that the ship could not butt her way through; then men were sent over the side with towing-ropes, or with hatchets to cut away the jam. If the combined efforts of engine and men failed, dynamite was used.

There was always plenty of rough wholesome food on board. Three times a week the men had duff. This consisted of flour and fat mixed together and boiled in small canvas bags. If

molasses and raisins were added, it was called figged duff. Although seal meat is very nutritious only the flippers were cooked, and these everybody considered a delicacy.

A sealing ship has two barrels, one for the captain and the other for the "scunner" whose job it is to search the ice for the easiest way through; he is also on the lookout for whitecoats. In the heyday of the seal-fishery there used to be great rivalry among the crews of the larger ships and every man was as eager as the captain to have his the first vessel in from the hunt with the largest catch.



SEALING

When the steamer reached the patch she was burned down, that is the fires were banked, and the men were sent over the side in watches or groups of four. The abler and more experienced sealers were made master-watches, and each was responsible for a certain number of men.

In the wild scramble to get as many pelts as possible the men scattered over the ice, sometimes ten miles beyond their ship; then they killed and skinned all the young seals around them,

roped the pelts in loads of four or five and dragged them to where the master-watch had set up the ship's flag. Here they were piled into heaps where they would later be picked up by the steamer if some sudden storm had not already driven the pans out to sea.

The equipment of a sealer is the same today as it was in the days of the sailing-ships:—a small knapsack or “nunny bag”, a knife, a piece of rope, and a gaff. This is a pole about six or seven feet long, with a hook at one end. It is used to kill young harps, to help the ice-hunter “copy”, as leaping from pan to pan is called, and to aid him in pulling a load of pelts over rough ice.

A seal-hunter needs to be strong and wary. Nothing is certain in that wilderness of ice and water. A sudden storm of blinding snow and numbing cold is always to be feared. At the first sign of such a blizzard the ship's sirens scream a warning, but in a storm it is almost impossible to know from what direction the sound is coming. It is in such blizzards that the ice-fields become broken into countless small islands, and wide lanes of water form between the men and their ship. Many lives have been lost in these storms.

Such a disaster occurred about fifty years ago. The steamer *Greenland* was in a patch of seals and more than one hundred and fifty men were on the ice. During the day a storm arose, the ship became jammed, and a wide lake of water separated her from the sealers. So terrible was the blizzard that no boat could be taken to the lake for more than twenty-four hours, neither could it have crossed to the isolated sealers had it been there. When, after a desperate struggle, one hundred men were rescued, many of them were badly frostbitten; fifty-two perished before they could be reached.

Years later a similar disaster occurred when the men of the steamer *Newfoundland* found themselves separated from their ship in a sudden blizzard. For more than two days these poor

men, without food or fire, struggled to keep one another alive, and marvellously enough some of them did live, but seventy-seven died.

In later years disasters such as these have not been common. Wireless telegraphy has helped to save many lives since other ships, warned that men are in danger, can sometimes reach them before their own vessel can.

There is, however, a danger at the ice-fields that is always in the mind of the sealing captain, that is, being caught in "raftered" ice. This is ice uptilted and piled in layers often to a height of forty feet. A ship caught and battered by ice such as this is doomed, however large and powerful she may be. Sometimes, too, a ship is nipped between a field of ice and a reef of rocks. The old sailing ships were often crushed like egg-shells when a storm drove the floes in on the shore. Such a disaster happened in 1852 when forty sailing ships were smashed on the rocks. Sometimes ships have gone down and nobody has been saved. In 1914 the *Southern Cross* disappeared in this way while returning from the Gulf of St. Lawrence with a load of seals.

Since the Newfoundland sealing steamers were especially built for ice-breaking, explorers depended upon them for sailing in Arctic waters. The *Terra Nova* carried Scott to the Antarctic, and Admiral Byrd, who also explored in the South Polar regions, used the *Bear*. Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole, relied at various times on the *Kite*, the *Eagle*, and the *Erik*. There were also others famous for voyages in Arctic seas, the *Panther*, the *Neptune*, the *Beothic*, and last of all the *Nascopie*.

But they are gone now, the old wooden ships and the newer steel ones. Many were lost at sea, some by enemy action in war time; others were sold to our allies.

Newer ships are being built, but they are wooden motor-ships of about 300 tons. As yet there are very few of these used as sealing vessels, and it is unlikely that their numbers will greatly

increase. The seals are no longer found in large herds, even though airplanes have been used to help the ships in their search.

The day when the seal fishery was a major industry in Newfoundland is now over. In 1844 more than six hundred thousand pelts were brought in; a hundred years later there was not a tenth of that number. Just as people in other countries, Newfoundlanders have been very wasteful over their natural resources. They are learning now to protect what is left. To save the herds only a small proportion of the old seals may now be killed. Because of this law, the number of rifles carried by each ship is strictly limited. No seals may be taken on Sundays, and the hunt is not allowed to continue after the last day of April in any year.

THINGS TO DO

1. Read "A Millionaire in Seals" by Captain A. Kean. "The Ice-Floes" by E. J. Pratt (Collected Poems) and "North After Seals" by Williamson.
2. Make a model of a baby whitecoat. Use plasticine, clay, or papier mâché. To prepare the papier-mâché tear up paper into tiny bits; soak overnight, squeeze, add a little flour, and work the mixture until it no longer sticks to your hands. The only tool you need is a stick.

CHAPTER XXII

THERE SHE BLOWS

LIKE the seal, the whale must have lived on the land at one time, but it made a very wise choice when it took to the sea and became a marine animal. All the great monsters on the land disappeared thousands of years ago. Of course, the whale had to make a good many changes in its structure to fit it to its new

way of life; its hind legs were of no use in the water and it got rid of them, but the bone structure still remains inside the skin to show us that the whale once had these legs. The front legs, too, grew smaller until only flippers were left.

There are many members of the whale family. Some of them, like the grampus, are about thirty feet long. Others, such as the great rorquals, may be seventy, eighty, or even a hundred feet long and weigh more than one hundred tons. These are probably the largest creatures the world has ever known. Certainly they are the largest in existence today.

Whales may be roughly divided into two classes, the toothed and toothless. The toothless ones were called by whalers the "right whale" because they were so valuable. These must depend upon minute creatures such as baby crustaceans for their food. In their mouths are gigantic strainers made up of many thin plates frayed at the edges; they swim onward night and day, their huge jaws open. There are hundreds of pounds of whalebone in the mouth of one right whale. This is the whalebone of commerce and is called baleen.

The best known of the toothed whales is the sperm. This monster has one set of teeth in the lower jaw, but it does not take the trouble to chew its food very thoroughly. There is a record of thirteen porpoises each fourteen feet long being found in the stomach of a sperm. Ordinarily, however, this whale must depend upon squid and other smaller fish for a diet. Once in a while it finds an octopus, a dreadful creature with tentacles twenty or thirty feet long. A battle ensues which is usually ended by the whale making a meal of his gigantic enemy.

When huge columns of water are seen spouting skyward out to sea, it is said that the whale is blowing. This means, of course, that it is coming up to breathe. Just before it reaches the surface it expels the air from its lungs with such force that the water is tossed upward in an enormous spout.

The walrus is not a member of the whale family, but the name comes from the old Icelandic name whale-horse. This fat harmless creature is about twelve feet long and sometimes weighs as much as three tons. Its yellowish hide is thick and wrinkled and from its upper jaws project two long ivory canine teeth or tusks. These the walrus uses to help him dig clams. Since the walrus was valuable for its hide, oil, and ivory, it is no wonder that it was slaughtered in great numbers until now it is rarely seen south of Hudson's Bay.

In the days of the Basques and for generations after, whales were hunted and harpooned from small boats. It was a very daring and difficult operation. The walrus, a clumsy and gentle creature, was killed on the beaches where it could not defend itself.

When in the latter part of the eighteenth century oil lamps began to take the place of candles, a great quantity of oil was needed especially by lighthouses, and New England whalers swarmed around the shores of Newfoundland and on the Labrador. To make the catching of whales still more valuable a change came about in women's fashions and whalebone, which is extremely light and flexible, was in great demand for use in corsets. When the fashion was at its height a ton of baleen was worth about \$2,000. Thousands of whales were harpooned and the New England whalers became very rich indeed. Not many years ago a quantity of whalebone was found buried in Labrador. It had been worth, at the time it was hidden there, a hundred thousand dollars. When it was dug up, it was quite valueless.

It did not take long to destroy the right whale, and then the whalers had to turn their attention to something else until in the nineteenth century a Norwegian invented a harpoon that could be fired from a cannon. This had an explosive cap which on striking drove a twelve-inch barb into the flesh of the whale. Now the practice arose of chasing these animals in small powerful steamers which could out-distance the swiftest,—the blue

whale, the finback, and the once dangerous humpback. Once again the whaling industry sprang up around the coast of Newfoundland and on the Labrador. Fifty years ago there were eighteen whaling factories, and a thousand whales a year were taken. The industry is still carried on but with fewer factories and a catch of about five hundred whales a year.

In the old days only the whalebone and the blubber were taken and the carcase was allowed to drift away, a prey to sharks. Now, however, very modern methods are followed and every bit of the whale is used. When the animal is killed by the harpooner, air is pumped into the carcase to keep it from sinking; then it is flagged until the steamer is ready to return to the whaling station. Sometimes after a very successful run she may return towing two or three of the huge creatures. At the station chopping machines go into action and strip off the fat, which is put into large vats where high pressure steam soon renders it into oil. After all the oil has been taken from the body, the meat and bones are manufactured into guano which is a very valuable fertilizer.

A small quantity of whale-flesh is sometimes exported, but in the future more of this nutritious meat will probably be used for food. Whale-oil is now used in the manufacture of soap, and a very fine lubricating oil comes from the blubber of the sperm whale. Its head is enormous and almost square, and in the space above the skull are barrels of spermaceti, a fat from which candles are made.

THINGS TO DO

1. Imagine that you are witnessing a life and death struggle between a whale and an octopus. Make a broadcast of the fight.
2. Make a booklet with the title "Ocean Gold". Describe methods of deep sea and shore fishing, sealing and whaling. Illustrate with pictures and coloured drawings.
3. Write a short story about the first whale that went to sea.

CHAPTER XXIII

ST. PIERRE AND MIQUELON

TWELVE miles off the Burin Peninsula on the South Coast of Newfoundland there rises above the shallow waters of the Banks a group of islands — some of them, indeed, are no more than wave-swept rocks on which even sea-birds would find it difficult to live. This tiny archipelago with a total area of not more than eighty-one square miles, hidden for many days at a time in the dark grey fogs that wreathe the Banks of Newfoundland, is nevertheless of very real importance. These islands belong to France and on the larger islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, and even on the tiny Ile aux Marins (the Seaman's Isle) there are French people living and working as their forefathers lived and worked for many generations.



Courtesy Service d'Information Français, Ottawa

ST. PIERRE

In all the islands there are only five thousand people, no more than we would find in one small Canadian town, but they are intensely proud of their French heritage and often recall that they are now all that is left of a vast Empire that stretched from the shores of Newfoundland to the mouth of the Mississippi. The French have had to fight to retain even these few miles of their soil in the New World. In every war between France and England St. Pierre was attacked by whichever side was not occupying the islands at the time. On more than one occasion the French settlers watched their burning villages from the decks of the vessels that were forcibly taking them from St. Pierre. But always they returned, and now for more than one hundred years they have lived peaceably enough next door to their English-speaking neighbours in Newfoundland.

But the great wars of this century came to the doors of St. Pierre and Miquelon as it came to Newfoundland. In the First Great War more than one hundred fine young fishermen from this tiny French colony died for their motherland, and in the last war the stout-hearted colonists refused to believe that Hitler had conquered. When they could no longer fight under the flag of France, the young men stole away from St. Pierre to join the flag of the Free French, and then on Christmas Day, 1940, the Free French came to St. Pierre and seized the island. The people were delighted. They joined the forces of General de Gaulle, the leader of the Free French movement, and fought once more for their beloved France.

The three largest islands in the group, as you can see from the map, are Miquelon, Langlade, and St. Pierre. Miquelon and Langlade were not always joined as they now are by an isthmus of sand, the dunes of Langlade, which are known to all fishermen on the Banks of Newfoundland. So treacherous are they that sailors call them the graveyard of the Atlantic, and with good reason for five hundred ships have been wrecked by these shifting sands. The skeletons of many of these ships are



Courtesy Service d'Information Français, Ottawa

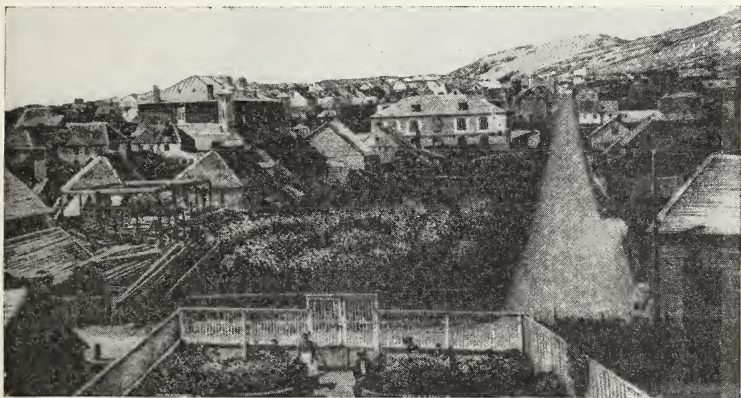
FARM AT LANGLADE

whitening on the dunes, but in the islands, where the tallest trees are dwarfed and twisted, all the wood that can be salvaged from the wrecks is speedily carried off by the fishermen and by the farmers, for there are farms on Miquelon and Langlade. There are even farms on the dunes where cattle and sheep and geese are kept and the small agile ponies of which there are many on the islands. These ponies live out of doors all the winter as they do on Sable. Very few people stay on Langlade in the winter time, but in summer the people of St. Pierre come to the cottages which they have built in many of the sunny valleys and along a lovely little salmon stream which they call La Belle Riviere (the Beautiful River).

Crossing the dunes to the larger island of Miquelon, one finds a settlement of five hundred people or more living in one community. Each gaily-painted little house is surrounded by its tiny garden and a neat white picket fence. Wherever it is possible to do so, larger gardens have been made on the peaty marshes of the interior of the island. When one remembers that the summers are cold and foggy at St. Pierre and Miquelon, it surprises one to see what can be grown there, sweet-tasting vegetables and delicious berries, but no grains or fruits, of course. The people of the islands do not miss them very much

for fruits and wheat may easily be imported from Canada. There is an abundance of wild berries growing almost everywhere in summertime; these the thrifty French children gather for jams and preserves. Almost until the snow covers the ground they roam the marshes for cranberries, which they call *pommes de pré*.

The capital of the little colony is on the island of St. Pierre, which is almost the shape of a triangle about eight miles long and seven at its widest part. St. Pierre, named in honor of St.



Courtesy Service d'Information Français, Ottawa

A GARDEN AT ST. PIERRE

Peter the patron saint of fishermen, has become of importance because it has the only harbour in the archipelago where ships may anchor in safety, and this is true only of smaller steamers. More than three thousand, the greater part of the people in the colony, live at St. Pierre, and there are attractive squares and public buildings as well as comfortable dwelling houses and gardens filled with flowers and herbs. There is a market, too, where the people of Langlade and Miquelon sell their cream

and butter and vegetables, fresh lobsters, and trout. Newfoundlanders sometimes come to this market; they find much in St. Pierre which they can buy more cheaply than in their own land — French silks and perfumes, gloves, and wines, just to mention a few luxuries. The Canadian government naturally frowns upon smuggling and closely watches its vessels calling at the harbour of St. Pierre. Partly because of its French shops and cafes and partly because of its old-world customs, such as the town-crier with his drum calling out his news each morning on the public square, St. Pierre is a delightful town to visit, but the little town is no longer the prosperous place it once was. France, like England, valued the Newfoundland fishery as a training ground for sailors. She paid a large bounty on codfish brought from these waters and, because this bounty made fishing very profitable, men from France came regularly to fish on the Grand Banks and along the French shore of Newfoundland.

Many vessels were fitted out at St. Pierre, and so there was work for sailmakers, carpenters, block-makers, and blacksmiths, as well as merchants and tavern keepers, for the harbour was filled with masts and the streets of the little town with sailors. Then, too, all the codfish at that time was dried before being taken to Europe, and boys brought out from France for this purpose as well as women and children, were busy all summer long cleaning many thousands of quintals of codfish and drying it on the smooth round stones of the beaches. The creamy white fish still cover the stones in summer, but there is not so much of it. As mentioned in a previous chapter, the method of catching and preparing codfish for market is changing. Large steam and diesel trawlers now come out from Europe and these call rarely or not at all at the port of St. Pierre.

Banking schooners in need of bait must call at Newfoundland ports; bait even for their own use is now one of the chief worries of the fishermen of St. Pierre and Miquelon. Nowhere is this problem greater than in the picturesque little fishing

settlement on the Isle aux Marins where the men do not take part in *Le Grand Pêche*, as they call fishing on the Banks, but in *Le Petit Pêche*, that is they are shore fishermen. In the spring before they can venture out upon the stormy waters these fishermen must caulk and paint their dories; then comes the old ceremony where the sea is blessed by the curé. But before the fishing season can get under way the fishermen and their children must gather clams and the mussels that are found clinging to the rocks. The shells are stripped off, and the delicious titbits within used as bait to lure the greedy cod, but unfortunately this kind of bait is so soft that most of it falls off the hooks as soon as the trawls are put into the water. As it is, one must go to the dunes of Langlade to get good clams; so in June everyone eagerly watches for the first sign of caplin; plenty of caplin spells prosperity for the little settlement; they make excellent bait and excellent food for the people as well, and there is a good demand for dried caplin in France. But sometimes the caplin do not come to the land, and, in any case, the gourmet cod soon gets tired of one dish. Fortunately in July the squids are growing plump and red and the French fishermen go squid jigging just as their Newfoundland neighbours do. But it is the loss of the herring that the fishermen of the islands feel most keenly. In Newfoundland the fall and winter bring plenty of these fish for food and bait, but they are out of reach of the people of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Although he fishes as hard and as skilfully as his father did, the young fisherman from the islands catches only half the number of cod his father caught. For this failure he blames the trawlers that are catching too many fish on the Banks, and he also blames the earthquake of 1929, which seems to have made some changes on the bottom of the fishing grounds.

The winters are long on the islands, but because of the surrounding sea the temperature seldom falls below zero. On clear nights the *Aurora Borealis*, which the children call *Les Marion-*

ettes, dances gaily in the sky but the snowdrifts often whirl around the closely barred doors. There is time now for skating and tobogganing and skiing as well as for gathering fuel among the stunted trees that grow in the valleys and along the sides of the hills.

But even in winter the islands are not completely cut off from the rest of the world. There are five cables connecting them with Newfoundland and as many joining them to Nova Scotia. There is also a steamship service to the mainland.

THINGS TO DO

1. Imagine that you have spent a holiday at St. Pierre and Miquelon. Write a description of your visit for your school paper.
2. Learn to sing the Marseillaise.
3. Make an animated map of the French islands. Show people at work; fishing, gathering bait, attending market, and berry-picking.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE TREATY SHORE

WHEN England and France made peace in 1713, they were both tired of the costly war that had gone on with short interruptions for more than twenty years. France had lost the war and, as a result, had to give up to England Nova Scotia, Hudson's Bay Territory, and Newfoundland. She was allowed, however, to have Cape Breton Island and fishing rights over a large part of the Newfoundland coast. At this time, of course, Newfoundland had no government of her own and was still thought of by England and France as "a big ship moored near the Banks"

for the convenience of their fishermen. Since the English fishermen used Conception Bay and Trinity Bay, the French were not allowed to go there, but they were permitted to fish from Cape Bonavista northwards to Cape Bauld and along the greater part of the West Coast.

According to the terms of the treaty the French fishermen were to catch and dry fish on the part of the coast allotted to them. They could build flakes and stages and other buildings necessary for the cod fishery, but they were not to erect permanent buildings neither were they to remain in Newfoundland during the winter. Most of the coast known as the French Shore was at this time unoccupied by Newfoundlanders, but Bonavista had several hundred English settlers and there were also small settlements at Twillingate and Fogo in Notre Dame Bay. Of course, at this time they were still under the rule of the fishing admirals, and the poor Newfoundlander had no legal right to build houses or cultivate land near the shore.



Courtesy d'Information Française, Ottawa

A LIGHTHOUSE AT ST. PIERRE

In 1756 war with France broke out once more. This is known as the Seven Years' War. In it France lost Canada and her fishing posts on the Labrador, but she kept the Treaty Shore of Newfoundland. The islands of St. Pierre were also restored to her. Because of the outcry from the Newfoundland fishermen, the limits of the Treaty Shore were changed. They were now to be from Cape St. John on the East Coast to Cape Bauld and thence to Cape Ray. This treaty gave the French the whole of the Northern Peninsula, which they had always known as Petit Nord, and the remainder of the West Coast.

A third war with France was ended by the Treaty of Versailles in 1783. The French still had the right to fish in Newfoundland, but now the English king, George III, promised the king of France that all English establishments which interfered with the French fishing on the Treaty Shore would, if the French requested, be removed. George III was thinking, no doubt, of the Englishmen who during the war had been fishing on that part of the coast which the French fishermen thought of as theirs.

Once more in 1793 there was war with France and this lasted, with one interruption, until 1814. During all these years the French were absent from the Treaty Shore, and Newfoundland settlers had been going north. People from Dorset and Jersey had also been settling on the West Coast. When the war came to an end, these people could not get grants for their land, which was scattered over nearly one thousand miles of coast, although this privilege had been granted to Newfoundlanders in the rest of the island. They were on excellent terms, however, with the French who claimed the sole right to fish on the Treaty Shore, and they often took care of French property while the owners were absent during the winter. The French regarded them as friends but frequently quarrelled with fishermen from other parts of the island and from England.

When Newfoundland gained Responsible Government in

1855, she naturally wanted to look after her own affairs, but, because of the old treaty still in force, the people on this part of the island were not allowed to send a member to parliament, to have a magistrate, a custom's officer, or even a single policeman.

Just after Newfoundland gained Responsible Government, England and France came through another war, but as allies this time. France now asked the right to fish on the Labrador, and to take bait on the South Coast. She also wanted the exclusive right to fish on the Treaty Shore, and tried to keep the English from erecting buildings on the part of the coast reserved for her fishermen. The English government was quite willing to please the French, but when the news reached Newfoundland there was a wild outburst of indignation. Delegates were at once sent to England to plead the cause of the Newfoundland people. There was a happy result. The Newfoundland government received from the government of the motherland a guarantee that in future no change concerning the territorial or maritime rights of Newfoundland would take place except with the consent of the parliament of Newfoundland. When this news was received, there was great rejoicing, and the dispatch became known as the Magna Carta of the island.

But the trouble was not over on the Treaty Shore, which mining men believed was rich in minerals, for when prospectors wanted to stake claims there they were not allowed. Finally, when mining companies did succeed in getting grants of land, they were not permitted to erect buildings near the shore. Through the years the population on this part of the coast had been increasing and at last the British government listened to the protests of the Newfoundland government and allowed the French Shore settlers to have representation in parliament, policemen, and a magistrate, but the magistrate was to be a naval officer who would take his orders from England. At the same time French warships were also allowed to police the waters

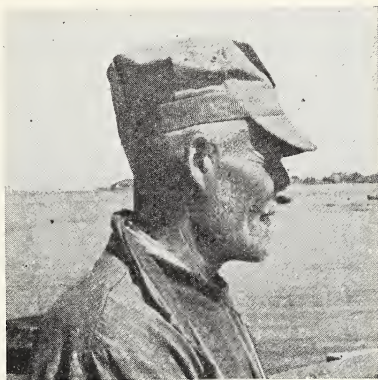
of the Treaty Shore. France looked upon the fishing in the distant waters of Newfoundland as a great training ground for sailors and to encourage her fishermen to go there she gave a bounty on every quintal (112 lbs.) of fish they caught. She also sent six warships to Newfoundland to protect their interests. These ships had their headquarters at Croc on the North-east Coast. It was fortunate for the people of the Treaty Shore that the officers of both nations were for the most part courteous, tactful men.

Because French fish was underselling Newfoundland fish in the Mediterranean markets and our fishermen were suffering as a result, the Newfoundland government passed a bait act which prohibited the selling of herring and caplin to the French. French bankers had been buying their bait — about fifty thousand barrels a year — on the South Coast of Newfoundland, and without it their fishing on the Grand Banks was a failure. Naturally they were angry, and this anger was reflected on the Treaty Shore. It was just at this time that “the ugly, ridiculous lobster thrust his claws into the tangle”.

Lobsters were very plentiful on the West Coast, and merchants had set up canning factories there. Now the French claimed that they also had the right to can lobsters and they built a few factories. This, of course, was contrary to the terms of all the treaties since lobsters are not fish, neither could a lobster factory be used for drying fish. There was at once a storm of protest in Newfoundland, and many headaches among the statesmen in Europe. When the Newfoundland fishermen had to take up their lobster-traps in some places because they interfered with the French right to fish, they added this complaint to the rest. Finally the statesmen arranged a compromise for just one year. This was known as a *Modus Vivendi*. Only the lobster factories which were then in existence should continue to operate. When the news became known, angry mobs gathered in St. John's, and the Newfoundland parliament sent a petition to Queen Victoria.

The *Modus Vivendi* was renewed every year, however, for several years. When Newfoundland wanted to build a railway from St. John's to St. George's Bay on the West Coast, she was not able to do so as this coast was part of the Treaty Shore.

The years went on, and French fishermen came regularly to Petit Nord, but in fewer numbers. They had been fishing for nearly four hundred summers at some of the places there, Quirpon, Griguet, St. Julien, Croc, Cap Rouge, and St. Lunaire. But Newfoundland had, by the beginning of the twentieth century, grown up and could not continue to have the ships of a foreign power policing her shores. In 1904 the king of England, Edward



Courtesy—Service d'Information Français

FRENCH FISHERMAN

VII, who won for himself the title of "the Peacemaker", persuaded the French government and his own to come to terms. There had been disputes between the two countries over territory in Africa as well as in Newfoundland. Now these disputes were settled greatly to our advantage. England gave France 14,000 square miles of territory in Africa in exchange for the Treaty Shore. The French fishermen received 50,000 dollars for the property which they were forced to leave in Newfoundland. The French warships went home, and soon only the memory of the old days remained. Frenchmen are still allowed to fish on the coast on terms of equality with the local fishermen, but those who come now must be subject to the Newfoundland laws.

THINGS TO DO

1. On a map of Newfoundland mark the boundaries of the old Treaty Shore.

CHAPTER XXV

SEA BIRDS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

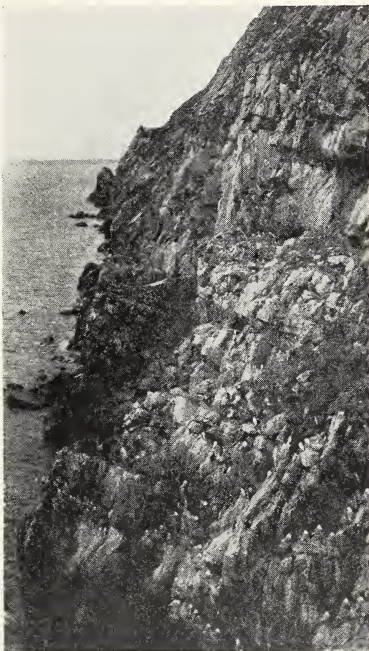
WHEN Jacques Cartier, the explorer, visited the Funk Islands on the East Coast of Newfoundland, he said that all the ships of France might have been loaded with the birds which he saw there. He called the islands the Isles of Birds. Those that he saw there were mostly great auks, and he and his crew killed two boat loads. He could not foresee that countless fishermen would continue to slaughter these helpless birds and take their eggs until they became extinct and nothing was left of them except a few skins preserved in museums.

This unfortunate bird was as large as a goose, but like the penguin of the Antarctic it could not fly. The early fishermen used to place planks from the shore to their boats and drive the birds along them like sheep until the boats could hold no more. They were used not only for food but for bait and fuel as well since they were very fat. There were, of course, great auks nesting in other parts of the north Atlantic and in the Arctic, and some of them used to swim as far south as the coast of France, so that fishermen in Newfoundland need not take all the blame for the destruction of these valuable birds.

When the men of long ago first fished in the waters of Newfoundland, they gave the sea birds which they saw there names which were anything but correct. There were no bird books

then and even the commonest names became twisted, as we shall see. Sometimes the fishermen just fell back on their imagination. The great auk was known as the penguin and the razor-billed auk became a tinker, and is still known by that name on many parts of the coast. This auk, which is very plentiful, is not much larger than a pigeon; its legs are placed far back on the body and so the bird sits almost bolt upright. With its very dark coat and white shirt front, it looks wise, solemn, and not a little ridiculous. These birds are swimmers and divers. Their home is on the sea, and all they want from the land is a narrow ledge or a cranny in some sea cliff, where they can lay one or two pear-shaped eggs. These are white, blue, or even yellow green, thickly spotted or blotched with brown, so that they blend well with the granite around them.

The guillemot, the murre, and the puffin are all members of this family. Black guillemots must have reminded the early fishermen of pigeons, for they are known in Newfoundland as sea-pigeons. They are, however, a little smaller than the pigeons we see in towns. The guillemot has brilliant red legs and feet and large white wing-patches which are a kind of regimental badge, so that there is no mistaking it.



Courtesy National Museum of Canada

KITTIWAKES AND MURRES

The murre is one of our common sea birds. It has a black mantle and a white breast and is a little larger than the black guillemot. Fishermen usually know this bird by the name of tur, which is probably derived from the word murre. Since these birds are excellent eating, thousands of them are killed every year. Their eggs, too, are less fishy than those of many sea birds and were taken in large quantities in former days. One of their favourite nesting places is the Funk Islands, and less than a hundred years ago a single boat would carry off eleven barrels of eggs at a time.

Another common sea bird is the Atlantic puffin, which is about the size of the sea-pigeon (black guillemot). This bird is sometimes called sea-parrot. With his black coat and white vest, his red legs and feet, and his very red nose, the puffin looks a comical little fellow. The Eskimos call him Siggoluktok, which means "Nose he has got it bad".



Courtesy National Museum of Canada

PUFFINS

Puffins, as well as murres, nest on the Funk Islands and on many islets and islands in Bonavista Bay. Once they were

found in vast numbers in these spots but they are less plentiful now. Like the murre they are good eating, though very fat.

Because it is also very fat, the little dovekie is known as "Bull-bird". With its plump white breast and white coat it is a tiny John Bull, for this small bird is no larger than a robin. The dovekies nest in the far north and come to Newfoundland in the late fall and early winter. They are very tame then, and great numbers of them are killed for food.

Another very common sea bird is the shearwater. These birds are so plentiful that it is possible to see from ten to fifteen thousand of them at one time. As their name implies, shearwaters get their food on or near the surface of the water. They have long slender bills and long stiffly-held wings and, when they are in search of food, they glide and bank first to one side and then to the other. There are two shearwaters — the greater, which is white on the under side, and the sooty, which is brown except for its under wings, which are almost white. Both have the common habit of stealing caplin from the fishermen's trawls where, of course, they promptly get hooked and drown. Because they are a hindrance to the fishermen, they are known locally as bawks (balks). The sooty shearwater is the better of the two as a table bird. In foggy weather these birds fly so near to the fishing boats that they are killed by poles. Many thousands of them are taken in this way. Shearwaters are found in Newfoundland only in summer. They do not nest here however, but lay a solitary egg in southern lands, coming north only in their winter.

Everybody who lives near the sea knows the little sooty bird with the white rump. This is the petrel, so named because, like Saint Peter, it can walk on the water. Petrels come flying in from the sea during foggy weather and many of them are dashed to pieces on the rocks. Stormy petrels are associated in our minds with fog and storm; sailors call them Mother Carey's Chickens. Some petrels do not nest in Newfoundland, but others nest by

the hundreds on headlands and islands along the coast. The nest is usually a little hole between stones or under tree roots where the mother bird lays one tiny white egg. So well hidden is this spot that only the pungent petrel smell gives it away. At night the petrels come out from their burrows and sing a weird little song of the sea.

One of the most beautiful of the sea birds is the gannet. This pure white bird with shining black wing tips is as large as a small goose. The gannet usually makes its nest of seaweed and, since it evidently loves lots of company, it prefers Baccalieu Island where many sea birds nest, and the Funks. Gannets are great divers, and in the past fishermen sometimes caught them for bait by attaching a fish to a board which was placed slightly under the surface of the water. When the bird dived for the food, it broke its neck on the board. A gannet's nest only contains one egg, and these lovely birds are not so plentiful as we would like to see them.

Almost everybody everywhere can recognize a gull. The most common is the herring gull, which children call "Bluey" because of the beautiful blue mantle it wears with such a jaunty air. Sometimes we see a gull which is larger than the herring gull and wearing a black mantle instead of a blue one. This is the great black-backed gull known as the saddleback. Gulls like to nest in large colonies, sometimes on rocky islands or sea cliffs, sometimes in lakes and ponds which are miles away from the sea.

In winter other gulls come winging their way to the coasts of Newfoundland. These are the glaucous (greyish-blue) gull with its grey wing-tips, the Iceland gull with a mantle that is almost white, and the little ivory gull, which fishermen call the ice partridge.

A particularly charming member of the gull family is the kittiwake. This is smaller than the herring gull, which it very much resembles. Because this little bird is so dainty it is some-

times called the lady-bird, but mostly it is known by its local name of tick-i-lace. Perhaps those who called it by that name were trying to imitate its crying, and the term kittiwake must have come in the same way. Kittiwakes nest by thousands on the islands and on ledges of the mainland cliffs. But some of them come from distant lands. Birds banded on the Murmansk coast of Arctic Russia were killed a few months later on the shores of Newfoundland. These gallant little airmen are also good to eat and thousands are killed every year.

Another great traveller is the Arctic tern. This little bird has a body no bigger than that of a robin and with its graceful forked tail and slender wings is built for flight. People sometimes call it the sea-swallow. Terns fly far on those strong wings of theirs. One banded in Newfoundland was found three months later nine thousand miles away on the Natal coast of Africa. Newfoundland fishermen call the tern "stearin". Perhaps this name comes from the Latin name which is *Sterna*, but more likely it is from the bird's weird wild screaming "tearr".

The eider ducks are sea birds, as are also the mergansers with their beautiful rosy breasts, but ducks are not as plentiful now as they once were. The Labrador duck has disappeared



Courtesy National Audubon Society

ARCTIC TERN

and the handsome harlequin duck, once known as the Lord and the Lady because of its gorgeous feathers, has, too, become very scarce.

War is hard on birds as well as on human beings. During the last war crude oil from exploding oil-tankers and oil-burning ships covered large patches of water. Diving and swimming birds in these places had their feathers stuck together by this sticky substance and slowly perished.

The birds which have been destroyed through carelessness and cruelty cannot be restored, but a great deal can be done to protect the nesting places of those which honour Newfoundland by making it their native land.

THINGS TO DO

1. Charles Kingsley in his famous book *The Water Babies* tells the story of the old garefowl (the last great auk). How would you tell the story?
2. Write the life story of an Arctic Tern.
3. Model a group of sea birds.

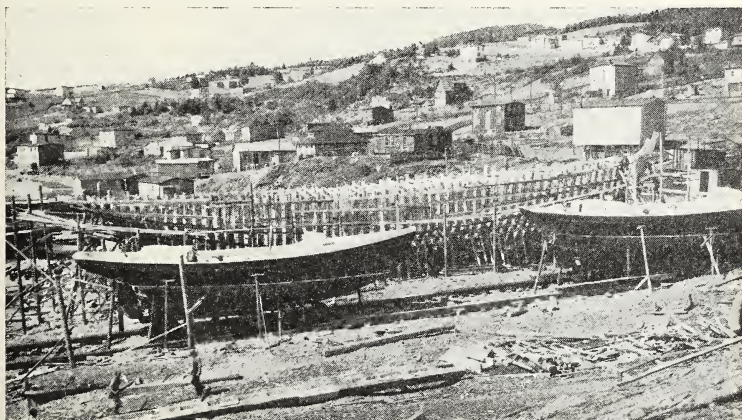
CHAPTER XXVI

ON THE BEACHES OF NEWFOUNDLAND

IN A COUNTRY where capes and reefs and headlands strike boldly out to sea, there are many miles of coast without beaches. Beaches are, of course, very valuable to the fisherman, and it was because they thought that there was not enough of them for everybody that the old West Country fishermen tried to keep settlers away from Newfoundland.

These beaches today are often busy places, for on them codfish and caplin are dried and it is near them, above highwater mark, that the fishermen build and mend their boats. Every boy in a fisherman's family learns to build small boats like punts and dories, but the larger motor boats and fore-and-afters require the work of skilful builders. Nearly all the vessels used in the fishery are built of native timber and by men who are fishermen as well as farmers. These schooners may be two hundred tons or more, but many of them are about fifty. A ton is 2,240 pounds, and a builder can tell from his blueprints just how many tons his ship will be able to carry with safety.

To encourage shipbuilding, the Newfoundland Government offers a subsidy or bonus at the rate of \$90 a ton. An additional bounty is given for vessels fitted with diesel engines. To build a ship of one hundred tons or over costs so much money that large vessels are built by merchants. Schooners of three hundred tons or more are used as freighters to carry dried codfish to foreign countries.



Marshall Studios—Courtesy Nfld. Tourist Development Office

BUILDING BOATS AT CLARENVILLE

In wartime ships are badly needed, and during the last war the Newfoundland Government had ten large vessels built. These three hundred ton freighters were all built at Clarenville, in Trinity Bay, which has a modern shipyard.

It is on the beaches that nets are dried and mended in summertime, and here are wharves and fishing stages. The fisherman-farmer depends on the beaches for most of his fertilizer: caplin, squids, the offal of fish, all contain nitrogen. There is also plenty of seaweed on the rocks along the coast. After a storm this is torn off and piled high on the beaches; it makes excellent fertilizer. Clinging to the rocks are mussels which are gathered for food. There are also periwinkles on rocks and posts and clams burrowed in the sand. Just off the shore are scallops and, if the bottom is rocky and the water fairly warm, there will be lobsters, too.

In the springtime there are sea trout to be caught near the beach, and flounders. Dozens of tiny lance-like fish that nobody wants to catch dart through the pale green water and are preyed upon by their voracious neighbours.

Two queer denizens of the water along the shore are the starfish and the sea-urchin. When the starfish is in danger it just sheds one or more of its rays. Indeed it can sometimes grow all the others if one is left. With the small tube feet on the under side of its arms it can walk; it can also pull open a mussel shell and wrap its stomach around the poor defenceless fish inside until it is digested. Starfish eat other things besides shellfish; they are the scavengers of the beach.

The sea-urchin can walk on its teeth. These fish are a little larger than golf balls and about the same shape. The shell is covered with spines which radiate in all directions. Like the starfish, the sea-urchin crawls among the rocks. Surrounding its mouth, which is on its underside, are five sharp teeth. These cut out a circular piece of food which is pushed into the stomach. Fishermen dislike the sea-urchin because of its prickly spines.

Some birds are shore birds. One can often see sandpipers running along the beach. The commonest of these is the yellow-legs, which children call Aunt Sary. Another shore bird is the curlew, which comes to the beaches when the crowberries are ripe on the hills beside the sea. It is a large game bird which nests in the Arctic regions. Unfortunately it is not as plentiful now as in earlier times. One kind, the Eskimo curlew, has completely disappeared. The curlews that are left are now protected by law, and the bird with its loud clear whistle, curlew-w-w-w, may soon be heard more frequently.

Another shore bird is the golden plover, but it remains only a short time. The plover is one of the world's greatest travellers. It flies from South America to build its nest in the far north; then in the early fall the adult bird decides to visit Labrador and Newfoundland. When it is time to start for their winter homes, the older birds take off for a long distance flight to the West Indies and thence to South America. The young birds follow a safer route overland through the central part of North America and across the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

THINGS TO DO

1. Write an article for your school paper on "Some Very Queer Fish".
2. Make a bird book. Paint the birds that you see in your district. Keep a record of the migrants: when they first appear and when they leave. Find out where they spend their winter.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE BARRENS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

NEWFOUNDLAND, as we saw in an earlier chapter, is mostly made up of old hard rock. This type of rock does not easily weather, and there is very little soil above the bony skeleton. When the ice-cap came with its stone scraper, it gouged out numerous lakes and pushed the soil before it as it moved. Some of this soil was lost in the sea, and some of it was deposited in the valleys. There was very little of it left on the uplands, but numerous lakes and streams remained. Today there are hundreds of lakes, large and small, like beautiful crystal beads strung on the silver threads of streams and rivers.

These lakes gouged out by a glacier are not very deep, and around them are many bogs and higher land covered with a dry peaty turf. The reason is that where water is shallow, pond lilies, water-reeds and rushes grow, and when they die they leave a black mud at the bottom of the pond; then the sphagnum moss, which is often called bog-moss, throws a delicate green bridge across the water, and on this some of the wild flowers rest while they poke their feet through to the mud below. As these and the mosses grow and decay, they add to the muck and peat, and as the edges of the pond become drier, shrubs spring up and finally trees. The tamaracks (larches) come first, and then the spruce. Now this process is always going on, and we can see all the stages at work over a large part of the island and in Southern Labrador. Peat does not make very good soil because

it is quite acid. But it can be sweetened by the use of lime and other fertilizers, and some day farms will spring up on what is now barren land. In some countries, such as Scotland and Ireland, where there are large bogs, peat is used as fuel for it contains carbon as coal does. Some years ago, expert peat cutters were brought to Newfoundland to teach us how to use this valuable fuel. But wood and coal are more pleasant to use and so we still have quantities of peat waiting for future generations to utilize by the simple process of cutting it into bricks and leaving it to dry in the sun.

In the meantime our so-called barren land is not barren at all, if by that we mean unfruitful. Flowers, birds, and wild animals, all find a home on the marshes, swamps, and hard dry uplands of the interior. Reindeer moss covers hundreds of miles with a stiff, white lace. This is really a lichen containing a nutritious starch and on it caribou feed. The Newfoundland caribou is known as the woodland, while that of Northern Labrador is called the Arctic or moorland caribou. The woodland is the heavier and stronger and carries a finer pair of antlers. Sometimes in the autumn stags are found with forty points or more. These tossing antlers are the lure which draws sportsmen from many lands to the barrens of Newfoundland. Nature fitted the caribou perfectly to its environment. Its large hoofs serve as snowshoes and, being sharp and cup-shaped, are used for digging through the winter snow to the moss beneath. The air-bubbles in the hair buoys the animal up when swimming and also helps to keep him warm. The caribou's antlers are a beautiful chestnut-brown; its coat is a pale chocolate brown, but some old stags are almost white. Since the meat is delicious, the animals were, in the past, slaughtered in great numbers when every autumn they came down from the north to the open plateau. Now we have learned to be less wasteful, and careful laws protect these splendid animals.

Moose are also plentiful in Newfoundland, but they are not



Courtesy National Parks Service, Ottawa

A GIANT MOOSE

natives, having been brought over from New Brunswick not many years ago. The moose is a friendly creature and visits logging camps in the wintertime; its coat is always a blackish brown and it is much larger than the caribou, weighing sometimes as much as eighteen hundred pounds.

The beaver loves the land of water and stream and young birch trees, and, since beaver is one of the most beautiful of furs and the animal very good to eat, these gentle creatures were formerly caught in great numbers. Now, however, beaver are

increasing, since there are large reserves on Random Island, in Trinity Bay, and also in Bonavista Bay, where they are allowed to live undisturbed. The muskrat, too, lives on the marshes, and is a valuable fur-bearing animal.

Arctic hares, big fellows weighing as much as fourteen pounds, were found in Newfoundland, but the varying hare that is so plentiful now was introduced into the island in 1870. They are usually called snowshoe rabbits because in snow their broad hind feet serve them as snowshoes. These hares, or rabbits, are of great benefit to Newfoundland. A great many are killed for food each year. Some of these are frozen; some are canned.

Ptarmigan love the wild free barren lands. There are two kinds in Newfoundland, the willow ptarmigan and the rock ptarmigan. In summer they wear the yellows, reds, and browns of the heather and in winter the beautiful white of the snow. Like nearly all game, these birds are not so plentiful as they were. When the first colonists came to the island, they killed them by the hundreds, often with no better weapon than a cudgel.



Courtesy National Museum, Ottawa

WILLOW PTARMIGAN

Sometimes where the marsh grass grows thick we may, if we are walking there, hear a loud "scape-scape" and catch a glimpse of a red-brown tail; then we know that we have flushed a snipe. Black ducks also live around the ponds and one may, if lucky, find a carefully concealed nest with ten or twelve greenish or bluish eggs in it.

Not all Canadian geese fly north to Labrador and the Arctic to nest. Some of them build their nests beside ponds or "flashets" in Newfoundland. When there is plenty of eel-grass

along the beaches, these beautiful birds grow fat before they take off for their winter quarters in the south. Those which are flying south from the Arctic also remain for a time to feed among this grass in quiet coves around some river mouth.

Loons are at home in either salt water or fresh; they build their nests at the very edge of a pond or lake and in it lay two large brown or spotted eggs. One can recognize this bird by its wild insane laughter and its deep wailing calls. Once, however, the loon's loud laughter caused great consternation to the crew of a British warship. About two hundred years ago a British man-of-war with the governor of Newfoundland and Labrador on board put into Chateau Bay on the Labrador. There was great danger from Eskimos at that time. One night, when the fog was thick, the ship was alarmed by a strange weird noise

which grew louder and louder. What could it be but the war-whoops of approaching Eskimos! The decks were cleared for action and the guns manned when somebody caught sight of the enemy, a flock of very unwarlike loons.

Another bird that may be seen winging its way over the barrens is the osprey, which builds its spacious but untidy nest beside a sphagnum bog. The bird is known to us as the fish-hawk.

Plants which love an acid soil are at home on the barrens. Mosses of which there are more than one hundred



Courtesy Prof. R. D. Gibbs, McGill University

RHODORA

different kinds make a lovely background for the pinks, yellows, and blues of the heath plants. One of the loveliest of wild flowers is the rhodora, with its delicate mauve blossoms; another is the



Courtesy National Museum of Canada

LABRADOR TEA

kalmia or lambkill, which spreads like gay cotton aprons over the barrens and which old people still call the gouldwithy. This flower is charming with its dainty cups of deep rose, but, unfortunately, it has a leaf which is poisonous to sheep and young cattle. Growing beside the rhodora and lambkill one usually finds the Labrador tea with its beautiful bronze leaves and

creamy white flowers. Indians and pioneers used these leaves to make medicine. Blue flags fringe the margins of the lakes and ponds and bluebells grow on the sides of the hills. There are also ladyslippers and another pretty little orchid, the arethusa or Indian pink. The beautiful magenta-flowered willow-herb (fireweed) is found wherever recent fires have disfigured the land, while roses are to be seen in the swamps. White and yellow waterlilies make lakes and ponds gay in summer, and almost everywhere there are daisies, buttercups, and goldenrod.



THE PITCHER PLANT, EMBLEM OF
NEWFOUNDLAND

The emblem of Newfoundland is the pitcher plant. This grows on the marshes in the deep sphagnum moss, and the Indians believed that it had a strange power over their terrible enemy, small-pox. This plant is a carnivore, that is, it eats the insects which it traps in its curiously shaped leaves. Each leaf or pitcher holds a liquid at the bottom of it and, when the unfortunate fly which has entered it to drink tries to escape, his way is barred by a coating of thick hairs. The leaf, like a little stomach, then digests its food. The colouring of the leaf is unusual, too. It is a vivid green, thickly veined with crimson. Because of those

leaves French children in Quebec call this plant "petit cochon" (little pig). The flower rises on a long stem and is yellow with velvet petals of very dark red. When the petals have fallen, the fruit is held under a little yellow umbrella. Queen Victoria

admired the picture plant and at her request it became the flower of Newfoundland. This little favourite of a queen appears on some of Newfoundland's coins.

The wild berries of the barrens add a very necessary element to our diet as well as furnishing food for the finches, warblers, and sparrows. Fortunately there are many wild berries — gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, blueberries and currants, as well as several others. One of the first to ripen is the bakeapple, or cloudberry, of the marshes, the fruit of which looks like little golden apples in a pan. Next comes the blueberry, which is very plentiful and in the fall the barrens and hillsides are carpeted with the ruby-red rock cranberries which are called partridge berries. These make a good jam and can also be kept all the winter. There are marsh cranberries, too, and many people gather the maidenhair or capillaire berries which look almost like drops of dew. These berries are very sweet and have a strong perfume. The Indians used the vine as a cure for fever.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a collection of the wild flowers that are new to you. Learn what you can about each.
2. Make a blueprint of pressed flowers, leaves, or ferns. Here are the directions:

Purchase some blueprint paper (daylight printing paper). Find out what sizes you need and have the paper cut by the salesman. Caution! It must be kept away from the light until it is ready to be used.

To make the print, place the pressed specimen in a picture frame against the glass, place over it the blueprint, and cover carefully with a piece of cardboard so that the light will be kept away from the print. Put in the back of the frame and expose your picture to the light until the paper turns from cream to blue and then again to cream.

To develop and press: Remove the paper from the frame and immerse in a solution made of one rounded tablespoon of the crystals of potassium bichromate to two gallons of water. Keep in the solution for five minutes. Wash in clear water and dry between newspapers.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FARMING IN NEWFOUNDLAND

ALTHOUGH Newfoundland is older than the Maritime Provinces, the people there had important farming communities for many years before Newfoundlanders were allowed to own even an acre of land. The cruel and stupid policy of the statesmen and the selfishness of English merchants refused to Newfoundlanders the right to own soil, so that it was not until 1813 that land could be granted for agriculture. At this time England was at war with France and the United States. The price of food rose so high in Newfoundland that hard biscuit was selling for three dollars a pound. The first holdings were of four acres, and a few years after this grants were made in free-hold, that is, people who bought crown land were not compelled to pay a yearly tax.

When it became legal to own private property in Newfoundland, agriculture was on the way. In 1822 Governor Cochrane, who believed in this island, started road building in the Avalon Peninsula. Then farms began to spring up along the highways because roads made it possible for horses to replace dogs as beasts of burden and fields for oats and fodder were needed. Six years later fresh meat was selling at fifteen cents a pound, and rich people ate beef and lamb all through the year. Much of this must have been imported, however, since even today Newfoundland gets a large part of the fresh and salted meat used in the island from other parts of Canada because live-stock can be raised more cheaply where the farms are larger and the soil richer.

In the chapter on the barrens of Newfoundland, we saw that much of the good soil is found only in the river valleys and at the heads of bays. A great deal of the best farming land in the island is on the West Coast. Nature has favoured the West Coast



Courtesy National Film Board

DIGGING POTATOES ON THE WEST COAST

in another way; it is sheltered from the easterly winds which the Arctic Current has made both cold and damp. There are already some very fine farms in the Great and Little Codroy valleys in St. George's Bay, and along the Humber River. As

we know, this part of the island belonged to the Treaty Shore until 1904, and the development of farm lands here is still going on. It was only when the railway united the East and the West Coasts that markets could be provided for the produce of the West. But even in the days when they could get no legal title to their land and when they were always in danger of eviction, some people from the Highlands of Scotland settled in these highlands of the new world, kept cattle and sheep, and did their spinning and weaving just as they had done in their old homes. Men from Dorsetshire in England also settled on this coast because of the excellent salmon and lobster fishing. Some of the settlers married Indian girls, and they and their descendants cultivated the land.

A few people have been farming at Deer Lake for a long time, and now the Newfoundland Government is developing a farming area not far away from this, for the land here is particularly good. This work is part of Newfoundland's soldier rehabilitation program. The land is divided into lots of fifty or seventy acres, and criss-crossing the area are roads and wind-breaks many feet wide. These trees provide shelter and prevent the soil from being swept away by wind and rain. Each soldier who goes to this and other land development areas is given some training in agriculture at the Demonstration Farm at Mount Pearl near St. John's. When this new farm settlement is completely developed, a road will connect it with Deer Lake. Fine roads have already been built along the Humber and a highway is being planned that will connect Deer Lake with Hall's Bay on the East Coast. This highway across the island will be of great benefit to both coasts.

Some soldiers do not wish to leave their home communities and, wherever it is possible, the government is willing to clear land there for those who wish to farm, but first the land is inspected to see if it is fit for agriculture. In many of the older settlements small farms are bought for the young soldiers and

they are given grants of money to buy livestock, farm implements, seeds, and fertilizer.

In the very dark days during the depression that preceded the last war, Newfoundland lost many of her markets abroad, and thousands of people had to be cared for by the government since no country wanted what they had to sell. Some of these people lived where they could not own enough land to make it possible for them to help themselves by farming; so a plan was started to place them in new settlements where communal farming could be carried on. The first of these settlements was at Markland in the Avalon Peninsula. At the beginning, this experiment was not a very great success. These people were not trained farmers. Some of them did not want to earn their living in this way, and other industrious ones wished to own their own land. Now a new system is used. Everyone that is transferred to a land development area is given a licence for one year. If he proves himself a good farmer, he is given a lease and finally a grant of the land that he has been working. There are now seven settlements of this kind, and the number is growing. Every year the government issues two or three hundred grants to successful farmers in these settlements. In such communities there are co-operative methods of buying and selling.

Because the farms are not very large, the new communities are usually located where the men can also catch lobsters in the summertime or get other work to do, particularly in the winter. This idea of combining farming with fishing or logging is an old one. Many of those who farm in Newfoundland are known as fishermen-farmers.

In the river valleys on the East Coast there is much good land, but before the pulp and paper industries started there were few markets. Now farming sections are growing up away from the coast, particularly in the Exploits Valley. When a number of people want to clear new land, they apply to the government, and a tractor is sent to the district if the soil to be



Left — S H E E P
GRAZING AT LEW-
ISPORTE



Above — CAPLIN
BEING LOADED IN-
TO A TWO-WHEEL-
ED CART TO BE
SPREAD OVER THE
FIELD FOR FERTI-
LIZER.

Right — BARN AT
EXPERIMENTAL
FARM, MOUNT
PEARL.



Courtesy Miss Adelaide Leitch

cleared is fit for cultivation. In former years much land was farmed that would have been more profitable left in its wild state. To encourage the development of good land a bounty is given to anyone clearing one acre or more.

On the Avalon Peninsula where nearly half the population of Newfoundland lives, the soil is for the most part poor, but because there are good markets for their produce some fine farms with modern buildings and equipment have been developed.

In the fishing villages along the coast nearly everybody has a garden. In some of these there may be little soil, but the fisherman adds to what there is by using quantities of kelp, squids, and caplin, as well as commercial fertilizer. He is also helped by the government to buy lime since this is needed on the land almost everywhere in the island. He is also learning to use "green manure".

Agricultural radio programs and films are helping to teach modern methods of farming. The Department of Agriculture also sends out fieldmen to demonstrate the best methods for each locality. Older generations of fishermen considered farming slow and unadventurous. The farmer was, in their minds, a very unheroic individual. But now the children are trained to love the soil. They have the Junior Garden Fairs conducted by themselves with some help from their district agriculturists, and exhibits in these and in the larger fairs are so good that they surprise older people.

Sir Richard Whitbourne, who spent a great many summers in Newfoundland, was one of the earliest of her gardeners. He planted "wheat, barley, oats, rye, and beans, as well as herbs" more than three hundred years ago, and he says all grew "as well as in England". Because the farms are small and the climate is moist, wheat is not grown in Newfoundland today except in very small quantities. A little more than one hundred years ago there were three flour mills here. Now, however, all the

flour and much of the coarse grains are obtained from the other provinces.

Vegetables and small fruits grow remarkably well and in the more sheltered places cherries, apples, and plums ripen in abundance.

THINGS TO DO

1. In recent years large herds of thoroughbred dairy cattle have been introduced into Newfoundland. What breed is best suited to the country? Give clear reasons for your preference.

2. Interview a successful farmer living in your neighbourhood. Prepare a report for your school paper.

3. Prepare a booklet with the title "Let Us Save Our Soil". Describe the best method of preventing erosion. Tell how worn-out soil can be restored. Illustrate by using diagrams and drawings.

CHAPTER XXIX

IN THE FORESTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

ONE of the main industries of Newfoundland comes from the evergreen forests. These forests are chiefly along the river valleys and in the North-east.

At one time Newfoundland was more heavily wooded than it is today, but the early fishermen were not careful to protect the natural resources of an island which they did not wish to see colonized. Since large quantities of wood were needed for their boats, flakes, stages and casks, in many places trees near the shore soon disappeared. The bark stripped from the balsam fir was known as "rinds" and many thousands of these were used as coverings for houses and piles of dried codfish. The



Shelton Photo—Courtesy Nfld. Tourist Development Office

A FOREST TRAIL

trees left without their bark all died. The fishermen, too, were accused of setting fire to the woods along the shore in order to make clearings for themselves. In the time of Charles II laws were made against this terrible waste but, as there was nobody here to see that the laws were carried out, the destruction of the trees went on.

Fortunately, when the soil is not completely destroyed, some trees will grow again in a remarkably short time. First comes the birch and then spruce. White and black spruce are the most plentiful of the trees in Newfoundland today. These, as can be seen by looking at their leaves, are relations of the pine. The French used to call them "Sapin de Prusse", that is, Prussian pine. You can see now how the term "spruce" originated. The white spruce is a tall tree. In the days when fishermen had

to get their dyes in the woods they went to the white spruce for bark to colour their nets and sails and to tan skins for leather. It served them, too, in the place of citrus fruit, for the spruce beer made from the tops of the green branches is very rich in the vitamins which are necessary to keep people healthy. When Jacques Cartier spent his first winter in Canada, the disease of scurvy broke out and he watched his men die in terrible agony. Their flesh decayed because they did not have the life-giving vitamins. One day, after many of them had died, an Indian led Cartier to a white spruce tree and told him to make a medicine of its leaves. The sick felt the good effects of this medicine right away, and they recovered.

The white spruce makes very good lumber, too, and is also used to make paper. The black spruce, which has a harder fibre than the white, is better for paper-making, however. In fact, there is no better tree anywhere for this purpose than the black spruce, and it is fortunate for Newfoundland that there are a great many of these trees in her forests. As a rule neither of the spruce trees grows as large here as in some parts of Canada, partly because the soil is not so rich, and partly because they are so densely crowded together. They grow rapidly, however, and a forest that has been cut over will be ready for cutting again in less than thirty years.

As has already been seen, tamarack grows well on peaty soil and at one time there were many of these beautiful trees in the forests. But, unfortunately, they have a terrible enemy in the larch sawfly, which has already robbed Newfoundland of many of her tamaracks. This tree is known locally as juniper, and is especially valuable to the fishermen since, as it is very durable and resists sea water, it is much used in boat-building.

The balsam fir, also used as pulp-wood, is very common. Its sweet scented myrrh was used as a medicine by the pioneers. Other members of the balsam family are the aspen and the balm of Gilead. The aspen is sometimes known as the quaking asp

since its delicate silver-green leaves are always quivering. The pioneers gathered the scented buds of the balm of Gilead and used them as a remedy for coughs and colds. These two balsams add a glorious touch of colour to the woods in autumn; their leaves are then pure gold. The leaves of the white and yellow birch are also golden in the autumn, and the trunks of these trees, besides being used in the manufacture of furniture, make excellent fuel. There are other trees that we value mostly for their beauty, such as the wild pear, the cherry, and the mountain ash, whose crimson berries help to feed the winter birds, as does also the fruit of the viburnum, which is called squash-berry.

White, yellow, and red pine grow in Newfoundland, but, unfortunately, they are not so plentiful as they once were. Pine, especially white pine, makes very valuable lumber; the board is



Courtesy Anglo-Nfld. Development Co. Ltd.

WOOD BESIDE A LOGGING ROAD

wide and it does not split or warp; so, of course, there is always a great demand for it. Some years ago millions of board feet of pine were exported from Newfoundland, some of it to South America. To get the best quality, huge trees, arrow straight

and tall, were felled. As pine does not grow quickly like spruce and fir, there are very few giants to be found nowadays. What has been lost cannot be restored, but at least care can be taken to protect these beautiful trees so that Newfoundland can really sing of the "Pine-clad hills".

When a great demand came for lumber about sixty years ago, large sawmills were built at various places and for the first time in the history of Newfoundland settlements grew up away from the coast and people earned their living without help from the sea. One of these was at Glenwood on the Gander; another was at Millertown at the end of Red Indian Lake. There were also large sawmills at Botwood, Norris Arm, and Gambo. When the big trees were cut, these mills were no longer operated, but there are still more than a thousand sawmills in the island. Some of these are steam mills; some are driven by auxiliary power, and there is still an occasional picturesque old water mill, though they are fast disappearing. They can be operated more cheaply than other kinds where there is an abundance of water, but, unfortunately, many water mills were built on small streams that in summer shrank very low so that there was no power to keep the giant wheels in rapid motion. When the wheels moved slowly, the saws could no longer whirr.

In 1909, an English company built a paper mill at Grand Falls, and shortly afterwards a pulp mill was built at Bishop's Falls on the same river. A third mill was later built at Corner Brook on Humber Arm in the Bay of Islands. Now the two companies which operate these three mills own more than eighteen thousand square miles of timber land. There are several smaller companies owning timber rights, and everybody has the right to cut wood for fuel and timber for building purposes on land belonging to the government. To protect the fishermen there is a three mile limit around the coast where they can cut their firewood and the poles and logs needed for their wharves and flakes. In some parts of the island the wood



Courtesy Anglo-Nfld. Development Co. Ltd.

THE RIVER DRIVE

along the coast has grown very scarce, but, where fires have destroyed the timber, young trees are now planted. Red, Scotch, and jack pine are grown where the land has been badly burnt.



Courtesy Anglo-Nfld. Development Co. Ltd.

TRUCKING PULPWOOD IN BUNDLES

This process of replanting desolate areas is known as re-afforestation.

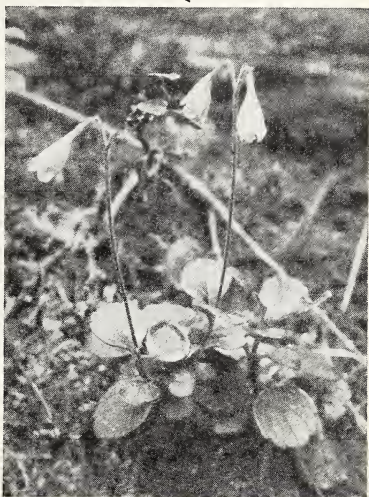
Besides the wood that is cut for pulp — more than half a million cords a year — several thousand cords are also cut as pit-props for English coal mines. At one time all the wood was cut in the winter, but, when the snow was deep in the forests, there was a very great waste of wood that was under the snow. Now the cutting is done mostly during the summertime. In winter the logs are hauled to the banks of brooks or rivers. Tractors are now commonly used by the larger companies. One of these may pull more than fifty tons at a time. In some places, however, horses, ponies, and even oxen are still used. In the spring the logs are floated down the small streams to the larger rivers or to the coast where motor-boats or small steamers take them to the mills. In the interior the logs are also taken to the mills by train.

More than fourteen thousand people earn their living from the forests, and the revenue brought into the country from the sale of pulp and paper also helps to support many more, for the forest products bring more wealth into Newfoundland than do fish products or minerals. And it is on these three that Newfoundlanders mainly depend for a living.

The forests are also valuable in other ways. Trappers depend upon the woods for a living. Without trees the wild animals would disappear. Trees are needed to keep the soil from eroding, to prevent floods in the springtime, and to act as windbreaks. Now care is taken to protect the forests from fires, but there is a new menace — insect pests. The government and the pulp and paper companies are doing their best to fight these deadly enemies. The worst are the larch fly, the larch casebearer, the spruce sawfly, and the spruce budworm. To fight the sawfly and the larch casebearer millions of parasite insects have now been liberated in Newfoundland. These are doing a good job of killing off the enemies of the trees.

The forests of Newfoundland lack the glory of the maple trees, but they have a beauty of their own. There is almost every variety of green from the blue-green of the pines to the silver-green of the aspens and the yellow-green of the birches. In the shade of the trees, mosses and ferns grow in profusion, and so does a tiny member of the dogwood family, the bunchberry, which little children on St. Pierre call "Graines des quatre-temps" (Ember-day berries). There are dozens of delicate flowers. The waxen white Indian Pipes like the moist dark places and with good reason; they have really ceased to support themselves and are living on other plant life. The most beautiful of all the woodland flowers is the sweet-smelling twin-flower with its scent bottles of white and rose.

In summertime many little birds flit gaily among the trees. Some of these are warblers, finches, nuthatches, robins, and sparrows. Most of the small birds remain with us only a short time, but a few stay all the winter. These are crossbills, pine grosbeaks, redpolls, chickadees, and the noisy friendly jays.



Courtesy Prof. R. D. Gibbs, McGill University

TWIN FLOWER

THINGS TO DO

1. Learn to recognize the pine family by their needles: white pine five needles in a cluster; red pine two needles in a cluster; Jack pine two

needles in a cluster twisted. What differences can you find among the cones of these pines?

2. Learn to distinguish the white birch from the yellow birch. Here are a few guides: The white birch bark is white outside and brown inside; it splits readily into thin layers. The twigs are coarser and the buds larger than those of the yellow birch. Notice that the catkins of the white birch are clustered in two's or three's, but that the catkins of the yellow birch are not clustered.

3. Find out what is meant by "a board foot".

4. Pulpwood is measured in cords. Each cord is 128 cubic feet. To find the number of cords in a pile we measure the length, height and breadth. How many cords are there in a pile thirty-two feet long, four feet wide, and four feet high?

CHAPTER XXX

PAPER MILLS AND PAPER TOWNS

THERE are two large paper towns in Newfoundland. One of them is Grand Falls on the Exploits River and the other is Corner Brook on beautiful Humber Arm. These towns, built by the owners of the mills, are very modern and do not differ from young and prosperous towns in other Canadian provinces.

Grand Falls generates its hydro power from the falls that are near the mill. Corner Brook gets its from Deer Lake about thirty-two miles away. The power is brought down to the town on two lines of steel towers. Grand Falls is away from the sea, but it has a railway connecting it with its shipping port at Botwood twenty miles from the mill. Corner Brook is on the coast and at its piers large cargo vessels unload china clay, sulphur, and alum, needed in the manufacture of paper. During the



Courtesy National Film Board

PULP AND PAPER MILL, CORNER BROOK

winter season both the port of Botwood and Humber Arm are frozen; then the paper from the Grand Falls mill is shipped overland to St. John's where the harbour is open all winter, and the paper and pulp from Corner Brook is shipped to Port aux Basques which is also an ice-free port.

A third town connected with paper making is at Bishop's Falls, also on the Exploits River. The mill at this place produces pulp which is pumped to the Grand Falls mill by a pipe line eleven miles long.

When we remember that a great city paper uses for one edition more pulp-wood than can grow on one hundred acres of good

forest land, we can see how great is the demand for paper. Much of what is produced in Newfoundland is sold to the United States and to England, but some of it is shipped to such far-off countries as the Argentine, Australia, and India.



Courtesy Anglo-Nfld. Development Co. Ltd.

LOADING PULPWOOD WITH A CRANE

pulp which was then spread out in thin layers to dry in the sun. What a contrast this simple process is to that which we see in the modern paper mill! Let us follow the logs as they are taken out of the holding-boom. These go to drum barkers where they tumble and roll under jets of water until all the bark has been stripped off them. Since even a small piece of bark would spoil the quality of the paper, the logs are inspected as they come from

Both Grand Falls and Corner Brook mills are among the largest in the world. Such a mill can turn out more than one thousand tons of pulp and paper in a day. Since as much as twenty-five tons of wood goes into the making of one ton of newsprint, thousands of loggers are kept busy feeding the huge mills with wood, and logging centres are necessary in the interior, such as Terra Nova, Glenwood, Badger, Millertown, Howley, and Deer Lake.

Paper making goes back for two thousand years when the Chinese, it is said, soaked wood in pits of lime-water and beat the fibres between stones until they became

the barker. Meanwhile the bark that is left in the drum is carried to presses where much of the water is removed. It is then used as fuel, since no wood is allowed to go to waste.

After the logs have been cut into suitable lengths in the slasher mill, all the knots or rotten parts are removed. Now the raw material is ready to be made into pulp. Two types of pulp are used in the manufacture of paper. One is known as ground wood pulp and the other as sulphide pulp.

To make the sulphide pulp the wood is first ground into chips; these are carefully screened to remove any that are too large, and are then sent to the chip-loft. They are now ready to be cooked in huge pots known as digester vats. Into these vats goes a chemical, bisulphide of lime, which is derived from limestone. After the mixture has been thoroughly cooked only the wood-fibre, cellulose, is left.

To make ground wood pulp, huge grinders press the logs into stones until they have become a creamy pulp. The pulp made by this process, however, is weak, since the wood-fibre is short. It must be mixed with sulphide pulp to make the better grades of paper. To this mixture is added china clay to improve the surface of the paper. It is also bleached in huge tanks, and colour is added when required.

From the tanks the pulp goes to the paper-making machines. These are longer than a city block, and the largest, such as the one which has recently been installed at Corner Brook, can produce paper 268 inches wide at the rate of 2,000 feet a minute. As the pulp enters the machine, it is spread evenly on wire screens and passed over rollers until it is ready for the dryer, where it travels for hundreds of feet through heated rollers until it reaches the end of the machine and is wound into rolls. After it has been removed from the machine, it is cut to the required size and sent to the finishing room to be checked, wrapped, and labelled.

THINGS TO DO

1. Write down a list of reasons why we should protect our forests.
2. A young spruce tree is cut down in the forests of Newfoundland. Explain the process by which it becomes part of a great newspaper.

CHAPTER XXXI

MINES AND MINERALS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

SINCE Newfoundland is part of the great Appalachian Highlands, some of the rocks found here are many millions of years old. It is in old rock such as these that minerals are discovered.

One of the earliest attempts at mining in Newfoundland was at Shoal Bay, a few miles from St. John's. Here about one hundred and seventy years ago a copper mine was worked, but the venture had little success. The great copper deposits in Newfoundland are in Notre Dame Bay and in the north part of the island.

Copper mining began on a large scale with the opening of Tilt Cove mine in 1864. Steep cliffs rise about five hundred feet from the water circling a tiny cove and beyond the cliffs there is a small valley. This is the site of what was Newfoundland's largest copper mine.

A few years after Tilt Cove mine had been opened, another was opened at Betts Cove about eight miles away. In 1877 copper was discovered at Little Bay. This discovery was made in the summer and by early fall a town of five hundred people had grown up there.

Copper has also been found in other places and through the

years many small mines were worked in Notre Dame Bay and along the North-east Coast. For a time Newfoundland ranked fourteenth among the copper-producing countries of the world.

The manner in which this copper was mined was terribly wasteful. The companies were making large profits and only the best of the ore was taken. Cornish mining captains mined, it is said, as gophers do. Some of the mines caved in. Only a small part of the ore was smelted in Newfoundland, the rest of it was taken to England. Before shipment, this ore was sorted by men and boys who took only the highest grade and threw away the rest. In 1918 the price of copper sank very low, and, since the best of the ore had been removed from the mines by this time, they were closed. There are still millions of tons of copper ore in these old mines, waiting to be developed. There are also copper deposits in the north of the island and on the South and West Coasts.

At the present time some copper is produced at Buchans. This is a lead, zinc, and copper mine on the Buchans River, a few miles away from Red Indian Lake. The name, of course, comes from Captain Buchan, who led the ill-fated expedition in search of the Beothucks to Red Indian Lake in 1811. It was a Micmac Indian, Matty Mitchell, who discovered this mine in 1905. For a short time the mine was worked by the owners, the Anglo Newfoundland Development Company, but it was difficult to separate the various metals contained in the rock. Then in 1925 an American discovered a way to make the operation of this type of mine more profitable, and it was re-opened. At this time two more large bodies of ore, Lucky Strike and Oriental, were discovered. Now Buchans can mine and mill more than half a million tons of ore a year. Some of this is taken from open pits called *Glory Holes*. Such a hole is often more than 200 feet deep and 600 feet wide. Mining is also carried on in large underground rooms known as stopes. Each room in a mine such as this may be more than one hundred feet long. Huge pillars

separate one room from another. After the mineral has been removed, the stopes are filled with waste material.

A very intricate process of milling now separates the various metals from the ore and collects them into concentrates. These are shipped over a private railway to Millertown and thence to Botwood, the shipping port, which is about ninety-two miles from the mine.

In the Middle Ages the alchemists, as the chemists of that day were called, divided the metals into noble and base. That is why we still speak of the common metals such as copper, lead, zinc, and iron as base metals.

Lead is a soft heavy metal of a blue-gray lustre. It is usually mixed with other metals to form what is known as alloys. Solder, for instance, is made of tin and lead, but lead is also used in varnishes and paints, in water piping and as an anti-knock in gasoline.

Zinc is a bluish-white metal. Like lead, it has so many uses that it is fortunate for mankind it is a very common metal. Some of the ways in which we use zinc are: in sheets as building material, to galvanize iron, in the manufacture of brass, and in the making of dry batteries.

The earliest lead mine to be worked in Newfoundland was at La Manche, at the head of Placentia Bay, just across the narrow isthmus from Trinity Bay. In 1857 a cable connecting Newfoundland with the rest of North America was landed at this spot. This was part of the great transatlantic cable system. One of the interesting facts about this cable is that Cyrus W. Field, to whom goes the greatest credit for the success of the venture, also was a member of the company operating the lead mine at this place, and the mineral, it is said, helped to pay for the cable. This mine was worked for seventeen years after 1857; then the low price of lead forced the company to close down. Another lead mine, known as Silver Cliff Mine, was also in operation on this coast for a short time. The ore in which lead

is found is called galena, and silver, too, is often found mixed with the lead. Small quantities of silver are found at Buchans.

Newfoundland is not known as a gold producing country, but several thousands of ounces have been obtained from the various copper mines. Two small mines were once operated where native gold was found. One of these was at Goldenville, Mings Bight, and the other was Brownings mine. Both of these are on the North-east Coast. Gold has also been found at two places on the South Coast. One of these places is Rose Blanche. Long ago French fishermen gave this name to the great white ridge which rises 180 feet above Diamond Cove. It is in this quartz vein that small quantities of gold have been found. A little island, Cinc Cerf, is also said to contain gold.

Every day we see and touch articles that are plated with chromium. This hard bluish-white material with its mirror-like polish is being used more and more by manufacturers. The metal chromite does not tarnish and it is very hard, so that it is used with steel to make stainless steel. This metal is also used as a chemical, and from it come some of the beautiful colours used in paints, printing, and dyeing. Chromite is found in several places in Newfoundland. A small quantity has been mined at Bluff Head mine near Port au Port Bay. It is also found in the centre of the island at Mount Cormack and at Baie Verte in the North-east.

Newfoundland's largest mine is the iron mine at Wabana, on Bell Island, about fifteen miles away from St. John's. The name Wabana is an Indian word which means "the place where daylight first appears". This is, particularly in war time, one of the most important towns in Newfoundland. Bell Island itself is not large; it is only six miles long by two and a half broad, but here is found one of the largest iron deposits in the world. It is so large that the mine can go on producing a million and a half tons of ore a year for centuries. A great part of these vast reserves of iron is under the waters of Conception Bay. It was

on the floor of a very shallow sea that millions of years ago these immense beds were slowly built up. Little things like the impressions made by raindrops and the ripple marks such as we find in sand help to tell us the story of iron. Fossils, too, which are the shell skeletons or natural impressions of once living things, are found in these beds.

For many years fishermen used the red brown rocks of Bell Island to ballast their boats. Then one day in 1893 a merchant in St. John's saw the ore and had it analyzed. Shortly after this time, mining commenced and the first shipment of ore was made on Christmas Day, 1895. At first iron was taken from the surface. This process is known as stripping, but submarine (under the water) mining is also carried on and the mine runs out under the sea on the west side of the island.

When the ore is hoisted to the pit head it is moved by three electric tramcars to the east side of the island. The cliffs around Bell Island are very high and the water beneath them so deep that the largest type of freight steamer can come to the loading piers where they are loaded at the rate of 2,500 tons an hour.

This mine is now operated by the Dominion Steel Company and much of the ore goes to the steel mills at Sydney, Nova Scotia. England also takes more than half a million tons; before the last war Germany was the best customer. This type of ore is hematite; smaller deposits of other kinds of iron ore are also found in Newfoundland.

Limestone is used in the manufacture of steel and in paper making. When it is heated in a kiln to 1,000 degrees F. it becomes quick lime, which is particularly valuable in agriculture. From the limestone quarries at Aguathuna on the West Coast comes the limestone used in the steel mills at Sydney. The limestone quarries at Humber Mouth provide the limestone used in the two large paper mills at Corner Brook and Grand Falls. There is a third limestone quarry at Sops Arm in White Bay.

The word *metamorphosis* is a long Greek word which simply

means a change in form or shape. Long ago limestone underneath the earth's surface was changed by extreme heat and pressure until it became metamorphosed into marble. Much of the best marble in Newfoundland is found at Canada Bay in the North of the island. Some of this is white and some blue-grey. Marble is also found a little farther to the south at Sops Arm and across White Bay in Purbeck Cove. Like limestone marble may also be used to make quick lime.

Because slate resists the action of rain and frost so well it is used as roofing, particularly in England. There are large belts of slate stretching across the island from Placentia Bay to the East Coast. There are large slate quarries on and near Random Island in Trinity Bay. This is very good slate, some of it a very dark purple, but it varies in colour to a light green. Over on the West Coast at Humber Arm there is also some blue slate. Except in St. John's and one or two older towns slate roofing is not used in Newfoundland. Most of what has been quarried here has gone to London and Newcastle in England.

In the sea cliffs and elsewhere around the shores of St. George's Bay and Port au Port there are large quantities of gypsum. This white rock when it is heated and changed into a powder becomes the well-known plaster of Paris which is used not only to plaster walls but to make plaster casts and Portland cement.

Long ago when Newfoundland was much warmer than it is today plants grew to a very large size. They grew and decayed in the swamps and forests, and then through the years the land slowly sank and water flowed over it. Clay and sand were washed over the vegetation piling in layers deeper and deeper through the centuries. Imprisoned under the water the plants did not decay as we see them do. Slowly the land rose until it was out of water and trees and other plants grew in the swamps. Hundreds of years passed and the land was again under water and again the sand and clay washed over the fallen plants.

This process went on for thousands of years and all the time the heat from below and the pressure from above were slowly changing the vegetation under water first into brown peat and then into the hard black substance which we burn as coal.

When the great explorer, Captain Cook, was making a map of Newfoundland, he discovered coal in St. George's Bay on the West Coast. This was away back in 1763. After Cook's time other explorers also found coal on the shores of the Grand Lake in the Humber Valley. Some of the coal seams are five or six feet wide, but Newfoundland has not developed her coal mines yet, partly because coal can be produced more cheaply in the vast coal fields of Nova Scotia.

Near the St. George's coalfield a hard glistening substance is found mixed with gravel; this is bitumen, from which oil may be obtained. If you look up the word petroleum in your dictionary you will see that it comes from the Latin word *petra*—a rock and *oleum*, oil, so that the word is really rock oil. Back in 1812 many years before petroleum was used as it is today a Mr. Parsons saw near the pond which now bears his name a brown oil seeping through the earth. Like everybody else at that time he thought that mineral oil was good only as a medicine and used what he found as a cure for his rheumatism. When years later, wells were bored in other parts of the world, some wells were bored around the shores of this pond, but up to the present time these have had small success.

Fluorspar is a mineral which is used in the manufacture of steel, in aluminum, in certain types of enamel, and in opalescent glass. For years fluorspar has been mined in the little village of St. Lawrence on the south part of the Burin Peninsula. Fortunately for Canadian manufacturers there is a large supply of this mineral at St. Lawrence. One of the veins there is fourteen feet wide.

A mineral with a long name is pyrophyllites. It is made up of two Greek words meaning fire and leaf. This is one of the

old minerals laid down in the age of volcanic heat. The leaf part of the name comes from the fact that it splits so easily into thin layers or leaves. Because it is so soft and because of its silky glimmering lustre it is often used in the making of ornaments. But there are more than sixty uses for it in the manufacture of materials such as roofing, rubber, paper, and paint.

Other minerals found in Newfoundland are: barite, found on the South Coast, used as a chemical in the manufacture of sugar; molybdenite, used with steel; quartz crystals used in radio transmitters and in glass; and manganese, also used in the manufacture of glass.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a collection of the minerals of Newfoundland.
2. Gold is a very soft metal and it is combined with copper or silver for jewellery and coins. All jewellery is stamped with a mark showing how much pure gold it contains out of a total of twenty-four. A fourteen carot watch contains fourteen parts gold and ten parts of some other metal. What percentage of gold does an eighteen carot article contain?
3. Test samples of rock for limestone. Pour a little vinegar over a piece of rock. If the liquid effervesces (bubbles up) the rock is limestone.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE STORY OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE

ABOUT one hundred years ago telegraph poles and telegraph wires were already crisscrossing the continents, for Professor Samuel Morse in 1835 had invented a system which made the sending of messages by telegraph possible. It was not long before men began to think about the possibility of linking nations and

even continents together by electric wires running under the water as well as over the land. Bishop Mullock in St. John's was writing about the benefits of a transatlantic cable at a time when there was not a single mile of deep-sea cable working anywhere in the world.

The first cable ever laid successfully was the one between England and France; that was finished in 1851. In the same year a young engineer from Canada, F. N. Gisbourn, came to Newfoundland and arranged with the government of that day to build an overland telegraph line from St. John's to Cape Ray. But after the section of the line between St. John's and Harbour Grace had been finished, Gisbourn's company became bankrupt. In search of new capital he went to the United States and there he met a business man, Cyrus Field. This meeting was one of the most fortunate in history, for Field at once became interested in the project of connecting Newfoundland to the mainland of North America by submarine telegraph, but his adventurous spirit believed that it was possible to go farther and link together the Old World and the New by a transatlantic cable.

The difficulties in the way of such an undertaking were at that time tremendous. There was no ship large enough to carry the hundreds of miles of cable that were necessary to span the Atlantic. Many men doubted that a cable of this length could ever be made to carry sound effectively or stand the pressure more than a mile below the surface of the ocean. The greatest problem of all was where could all the money be found to manufacture such a cable and to lay it successfully. Just one item, the iron wire used in its construction, would be enough to reach from the earth to the moon.

One thing was in Field's favour: when the bottom of the Atlantic had been surveyed, it had been found that a plateau about four hundred miles wide reached from Newfoundland to Ireland. Fortunately this was the shortest distance between

the two continents, and the ooze on the bottom was like "a feather bed".

When Field reached England in search of capital for his project, he met the young electrical genius, Charles Bright, who had been the first to lay a cable in deep water. This cable was between England and Ireland. Together Field and Bright were able to form a company and raise the required money. 2,500 miles of cable were made. (They had counted on having some breakages and had built about eight hundred extra miles of cable). In 1857 the English battleship, the *Agamemnon*, fastened the cable at Valencia in Ireland and started westwards, but after she had sailed a short distance it broke.

On the second attempt two ships were used, the H.M.S. *Agamemnon* and the American battleship *Niagara*. They met in mid-Atlantic and spliced the cable; then one sailed east and the other west. After they had paid out a few hundred miles the cable snapped. But arrangements had previously been made for such an accident. While the cable was in working order an electric current passed along the wire between the two ships, so that each knew when a breakage occurred. The plan was that, when this happened, each ship was to return to the rendezvous. They did. For the second time the cable was spliced, and the ships sailed away, but again it broke. After this second accident, the ships which had got out of touch with each other, returned to England.

The directors of the company were in despair, but Field and Bright were just as confident of success as ever. Shortly afterwards the two ships set out again and spliced the cable in mid-Atlantic as before. This time they were successful. The *Niagara*, sailing westward, reached Bay Bulls Arm in Trinity Bay, and the cable was landed on the fifth of August, 1858. On the same day the *Agamemnon* had reached Valencia in Ireland. Previous to this Newfoundland had been connected by cable to Nova Scotia; so it was now possible for England to send a tele-

graph message to the United States. On August 16 this message was flashed along the wires: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men". The queen of England and the president of the United States sent congratulations to each other's country and there was great rejoicing everywhere. Charles Bright, who had done so much to make the feat possible, was knighted. He was then only twenty-six years old.

Everything went well for a time. But the cable had been injured by the use of a very strong electrical current and after more than seven hundred messages had been sent it failed altogether. Strangely enough the last word recorded had been "forward".

We can hardly imagine now how great a blow this new failure was to Field, but his courage was as great as his misfortune. He again set to work to raise the necessary funds. At this time the cost of such a cable was about \$3,000,000. Unfortunately, a civil war broke out in the United States, and it was eight years before a second cable was successfully laid.

In the meantime, the cable between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia was working and, since Newfoundland is a little more than a thousand miles away from New York, news sent across the Atlantic could reach its destination more than two days earlier via Cape Race. Messages received at the station were put into water-tight containers and tossed to a news boat which took them to outward bound ships. Westward bound liners as they passed Cape Race also threw the latest European news and other messages overboard. These sealed in water-tight containers with flags attached were picked up by the news boat and taken to the telegraph station.

While the Civil War was raging in the United States, people everywhere were anxious for news and there was great rivalry among the ocean liners, each striving to be the first to reach Cape Race with its news. This keenness was the cause in 1863 of a terrible disaster. The steamship *Anglo-Saxon*, in her eager-

ness to be the first to deliver the latest dispatches, ran full speed through the fog and onto the rocks at Chance Cove near Cape Race. At this place the cliffs rise perpendicular for five hundred feet. The people of the settlement brought spars and ropes from their boats, made derricks, and lowered one another down among the breakers. When a body floated by, the rescuer grabbed it and was hoisted up to the top of the cliff with his burden. Some of those carried up the cliff in this way were already dead, but 137 people were saved out of a total of 444. The dead were later buried in a plot on the stormy hilltop.

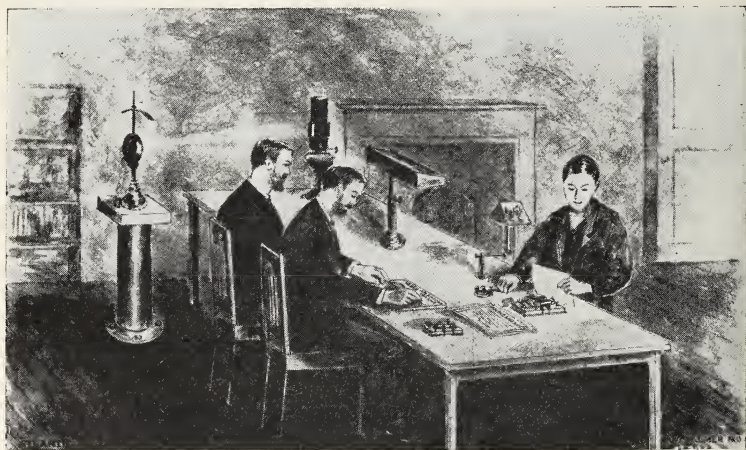


Courtesy Western Union Telegraph Co.

LANDING THE CABLE AT HEART'S CONTENT

In 1865 the Civil War came to an end, and Field and his company were ready for a new undertaking. At this time the

largest cargo boat in the world was lying idle. This was the *Great Eastern*, which could carry all the cable. Once more the cable broke and there was disappointment, but the next year the venture was crowned with success. The *Great Eastern* steamed into Trinity Bay, and the cable was landed at Heart's Content. Then with grapnels especially made for the purpose, huge buoys, and twenty miles of rope made of iron strands, the broken ends of the cable lost the previous year were recovered and spliced and this second cable was brought into Heart's Content.

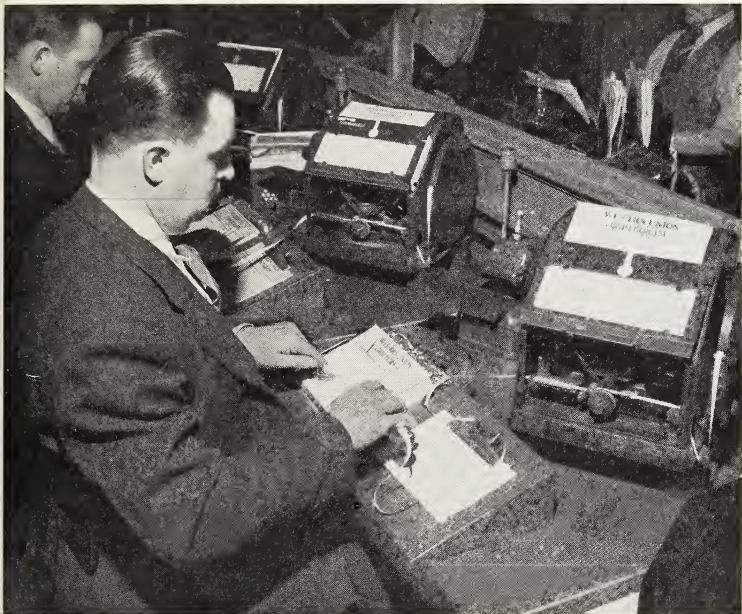


Courtesy Western Union Telegraph Co.

AN EARLY CABLE STATION

At first messages by cable were slow and costly, but improvements continued to be made and by 1928 a modern cable had been laid between Bay Roberts in Newfoundland and the Azores. This is capable of sending 400 words or 2,500 letters a minute. Such a cable can transmit four messages in each direction at once. In 1866 it cost one hundred dollars to send twenty words

across the Atlantic. Less than sixty years later the cost for the same number of words had been reduced to one dollar and forty cents.



Courtesy Western Union Telegraph Co.

HOW TRANSATLANTIC MESSAGES ARE RECEIVED TODAY

Modern cable ships are built especially for the work they have to do and can carry more than twice the amount of cable needed to span the Atlantic. These ships are no longer greatly troubled about the condition of the ocean floor. At one place the cable between Bay Roberts and Horta in the Azores plunges rapidly into a deep valley nearly three miles below the surface and rises gradually to a little more than a mile; then at the

Azores it mounts precipitously from the ocean floor. Today ships lay cables over such routes with clock-like precision, and the work goes on even in the stormiest weather.

Contrary to what was believed at the time, the invention of radio has helped to increase the business of the various cable companies. Today there are twenty-eight submarine cables connecting Newfoundland with the outside world.

THINGS TO DO

1. Dramatize the scene in the little cable office at Heart's Content when the first message was received across the Atlantic.
2. In 1958 the world will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the laying of the Atlantic cable. Prepare the speech that you would make at such a centenary.

CHAPTER XXXIII

WIRELESS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

BECAUSE of its geographical position Newfoundland not only received the first transatlantic telegraph message but the first wireless message as well.

We owe the invention of wireless telegraphy to several people. The three most important are the Englishman, Maxwell, who "found" the ether, the German scientist, Hertz, and the Italian, Marconi, who put the Hertz electro-magnetic waves to work.

Guglielmo Marconi came of a well-to-do Italian family. One summer when the young man was on a holiday he read about the work of the German scientist, Hertz, who had just died. When Marconi read how the young Hertz had made the effect of an

electric impulse felt across a room, he asked himself why it could not also be felt across greater distances. He returned home and set to work to put to practical use what others considered a scientific toy. To the instrument then in use he gave an

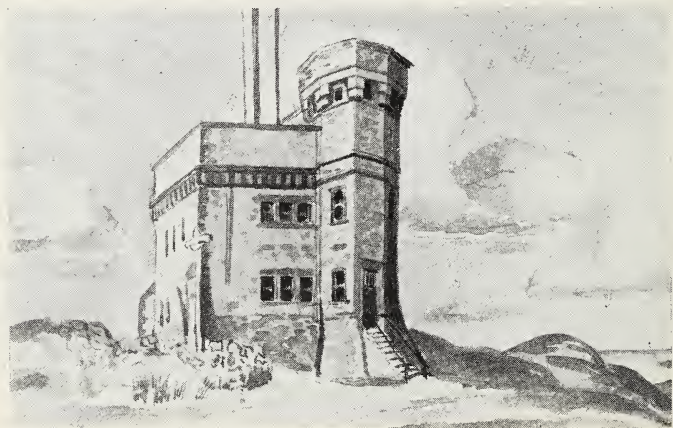


Courtesy Canadian Marconi Co.

SIGNOR MARCONI SEATED BEFORE THE COHERER AND OTHER EQUIPMENT USED TO RECEIVE THE THREE DOTS OF THE LETTER "S" WHICH WAS THE RADIO SIGNAL RECEIVED AT SIGNAL HILL FROM POLDHU, ENGLAND. THIS WAS THE FIRST RADIO MESSAGE TO BE RECEIVED THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC

antenna of a modern type and a ground connection. This invention was a very great contribution to the success of wireless. To his inventive skill Marconi also added an unconquerable spirit. When others said that wireless messages could be blocked

by a hill, he proved that this was not so. In 1896 when he was only twenty-two he took out a patent on his invention, and in perfecting his apparatus worked twenty hours a day. Then he went to England where the scientists and the government gave him much encouragement. Wireless was first used between a lighthouse at Dover and a light-ship twelve miles away. People could now see how valuable wireless would be if its messages could be sent over long distances. When Marconi sent a wireless message across the English Channel, everybody applauded, but few except the young scientist believed it possible to send such messages across the Atlantic.



CABOT TOWER, SIGNAL HILL, ST. JOHN'S

Early in December, 1901, Marconi and two assistants came quietly to St. John's. There were no newspaper reporters on hand to question him about the kites and balloons he had brought with him. His purpose was to fly these as antennae from Signal Hill, which rises above the narrows for more than five hundred feet. A memorial tower to John Cabot had re-

cently been built, and it was here that Marconi and his friends set up their apparatus. A wireless station had already been completed at Poldhu in England, and Marconi hoped to receive a message from this station. The call letter was to be the Morse S.

On December 9 he was ready to begin his experiment. The wind was too blustery for a balloon, and Marconi decided to use a kite. A wire ran out through a window of Cabot Tower to a pole and upward to the kite that was being flown at 600 feet above the ground. It was mid-afternoon when Marconi heard through his ear-phones the first faint signal. The next day the experiment was repeated, and the sound of the letter S came clearly and unmistakably. This great achievement had come after six years of strenuous work and vast expense. It had cost \$200,000 to receive three dots across the Atlantic, but the future was waiting with both fame and fortune for the young inventor.

The governor of Newfoundland, Sir Cavendish Boyle, and the members of the Newfoundland government, went with Marconi to Cape Spear, where they and Marconi were anxious to erect a wireless pole. But the Anglo-American Telegraph Company possessed a monopoly in Newfoundland for fifty years and would not allow any competition. The honour of having the first wireless station on this side of the Atlantic went to Cape Breton Island.



Courtesy Canadian Marconi Co.

ONE OF THE KITES USED AT SIGNAL HILL

Twenty years after Marconi had listened to that single letter of the Morse code, wireless telephony had become possible. On July 25, 1920, Signal Hill again became the scene of a world drama. This was a shore to ship telephone conversation with the S.S. *Victorian*, and communication was kept up during the whole of her voyage across the Atlantic. Even the young Marconi had never dreamed of the wonders of modern wireless.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a model of Cabot Tower.
2. Read about Benjamin Franklin's kite; then write "The Story of Two Kites".

CHAPTER XXXIV

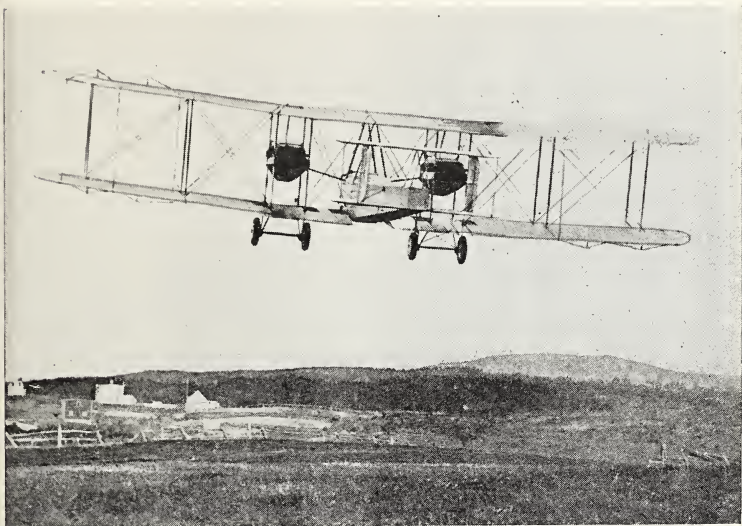
WINGS OVER THE ATLANTIC

WHEN the first Great War was over, there were many young airmen who were still eager for adventure and who believed, too, that airplanes had a great part to play in the travel and commerce of the future. Just at this time an English paper offered \$50,000 as a prize for the first flight across the Atlantic.

When we look at the models of the frail crate-like planes of those days, we can see how terrible were the obstacles in the way of such a crossing. They were equipped with none of the instruments on which pilots depend today for flying through fog and darkness, variable winds, and changing temperatures.

Since the prize was large and the fame of being the first to fly the Atlantic great, there was keen competition among several aviators of the time, but where others failed, two English officers

succeeded. They were Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur Whitten Brown. Both of these young men had flown for England during the war, and the plane that carried them



Courtesy Mr. R. A. Shaw, Toronto

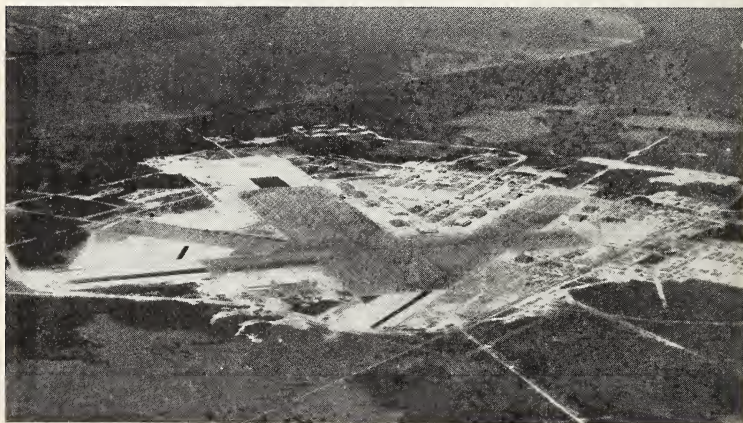
THE VICKERS VIMY TAKING OFF

to victory was a Vickers-Vimy bomber. It had been assembled on Lester's Field, three miles west of St. John's, and on the afternoon of June 14, 1919, it took off for Europe. The next day the world heard the exciting news that Alcock and Brown had brought their plane to a landing at distant Clifden, in Ireland, just sixteen hours and twelve minutes after the take off in Newfoundland. England had led the way in aviation, and the gallant young airmen were knighted by the king.

It was a German plane, the *Bremen*, which made the first east to west crossing of the Atlantic. It was forced down at Greenly

Island in the Straits of Belle Isle, but the daring east to west crossing had been made. Newfoundland reporters, too, made a record at this time. So keen were they to get the news of the exploit out to the world that they crossed the Straits of Belle Isle on the treacherous Arctic ice of spring.

While trans-Atlantic flying was still in the experimental stage, the people of Harbour Grace contributed to its success by the building of a runway. This was a great help to airmen, but something larger was needed when passenger service across the Atlantic had become a reality. By 1936, too, the British government feared that another war was coming. Newfoundland, the nearest part of North America to Europe, must be ready to play a part in the defence of the Commonwealth. A site was chosen for an airfield near Gander Lake in an unpopulated part of the island so that there was great room for expansion, and here, near the railway, the Gander Airport was begun in 1936. The work of building this airfield was carried on by the



Courtesy R.C.A.F.

GANDER AIRPORT

Newfoundland government and the British Air Ministry. When completed, it had an area of a square mile and was the largest in the world.

When war broke out in 1939, more than a million square feet of the field had been surfaced, it was at once put into use as a military air base, and played a vital part in saving Great Britain. After the war the vast field, now a town in itself, returned once more to peaceful airborne traffic. Ten great commercial air-lines use the Gander; the T.C.A. has two flights daily. Some of the giant planes now coming down at this airport can carry as much as 100,000 pounds, about forty-five tons. This is much more freight than many of the early European vessels that fished on the coast of Newfoundland could carry. And where they took weeks to cross the Atlantic, the airplane now takes less than half a day.

There are other air bases in Newfoundland besides the Gander and the sea-plane base at Botwood. The Canadian government has one at Torbay, while Harmon Field at Stephenville, owned and operated by the United States, is a very large field upon which millions of dollars have been spent to make it as modern as possible.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a model of the first airplane to cross the Atlantic.
2. Collect pictures of the planes that fly through the skies of Newfoundland.
3. Use a globe and a piece of string to find the shortest route by air from New York to London, Paris, and Amsterdam.

CHAPTER XXXV

HEROES IN BLACK

CLERGYMEN in Newfoundland have won the respect and affection of people outside their own congregations. This attitude has been built up through many generations, for they not only did the work of pastors, but in many cases they were doctors, school-teachers, and magistrates. The first magistrate in Newfoundland was a clergyman, the Reverend Edward Langman. Clergymen, too, have been the chairmen of school boards and in recent years leaders in the co-operative movement. In numerous other ways they have served the people. The government has depended on them for much of its information concerning the health and welfare of their communities. In the early days they were energetic road builders. One of these was the Reverend Mr. Coster, who built the first three miles of road in Bonavista; another was Dean Cleary, whose parishes were noted for their excellent roads.

Just as in other parts of the world, religious intolerance came to Newfoundland. Some of the Puritans were banished to this far-away island in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Puritans, however, had no minister for many years. The Roman Catholics, too, were not allowed to have their own priests. Some did come secretly, but any one found sheltering them could be deported. After 1784 the large Roman Catholic population was allowed to have its own clergymen. One of these was Bishop O'Donel, a good man with charming manners. He brought with him, our historians

tell us, "peace and quiet and good order". During the early part of the nineteenth century Ireland was in a state of rebellion, and there was a great deal of sympathy with her cause among the Irish in Newfoundland. The young and the foolish formed a secret brotherhood called The United Irishmen. Many of these were soldiers in the Newfoundland Regiment. Their plan was to murder their officers and all the people with property in St. John's. Those in the surrounding settlements were to be murdered also. Bishop O'Donel found out about their plans and through his efforts he was able to keep his people quiet. For his part in helping to save the country he was given a pension from the crown and the gratitude of all in the island including the unthinking youths whom he had saved from committing a horrible crime.

When one of John Wesley's workers came as a missionary to Newfoundland in 1757, Methodism was introduced into North America. Like Wesley, the missionary, Lawrence Coughlan, was an Anglican minister. At that time many people in the outports had grown up without having ever seen a clergyman. Coughlan faced many dangers, including that of being murdered, but a doctor who knew of the plot went over to Coughlan's side, and the missionary was saved. What was more, the governor made him a justice of the peace. The missionaries who came after him continued to act as justices of the peace, but, as the number of clergymen in the island increased, their teaching became so effective that soon there was little for them to do in the courts, and for more than one hundred years Newfoundland has had very little crime.

It was a clergyman who was also a doctor that introduced vaccination into Newfoundland. He was the Reverend John Clinch, who came to Trinity as a doctor. The people there were without a minister; they sent a petition to England to have this good man ordained, and their request was granted. As a clergyman and doctor he gave a long life of service to Newfoundland.

When he was a student in England, he had been a friend of Doctor Jenner, who afterwards had begun the practice of vaccinating for smallpox. This disease was a terrible scourge in Newfoundland, as elsewhere, at that time, and Doctor Clinch started to vaccinate the people with cowpox; others carried on the work. Today, when this horrible plague has been conquered, we owe a debt of gratitude to such pioneers as this outport doctor. As if he had not already enough work to do, this remarkable man later became a judge.

In the days when there were no social services such as the Red Cross, and no trained nurses such as we know today, the care of the sick in an epidemic fell not only on the doctors but also on the clergy and some of the more skilful of their congregations. In 1854 the terrible plague of cholera was brought to St. John's and soon it was raging in the poorer part of the city. The clergymen worked with such devotion that the plague was quickly rooted out. One of these untiring men was Archdeacon Bridge, who was beloved by all the people of St. John's. Shortly after this dread disease had been conquered, he died of another caught while working in the slums.

Names such as Botwood and Curling remind us of the clergymen who once served in these places. The Reverend J. J. Curling was a young English officer who was well known as an athlete. When he heard that the Anglican bishop of Newfoundland had lost his church yacht, so necessary in his work of visiting the various settlements around the coast, he made up his mind to give him his own yacht, the *Laverock*, and he sailed her to Newfoundland. When he saw the need in the island for clergymen, he resigned his commission, and later went to the West Coast, where he became the rural dean of the Straits of Belle Isle. In his work he sailed his own schooner which he had, himself, designed.

Like this missionary the men who serve on a stormy coast need to be good sailors. Sometimes the most skilful share the

fate of many fishermen. One of these who died at sea was the Reverend O. J. Jackson, O.B.E. This minister, who was drowned off the South Coast in 1937, was not a native of Newfoundland, but he loved the island, its sunsets, its glens, its forests, the beauty of its wind-swept barrens, the wild spray dashing against its headlands, and the quiet of its little coves. But more than all else he loved the people of Newfoundland so much that he never took a holiday, since there was so much to do. Like other countries Newfoundland suffered in the depression which lasted for the greater part of the time between the two world wars. Mr. Jackson set himself the task of helping people to help themselves; when he went out in the boats with the fishermen, he talked with them about better methods of curing and processing fish or taught them the merits of co-operation in marketing their catch. He wrote pamphlets on agriculture. One of them was "Our Friend, the Pig". He lectured on soils and pests and domestic stock, on fruit trees and seeds, on all that was of interest to the fisherman-farmer. He taught the young, too, to recognize and protect the wild life of the country. It was because of his service to Newfoundland that the king bestowed on him the Order of the British Empire.

Another clergyman who has received this order is the Reverend Ezra Broughton, who is one of the best informed and the most enthusiastic of agriculturists.

The men of whom we have been reading were all members of older denominations. In Newfoundland just as in other parts of Canada the Salvation Army is now at work with its social services, which include a very fine hospital in St. John's.

CHAPTER XXXVI

SCHOOLS THEN AND NOW

THE IDEA that schools should be supported by everybody and that governments should control them is comparatively new, and even newer is the idea that every boy and girl should be given an education by the state. For hundreds of years the only education the poor received came from church or charity schools. This condition was the same in England and elsewhere as it was in Newfoundland.

The very first school that we read about in this island was started more than two hundred years ago at Bonavista. The pupils in this, as in many later ones in various parts of the island, were taught by a clergyman. Unfortunately for Newfoundland there were periods even in the eighteenth century when there were no clergymen in the colony and, as a result, no schools of any kind.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were many well-to-do planters and merchants in St. John's, and the larger outports, and their children were taught in private schools, often by graduates from English universities, but for the poor there were no schools. Then in 1804 the governor and the more progressive citizens founded what they called a charity school in St. John's. Nobody concerned himself very much about a child's feelings in those far-off days. The girls who went to this charity school had to have their hair cut short while other children wore theirs long. Once a year the children of the school were paraded before the governor and the board.

A few years later a merchant in St. John's, Samuel Codner, thought so much about the wretched state of the children of Newfoundland that he founded a society for educating the poor among them, and travelled through England forming branches of his society in all the large cities. This society later became known under the stiff and clumsy title of The Colonial and Continental School Society. The teachers in the new schools were to be paid at the rate of \$250 a year. Many of these teachers were young men who later became clergymen. There were twenty of these schools in Newfoundland, and one very pleasing characteristic of them was that they were for all children, Protestant and Roman Catholic alike.

As the population of the island increased, there was a great need for hundreds of schools and for higher education than could be given in the small day school. Then new schools were built by the various churches so that when, more than one hundred years ago, the Newfoundland government made its first grant to education, the money was given to the denominations who owned schools and colleges. Other governments followed this practice and that is why Newfoundland, up to the present time, has had a denominational system of education. Today all public school teachers take the same training and all teachers follow the same course of studies, but the school buildings, except in some of the new towns, are owned by the churches, and each of the larger denominations has its own inspector.

In former days this system worked very well, but in Newfoundland, as elsewhere, there will soon be fewer small schools and more large ones, such as technical schools. These, like the Memorial College, will serve all denominations. It will be a long time, however, before the little school house—which in Newfoundland is nearly always white—will entirely disappear, for there are over a thousand settlements scattered around six thousand miles of coast. Many of these settlements are small, containing fewer than one hundred people, but even in the

smallest places there are travelling libraries. Visual education, music, and crafts are also coming more and more to the children of the outports.

Once, not so long ago, people thought of education as a training for some profession, and they did not see how useful the right kind of training can be to fishermen, farmers, woodworkers, and to business girls and their sisters at home. Now people are learning how to save wild life and make the most of resources, how to develop healthy bodies and keen minds. Newfoundlanders in the old days built fine ships, navigated strange waters, and created industries without the help of an education such as is within the reach of most children today. If they could do so much with so little education, what can the boys and girls of today and tomorrow not do for Newfoundland and the Dominion of which they are now a part?

THINGS TO DO

1. Many famous men have written of their school days. Read Charles Dickens' description of his in "David Copperfield". Read also Kipling's "Stalky & Co."

2. Write a description of your school with the title of "The Best School of All".

CHAPTER XXXVII

WE MEND OUR NETS AGAIN AND SMILE

*"But all the shocks of all the years,
The winds and waves, the flouts and jeers,
Can not cast down this gallant isle —
You mend your nets again, and smile."*

A. P. HERBERT, M.P.,

In the Sunday Graphic

THIS is the story of some of the days when Newfoundland found it very hard to smile, the days which helped to make the fibre

of the Newfoundlander hard. In an island where the people depend upon the sea for a living there is always danger; so we can begin with the year of the great storm, 1775. In this year fishing property was destroyed all along the coast and three



BROILER



MATCH LOCK
MUSKET



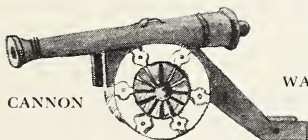
COOKING POT



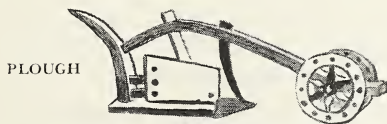
MEAT FORK



WATER MILL FOR TIMBER AND GRAIN



CANNON



PLOUGH

EARLY 19TH CENTURY OBJECTS

hundred fishermen were drowned. At this time, too, the American colonists went to war with the motherland, and Newfoundland, which remained loyal to England, found herself cut off from the food which she had been accustomed to buy in the New England States. What was worse, American privateers who knew the coast well, destroyed and carried off much of the food that was in Newfoundland, so that the people there were almost reduced to starvation before help finally came from England.

In 1812 England was once more at war with her former colonies that had become the United States. She was also fighting with France. In time of war when there is no rationing, the price of food is bound to go up. French vessels were no longer fishing in Newfoundland and as a result there was a great demand in Europe for Newfoundland codfish and the price of it became very high. At the same time the cost of other food rose just as steeply and in 1813 bread and flour were unbelievably high. When the war was over the price of fish fell so low that many people in Newfoundland were reduced to starvation. To make matters worse hundreds of Irish who had been enduring terrible misery in their own country, crowded into Newfoundland. When the winter of 1816 came, the people of St. John's were in desperate circumstances. Captain David Buchan, who at this time was commanding a warship on the coast, was able to relieve some of the worst suffering by putting his men on short rations and sharing the food with the hungry. Conditions continued to grow worse and, when the next year came, the lot of the people could not have been more pitiable. The harbour of St. John's is very rarely frozen over in winter, but that year a terrible frost sealed up the whole coast in November. Fire broke out in St. John's and burnt hundreds of homes, and in addition to these homeless people there were homeless, workless immigrants who still kept coming that winter, crawling over the ice of the harbour from the vessels that had brought them.

This became known as the Winter of the "Rals" (rowdies)

when bands of half-famished, lawless men pillaged the terror-stricken people who had anything left to rob. Sir Francis Pickmore, who was the first governor to spend the winter in Newfoundland, wore himself to death with worry and exposure. It was one of the saddest, darkest winters the island was ever to know, but now Newfoundlanders can look back on it gladly because of a very beautiful incident which makes these dark pages of our history shine. Relief came from an unexpected source. The people of Boston who had been enemies of Newfoundland in the recent war of 1812, hearing of the plight of the island, got together a shipload of food—flour, bread, and meal. In January, when despair was deepest, the ship came crunching through the ice, which was heavy enough to have made a less determined captain turn back. The skipper, however, had undertaken to bring the supplies through to relieve St. John's, and he was determined to carry out the mission. In all her long history since that time Newfoundland has never forgotten the kindness of the people of Boston.

Because St. John's had so many wooden houses the city was always in danger of being wiped out by fire, and in 1846 almost the whole of it was destroyed. In that year, too, storms swept the coast and wrecked much of the shipping. Once more, kindly neighbours came to the rescue. The city of Halifax sent thousands of dollars worth of food. Other parts of the Maritimes, the government of Canada, and the people of Quebec also helped. When Queen Victoria heard of the fire, she wrote to her bishops asking them to collect as much as they could for the suffering people, for at that time the Red Cross had not yet been organized.

The people of St. John's rebuilt their city but again in 1892 it was almost destroyed. Before the Newfoundlanders had recovered from this, they had to face another disaster—the *Black Monday* of 1894, when the banks closed their doors and much of the people's money became worthless. When the banks broke,

the merchants were ruined, and the fishermen lost all their savings. Shortly after this the Banks of Montreal and Nova Scotia set up business in Newfoundland, but the older people continued to distrust banks and banking; they usually kept their money in their houses, a practice which was bad for them and bad for business, too.

At the time of the Bank Crash neighbours helped, but the Newfoundland Government needed a large loan, which was very difficult to obtain; then Sir Robert Bond, a fine Newfoundlander, pledged his fortune as security and received for the country a loan large enough to tide her over until further help could be had. The building of a cross-country railway by R. G. Reid was going on at this time, and was a great help, for besides bringing in working capital it aided the development of the lumbering industry and the building of pulp and paper mills. Then came the war of 1914. Newfoundland, with its small population, was a self-governing part of the British Empire, and as such eager to do all she could to defeat a common enemy. But when the war was over so many of her soldiers and sailors had been killed and wounded that the war pensions which she gratefully paid, added to the debt which she owed other countries. For a while nobody worried about the fact that this debt was growing rapidly. There was inflation after the First World War just as there has been after the Second. In a time of rising profits people become careless over money. Then suddenly in 1929 prices fell all over the world. None of the nations with whom Newfoundland traded had any money to buy more than a small part of her fish and oil and paper. Since Newfoundland could not sell what she produced she was unable to buy the food her people needed, and thousands of them were out of work and unable to earn anything for themselves.

Many of these people had to ask the government to help them, but the government had not money enough to carry on

its ordinary services; so that all it was able to give the people asking for help was a few cents a day.

At this time the Maritimes and the West were also suffering greatly, but they belonged to the big Canadian family and so the Federal Government was able to give grants of money to those provinces which needed it, but Newfoundland was independent and had to stand alone. She tried to borrow money but it was not easy to find anyone willing to lend. When the time came to pay the interest she had promised on her previous debts, there were just two things to do: fail to pay her creditors as some countries had done, or ask England to pay them for her. To do the latter meant giving up Responsible Government. Members of the British Commonwealth have always been honourable and Newfoundland did not wish to dishonour herself or others. She, therefore, became a country without a parliament of her own.

Confederation will not solve all Newfoundland's problems. There will still be dark days in the future just as in the past. But now there will be other members of a large family to share these problems, and Newfoundland too, can share with them the courage developed when times were hard.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a cartoon showing Uncle Sam (The United States) and Johnny Canuck (Canada) arriving as good neighbours to help Newfoundland.
2. Describe the work of the Junior Red Cross in helping countries in distress. Make a list of other organizations which now supply food, clothing, medicines and nursing care to unfortunate people.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

LABRADOR

NEWFOUNDLAND Labrador is part of the Labrador Peninsula. It is almost three times as large as Newfoundland and more than twice as large as the three Maritime Provinces. Nobody can be quite certain how Labrador got its name and there are several explanations. One is that it was a Portuguese farmer or lavator whose sharp eyes first sighted land along these lonely shores. A second explanation is that the Indians whom Corte Real sent home to Spain were praised as labourers, and old maps bore the title *Laboratoris Terra*, which means the land of labourers. However it got its name Labrador has had a history as long as that of Newfoundland. Neither England in the early days nor France wanted to form a colony there, but French and Basque fishermen soon discovered the great submarine ledge along the coast where myriads of small fish feed on the fields of plankton and are eaten in turn by hoards of larger fish. Many years before 1534 when Jacques Cartier sailed along the Straits of Belle Isle and called the country "The land God gave to Cain", an old Basque skipper, Bradore, was fishing at the spot which now bears his name. French fishermen were only concerned with the wealth of the sea, and they continued to come in greater and greater numbers. Brest, which is now just inside the Quebec boundary, was a large French port. It is said that there were two hundred houses there at one time. When war broke out with England in 1756, the French fishermen had to abandon Labrador because of sea-raiders.



CARTIER'S SHIP, THE "GRAND HERMINE"

In those early days European fishermen went only to the southern part of the Labrador, but explorers who were eager to find a Northwest passage to the riches of India, explored the northern coasts.

The first Englishman to venture into these northern waters was Martin Frobisher (1576-78), who made three expeditions and has left his name in Frobisher Bay on the north of Hudson Strait. Frobisher took home to England a sample of black ore believing that it contained gold. As we shall see later, there is every reason to believe that gold in large quantities will some day be found in Labrador, but Frobisher did not discover the wealth he was looking for.

Another English explorer was John Davis, who was sent out by the brother of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He left his name in Davis Strait; he also named Cape Chidley, after an English neighbour. Other English explorers were Henry Hudson, who discovered the large bay which now bears his name, and William Baffin, who discovered Baffin Bay and the island of that name.

None of these men found the Northwest Passage for which they were so bravely searching, but they did teach Europe that the barren north was not actually barren at all, but rich in fur-bearing animals and that in the water around the coasts of Labrador there were numerous whales and walruses.

If we leave Blanc Sablon, which is today the southern extremity of Labrador, and travel northward along the coast, we notice the headlands scarred by rain and frost and Arctic ice, and the buffetings of seas through many thousands of years, but the heads of the valleys leading into the land are deeply wooded with spruce and fir, balsam and tamarack, just as those bays are in Newfoundland. We see, too, the same sea birds flying overhead and the same fish darting through the clear green water. We breathe the same cool bracing air. If we anchor in Sandwich Bay, we may think as others have done, that this was indeed the Vineland that the Vikings knew. Continuing our journey we come to Hamilton Inlet, once the northern boundary of an old French seigneurie.

In the days before the last great war, few except the hardy trappers of North-West River ever ventured up the Hamilton River. This North-West River settlement was once a French trading post, but later the Hudson Bay Company built a post on the river. There is also a Grenfell Mission hospital. North-West River is about thirty miles from Goose Airport. The men of the settlement earn their living as trappers. Every year they paddle and pole and portage their canoes more than three hundred miles to the Height of Land. About two hundred miles from the head of Lake Melville on Hamilton River is one of the most magnificent falls in the world. The Indians called it Pat-ses-che-wan, which means "the barren place where the water falls". This is now known as the Grand Falls, which is nearly twice as high as Niagara. Before reaching the falls the river rages through miles of wild cataracts; then it rushes down a steep incline for one hundred feet and flings itself over a sheer precipice.



Courtesy R.C.A.F.

NORTH-WEST RIVER

ipice with a hollow roaring that can be heard twenty miles away. A bright curtain of spray is thrown high in the sky and below it the river plunges into the Bowdoin Canyon, a deep gorge about twelve miles long. No man has ever yet ventured into the seething waters of this gorge. To the voyageur on the river and to the trapper of today, the falls spell back-breaking toil, since to reach the upper waters they must make a portage of twenty miles. This means carrying a winter's supply of food and a canoe up a hill which is about three quarters of a mile long and almost vertical at the top. This portage is where the young Labrador trapper on his first trip up the river finds out how much of a man he is. To complete the portage around the

falls takes about a week's travelling through a series of lakes, ponds and brooks back to the river again. There are miles of boggy trails where one sinks to one's knees in mud. A man on this portage carries a load of one hundred and fifty pounds but some of the very strong may carry two hundred pounds.

Today the Hamilton River and the Grand Falls are known



Courtesy R.C.A.F.

GRAND FALLS FROM THE AIR

to only a few people, but some day the giant falls on the Hamilton and other huge falls on nearby rivers, will be harnessed to the wheels of industry.

The Barren Lands of Labrador

The barren lands of the interior extend for hundreds of miles to the shores of Hudson's Bay. This vast wilderness is thickly beaded with lakes great and small, all bound together by the silver threads of rivers and brooks. This is the land of the

portage and the Indian canoe. For thousands of square miles there is no other means of travel. The Indians for generations have been following these chains of rivers and lakes from Seven Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Hamilton Inlet. In their journeys they cover as much as fifteen hundred miles.

This is the caribou country and north and south the animals range in their great migrations. In the desolate lands far to the north where the barren-lands caribou live there is hardly a tree or a shrub, and the stiff grey lichen stretches away to the horizon. In the days before the natives slaughtered them with the white man's gun, huge herds moved across the barrens like giant caterpillars. Travellers have told of seeing thousands of caribou on the march, acres of moss being completely hidden by their tossing antlers. But such vast armies are not seen at the present time.

In the brief northern summer those barren lands are touched with beauty. Hundreds of wild flowers spring to life. Many of those we know elsewhere in Canada are here in Northern Labrador: rhodora and lambkill and Labrador tea, buttercups, bluebells, and herb willow (fireweed). There are wild berries, too, yellow bake-apples, Arctic bramble, blueberries, blood red rock-cranberries and crowberries.



Courtesy Miss Kate Hettasch

SUMMER — NORTHERN LABRADOR

On the Coast of Northern Labrador

Hamilton Inlet may be said to be the dividing line between

Southern and Northern Labrador. North of this inlet there are the Moravian Mission stations and a few trading posts, but on this part of the Labrador the population is mostly Eskimo. These number about one thousand.

On these northern shores vegetation becomes dwarfed. Near the Arctic circle tiny willow, alder, and birch creep along the ground, and midget tamarack grow less than a foot in height. Northern Labrador is a land of towering cliffs, deep fiords running for miles into the land, and a coastline fringed by numerous off-lying islands.

One of the most picturesque fiords is at Nachvak, where the Newfoundland fishing schooners often go. Just to the north Mount Razorback towers for three thousand feet, but this is not the highest peak on the Labrador coast. Farther to the north the Four Peaks rise for six thousand feet or more. The jagged frowning tops of those black cliffs show that the ice-cap was never able to conquer them. But where it did reach, it gouged out hanging valleys and from these waterfalls cascade down the mountain sides for hundreds of feet. Fishermen who sometimes fish in the shadows of the cliffs are hidden from the sun until late in the afternoon. It is no wonder that the Eskimos call them the Torngaks (devils).

South of Hebron there is a range of mountains which the Eskimos call the Kaumajets (The Shining Tops), for these wear their caps of snow even in the summertime. Unlike the dark Torngaks part of these mountains is made up of pink rock.

The numerous islands along the coast are often mountainous. There are ranges stretching for many miles with peaks rising for two thousand feet or more above the sea. Long ages ago hot lava was poured into the old Labrador rock where it became harder than the rock around it. Now after countless years the older rock has been worn away on either side of it and wide bands of this black rock, known as gabbro, stand out against the

faces of the cliffs. Some of these bands extend for hundreds of feet.

Northern Labrador is noted for its feldspar. Because there is so much of it with particularly large crystals, this type of feldspar has become known as Labradorite. Some of the finest quality of this beautiful mineral is found around Nain. It may be orange, red, green, or yellow, but mostly it is purple, violet, blue, or a combination of all three. Whatever the colour, it is jewel-like, flashing in the light as if alive. Unfortunately, Labradorite is difficult to cut into small stones suitable for rings and brooches. It is, however, widely used for larger ornaments.

Winning and Ruling Labrador

When Canada was a colony of France, a French officer, the *Sieur de Courtemanche*, was given a grant of land on the Labrador. Such land was known as a *seigneurie*, since the owner or *seigneur* had a great deal of power over the lives of those who lived on his estate. De Courtemanche was more than a *seigneur*, he was also the commandant of the coast of Labrador. He ruled the territory until his death and was succeeded by his son-in-law, who was commandant until the Seven Years' War. At the end of this war France lost all control over Labrador, which now became British. The English parliament of the time wished to keep the coast free for its fishermen, just as it tried to keep Newfoundland. The governor of this island was to be governor of Labrador also.

Shortly after Sir Hugh Palliser became governor, he visited Labrador. There was at that time a great deal of lawlessness on the coast among whalers, traders, and fishermen, since nobody had any legal authority to keep order; so to give protection to law-abiding people, he built a fort at Port Pitt in Chateau Bay. Palliser also set up the rule of the fishing admirals over the Labrador, but these rough skippers were just as unpopular on that coast as they were in Newfoundland, and there were

loud outcries against them, especially from the Quebec fishermen.

Then in 1774 the Quebec Act gave Labrador to Canada. But this new arrangement did not please everybody. The fishing admirals were gone, but there was no one at all left with authority to keep order. When the new complaints became particularly loud, Labrador was once more transferred to Newfoundland, only this time there were to be no more fishing admirals. A few years later the boundary between Quebec and Labrador was slightly changed. It was now a line drawn north and south from the harbour of Blanc Sablon to 52 degrees north latitude. Since the interior at that time was considered of no value, nobody knew or cared what the boundary line was to be in the interior of the country.

About one hundred years after the land along the shores of Labrador had been divided at Blanc Sablon, a lumber company built a mill on the Hamilton River near where the Goose Airport now is. Since the mill was far inland, the company wanted to know if it were in the province of Quebec or in Newfoundland Labrador.

At that time the great iron deposits had not been discovered in the interior of Labrador, but mining men believed that there was mineral wealth there. Statesmen in both Quebec and Newfoundland now realized that the valley of the Hamilton was well worth owning, both for the timber that everybody knew was there, and for the mineral which they believed would be found there. Since both Newfoundland and Quebec claimed the same territory, a lawsuit followed, and the case was taken to the highest court in the Commonwealth, the Privy Council in England. In this difficult case strange witnesses were sometimes brought into the courtroom—the bunchberry and the sandbine. The lawyer for Newfoundland, however, saw that the only question that had to be answered was the meaning of the word "coast", since the old treaty of 1763 had given the coast of Lab-

rador to Newfoundland. After many records of that time had been consulted, the judges decided that in the eighteenth century the word "coast" meant the part of a country extending back to the height of land. This was the territory granted to Newfoundland. Now the dividing line is drawn north from the eastern boundary of Blanc Sablon as far as the 52nd parallel of north latitude, then west along that parallel to the Romaine River and then north following the windings of that river to its source. From this height of land the line continues west and north, along the crest of the watershed of the rivers flowing into the Atlantic, until it reaches Cape Chidley.

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When the Fishing Admirals were no longer allowed to act as judges, naval officers sent out from England for the fishing season kept some degree of order while they were on the coast, but, when they returned to England in the fall, there was for many years no judge, magistrate, policeman or other government official along a thousand miles of coast. Neither did the people of Labrador have any representation in the parliament of Newfoundland. Fortunately for everybody the people of Labrador were, and still are, a kind and neighbourly folk, and when in after years the missionaries were made magistrates, the few cases that came before them were often more amusing than serious.

In 1935 Newfoundland introduced a Ranger Force, modelled very closely on that of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Each ranger wears as his badge a caribou head with the word *Ubique*, which means *Everywhere*. As peace officers these men must see that laws are kept and that game and fish are protected. There are many other duties, too, which may fall to their lot since, with the exception of those at the Goose Airport, the rangers have been the only government officials on the whole of Labrador. In 1948 the people of Labrador went to the polls for the first time. Now, as Canadians, both they and New-

foundlanders will be able to vote in the Federal as well as in the Provincial elections.

Minerals of Labrador

Labrador is part of what is known as the Great Canadian Shield, which, like a giant horse-shoe, surrounds Hudson's Bay. This is the oldest rock in the world—perhaps a thousand million years old—and one of the richest in minerals.

Long before there was life on the earth a basement of limestone and sands rose slowly above the surface of the water. This was the beginning of the Shield. Then up from the interior of the earth came great "bubbles" of lava, and the rock was pushed and crumpled into mountains higher than the Rockies. Then rain and snow and frost went to work for countless ages and wore these mountains down until the land was almost a plain again. Only the harder rocks remained. The great volcanic disturbances that had taken place many times had forced lava into this older rock, and the hot liquid had changed what it



Courtesy Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd.

A PROSPECTOR IN LABRADOR

had touched. The limestone around it became marble, and the sandstone quartzites. When the lava and the old rock met, veins were formed in which precious minerals were sometimes deposited, and these veins remained after the softer rock had been worn away. Then came the ice age and, when it had passed, the Shield was a vast level mass with low granite domes bare of soil.

Now it is in this vast Shield that most of the precious minerals of Canada are found as well as others, such as nickel, which we call base metals. It was while mining companies were searching for precious metals in Labrador that a Montagnais Indian, Mathieu André, came to one of the geologists with what proved to be samples of high grade iron ore. These "pretty rocks" as the Indian called them, led to the discovery in the interior of one of the world's greatest deposits of iron. The supply of iron in many countries is being rapidly used up; so this discovery was a very valuable one. The two Canadian companies that are developing this mine have prospecting rights over an area nearly as large as New Brunswick. This territory is a tableland, partly in Quebec and partly in Labrador. At first there were terrible difficulties in the way of developing a mine in this part of the world. It was many miles from the St. Lawrence, and all supplies had to be flown in. In 1947 air-freight was at the rate of \$7.30 for a gallon of gasoline and \$73 for 100 pounds of flour. In that year the company flew in 700 tons of supplies, including a tractor. When the mine is in operation, there will be as many as 10,000 people living in the town that will spring up on the site, and a railway 360 miles long will connect it with Seven Islands, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. To finish this work will require much more than \$100,000,000, but the owners of the mine expect to get 10,000,000 tons of good iron ore a year from it. This is open pit ore. Deposits of zinc, copper, lead, nickle, and some precious metals have also been found. Where will the mine get the electric power to drive



Courtesy Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd.

DRYING SLUDGE SAMPLES

machinery and later, perhaps, to smelt much of the ore? Fortunately that question is very easily answered. Labrador is very rich in water power. The Grand Falls of the Hamilton River will be one of the greatest sources of power in North America when they are harnessed by industry.

THINGS TO DO

1. In Labrador history is being made. Watch papers and magazines for news-stories and pictures of the new iron mines.
2. Do you know that iron was once rare enough to be used for jewellery? Although it is so common now, it is more important than ever. Show how valuable the iron mines of Newfoundland and Labrador are to Canada.
3. If an ice-cap once covered the district where you are living, search for the tiny grooves or scratches (striae) which it made long ago in the rocks. What other proofs can you find of this unwelcome visitor?
4. Make a coloured sketch of migrating caribou.

CHAPTER XXXIX

CAPTAIN CARTWRIGHT, TRADER

ONE of the best known of the early traders on the Labrador was a daring English officer, Captain George Cartwright. When the wars in which Britain had been fighting for many years were all over, there was not much for young Cartwright to do in England, and he was glad to come out to Newfoundland with his brother, John, who was a naval officer stationed on the East Coast of the island.

When John was sent by the governor of that time to find the Beothucks, George went up the Exploits with him. They were not successful, but both of them became extremely eager to find and help, if possible, these poor native people.

George had his own ideas about how to make Indians friendly to the white man, and since he was not at all shy, he told the British parliament all about them. It was not long before he had plenty of opportunity to put his theories into practice.

At this time war was going on between the Indians and the Eskimos on the Labrador. Both of them hated the English traders and fishermen and killed them whenever they got the chance.

Nicholas Darby, a trader at Cape Charles, abandoned his post when some of his men were murdered by Eskimos. In 1770, Cartwright and his partner, Lucas, decided to settle there. Lucas had already spent some time on the Labrador and was on friendly terms with the Eskimos, whose language he had learned. He

now persuaded a family whom he knew to come to Cape Charles for the winter. Lucas was lost returning to England that fall, and Cartwright was left alone with his servants and the Eskimos, who gave him no trouble except for the fact that it was almost impossible to keep them supplied with food.

When he returned to England a year later, he took four Eskimos with him, so that they would be suitably impressed with the might and power of the white people. Like tourists they went everywhere and the strange folk from the north created as much excitement among the English as a favourite moving picture star would do to-day. They were even presented to the king, who was just as interested in them as the common people were. What a story these simple Eskimos would have had to tell others of their tribe, but, unfortunately, they all caught smallpox and only one of the party lived to return to the Labrador, where she later died, but not before she had spread this terrible disease among the Eskimos in Southern Labrador. Cartwright's well-meant efforts had ended in tragedy, but none of the sufferers blamed him, and he continued to live among the Eskimos on the very friendliest terms.

He had not been trained as a merchant and really cared more for sport than he did for business; nevertheless, he did a brisk trade at first, for furs which were very valuable to him were considered by the Eskimos as being almost worthless. They did not eat such fur-bearing animals as the fox or the lynx unless they were very hungry. Neither did they wear the skins except as trimming on their parka hoods. Cartwright was able to buy the most beautiful pelts for no more than a few trinkets such as beads and a comb.

After some time spent at Cape Charles, Cartwright moved to Sandwich Bay and opened a post at a spot which now bears his name. Here he could hunt to his heart's desire. In his journal about his life in Labrador, he tells us that one day

he counted thirty bears, both white and black, gorging themselves on fish in a river pool.

Caribou Castle at Cartwright was a busy place. The trader kept many servants, some of them Irish labourers, some English convicts. They were a rough lot and over them he ruled as a monarch. He was master and judge and he saw to it that his sentences were rigidly enforced. Even the Eskimos came in for a share of whipping whenever the circumstances warranted it. But since he was not a cruel man they continued to respect him. And he had an equal respect for them. Once he wrote to his brother a rhymed description of these northern people. Here are two of the lines:

“Of manners gentle, in their dealings just.

“Their plighted promise safely you may trust.”

At the time that Cartwright was writing this praise, other traders on the Labrador feared these people as the most cruel of all the North American natives.

There was no doctor at Cartwright but when his servants became ill he doctored them. Like the Indians he believed in the value of native herbs, and brewed Labrador Tea for his patients. He also raised green vegetables; even in the winter time he had a few salad plants growing in his house.

To the men of his own race he was very overbearing, and he was often in hot water with his English neighbours, the merchants Noble and Pinsent, at Temple Bay. When the American Colonies went to war with the Motherland, privateers piloted by Cartwright's own servants attacked his post and carried off all his oil, fish and furs — about \$70,000 worth. Some of his servants, too, joined the privateers and four of his Eskimos were dragged off as slaves.

Two years after this misfortune, Cartwright suffered another. His ship carrying the year's catch of fish, oil, and furs was captured on her way to England. He had lost his complete fortune, but he was not easily defeated and the next year he was able



Courtesy Public Archives of Canada

CAPTAIN CARTWRIGHT VISITING HIS FOX-TRAPS

to send another load of fish and furs to England. This ship was also seized. Sometime later he discovered that it was his hated rivals at Temple Bay who had seized the last cargo. He went to England to fight the case in the law courts. We are glad to know that he won his suit, but he never returned to Labrador. He had not made a fortune there, but he had succeeded in making the Eskimos, among whom he traded, loyal subjects of the English king.

THINGS TO DO

1. Captain Cartwright kept a diary of his life in Labrador. The events of each day were faithfully recorded. Pretend that you were this sharp-tongued trader and describe the attack on your trading post by the American privateers.

CHAPTER XL

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

IN 1670 Charles II gave a charter to a company of gentlemen adventurers. They were to own all the lands drained by the rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. Neither Charles nor any one else at that time knew just how vast was the empire that he had bestowed upon this company of which his cousin Rupert was the president.

In after years it was the servants of this company who explored a great part not only of the West and North-west, but also of the Ungava Peninsula. The motto of this famous old company is *Pro pelle cutem*, which means, "for the pelts (skins) which we collect we risk our skins." One of those who repeatedly

risked his life in the interests of the company was John McLean, a factor at Fort Chimo, in Ungava Bay. In January, 1838, McLean set out to visit the company's new post at North-West River. After two months of arduous travelling he reached it and so became the first white man to cross the bleak peninsula in winter. At that time of the year night comes at four o'clock, and the temperature sometimes drops to forty or fifty degrees below zero. The same year he went back, crossing again Lake Mishikamau to the George River. In the following year he started for Hamilton Inlet by canoe but he was stopped by the rapids on the Hamilton River and had to turn back. He was not the man, however, to yield to defeat, and the next summer found him back on the Hamilton once more. He had heard from some Indians that there was a portage around the Grand Falls. This time he found it and reached Hamilton Inlet. For two more years after this he made incredibly hard journeys back and forth across the peninsula. Many years afterwards two American explorers trying to make an overland journey from North-West River to Ungava Bay, became lost in the tangle of lakes and rivers. Dillon Wallace and his guide were able to struggle back to civilization, but the other member of the company, Leonidas Hubbard, died before help could reach him.

Since the rivers of Labrador flow into the Atlantic, the Hudson's Bay Company had no monopoly of trading on this coast, and there were French and English traders here many years before them. The Company's first post was at Rigolet in Hamilton Inlet. Here in 1834 they bought out their rivals, a Canadian company that had a post at this spot. Two years later they built North-West River House on the North-West River. There was also a French trading post at this place.

The Hudson's Bay Company went far beyond the North-West River, and for some years they had two trading posts in the interior, hundreds of miles away. How these distant outposts of the company were supplied from the North-West River

settlement is exciting to read about, since each trip took nearly two months to make. It is not surprising that these distant posts were later abandoned and that the company turned its attention to the bays and islands of the Labrador. A Hudson's Bay Company post was built at Cartwright where Captain Cartwright had had his station a hundred years before. About that time the Company also bought a post from a Newfoundland company at Davis Inlet in Northern Labrador. Foxes were plentiful on that part of the coast and, in the days before fox farms made fur comparatively cheap, a good fox pelt was worth more than a thousand dollars. It was to Davis Inlet that most of the Nasapi, as well as white trappers and Eskimos, brought their furs.

On the Labrador coast the Hudson's Bay Company flag still floats over North-West River House, Rigolet, Cartwright, and Davis Inlet.



Courtesy The Hudson's Bay Co.

A HUDSON'S BAY CO. POST, LABRADOR

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a map of Labrador. Mark on your map with coloured pencil or crayon the routes followed by McLean on his journeys from Fort Chimo to North West River House.
2. Get a copy of the BEAVER published by the Hudson's Bay Com-

pany, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg. Read about the Company's work in Northern Canada.

3. Suppose you live at a trading post on the Labrador. Make a line cut of it for your Christmas or New Year's cards.

CHAPTER XLI

MONTAGNAIS AND NASKAPI

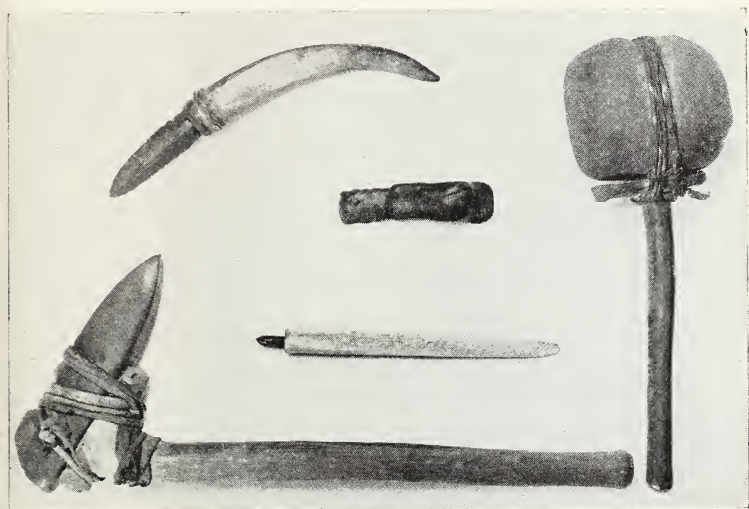
THERE are today on the Labrador the remnants of what were once two large Algonquin tribes. These are the Montagnais (Mountaineers) and the Naskapi, who call themselves Nanenot, meaning true, or real men. According to their traditions these tribes were driven northward by the fierce Iroquois. It was from these, the most cruel of all Indian tribes, that the Montagnais learned to torture their enemies. The Naskapi who lived farther north never adopted this fiendish practice.

The Montagnais lived on the southern part of Labrador. Sometimes they crossed the Straits to Newfoundland. The Naskapi hunted over the more desolate barrens of Northern Labrador.

Since neither of these tribes knew anything about cultivating the soil they did not look as white men would for sheltered valleys, but wandered about in search of game. They hunted the caribou, the beaver, the bear, and the porcupine, geese, ducks, and ptarmigan. They fished in the rivers and lakes and in summer gathered innumerable eggs, which they ate in every stage of incubation. They also found plenty of wild berries, bakeapples, blueberries, and rock-cranberries.

It was on the caribou, however, that they chiefly depended

for food, clothing, and shelter. From the skins they made the covering for their tepis, their clothes, lines for tying bundles and for fishing, the filling for their snowshoes and the moss bags which served as cradles for the babies of the tribes. Some-



Courtesy National Museum, Ottawa

STONE TOOLS: KNIFE, HAMMER, DRILL AND SCRAPER

times they had to depend on caribou skin instead of birch bark as a covering for their canoes. From the sinews on the back and legs of the caribou came the only thread an Indian woman had, and her needle was probably fashioned from a piece of caribou horn. When more of these animals were killed than the Indians could eat on the spot, the meat was cut into strips and dried in the sun. It was then stored on a scaffold. The bones were split and the marrow and fat made into little cakes also reserved for a time of scarcity, for of all foods fat is the most precious in the Northland.

There were various methods of hunting the caribou. In the winter it was often driven into snowbanks and speared. In summertime it was speared while the herd was crossing a stream or lake. Like the Beothucks, these Indians also made deer pounds into which the deer were driven and snared like rabbits or shot with bows and arrows. When the white man came, the Indian soon learned to use guns instead of bows and arrows, but he did not learn to use them wisely. When in their fall migrations, the caribou herds moved south, the animals were slaughtered sometimes a thousand at a time. Often the Indians took only the tongues and the sinews of the animals. Of course such extravagance had but one result; the herds became depleted. And there were times when the hunter could not find any at all. Beaver and bears and smaller game also became scarce. There were years when whole families of Indians starved to death.

In their search for food, the tribes wandered over an interminable wilderness. Usually they hunted in small bands or in families. Adults and children carried their belongings in packs supported by a strap across the forehead and, if the load was a heavy one, by another line across their chests. Sometimes the Indians used toboggans, but they had no sleigh dogs such as the Eskimos had. The reason for this lack was that they were not able to feed big dogs; they had smaller ones which were used for tracking down game.

When a march began, the young children were sent on ahead to break the trail. Often they had to set out without breakfast and travel all day without any food, but they did not complain. There was a great rivalry among them to see who could carry the most or arrive the first at the new encampment. From these lucky fellows would come later the runners and scouts of the tribes. Indian boys were trained to be keen hunters and when one had killed a deer or a bear he was eligible to join the council of men.

The little Naskapi girl made and dressed dolls, but she was also taught to help her mother, for on the women fell most of the work in an Indian camp. When the family reached a new camping ground, the women cut the poles, eighteen or more, and set them up in the form of a cone. On this framework, they then placed a covering made of caribou skins sewed together. Next they covered the floor of the tent with spruce branches. Only the central fireplace was left bare. Across the tepi they put poles and on these hung their pots, the family's spears, bows, and arrows, and some of their clothing. When they had cut and split wood, made a fire, and brought in water in buckets of birch or spruce bark, they prepared the meal. If the family were fortunate enough to have killed game, it was roasted over the fire or boiled by dropping hot stones into a birch bark pot.

The women had all the clothing to make. A suit for one man required as many as eight skins. First these had to be cleaned and the hair removed with a stone scraper. Then they were tanned and worked until they were nearly as soft as velvet. To cut out the garments, the Indian seamstress used a knife with a blade of stone or a beaver's tooth. She then sewed them with sinew and decorated them with porcupine quills and deer's hair.

An Indian man wore a tanned skin coat, breeches, leggings, moccasins, mittens, and a cap. All these garments except the leggings were ornamented. In the winter the men of the Naskapi tribe borrowed the styles of the Eskimos and wore a coat with the fur inside and with a hood attached. In the long ago an Indian woman's clothing was also of skin, but when the white trader came to the Labrador, she changed her summer garb for gay cotton dresses. At this time, too, the Naskapi women gave up the practice of tattooing their faces. Such tattooing was done by puncturing the skin with a piece of sharp flint and rubbing into it powdered charcoal made from the dwarf willow.

When there was enough to eat, children in an Indian family

had a carefree life; they were never given corporal punishment. (There were no dishes to break nor walls to mark.) Neither did they have to spend long hours in schools, but, of course, they had to learn to work. They learned, too, the history or folk lore of their tribe. This was taught them by the old when the family were gathered at night about the camp fire. These hours of story telling were happy times. The family also played indoor games such as juggling and cat's cradle, the ring-and-pin game and dancing. The Indians, too, played a form of football and other ball games out-of-doors.

The Labrador Indians were as a rule very healthy people. Perhaps this health was explained by the fact that only the strongest babies lived to grow up. The Naskapi were shorter than the Montagnais and they were very good looking. They had clear-cut features, small hands and feet and very beautiful eyes. Although they and the Montagnais were spoken of as Red Indians, their skin, like those of other tribes, was not red but a clear brown.

When an Indian became sick as he sometimes did, he was given medicines made of wild plants, or he was put in a sweat bath. A small tent was set up and the patient placed inside; then hot stones were brought into the tent and water was poured over them. Sometimes after such a steaming he was rolled in snow or dipped in the icy waters of a lake.

Like all other native tribes, these Indians had their medicine men, or shamans. When a shaman had been given a suitable gift, he promised to call on his familiar spirit who would help him to cure the sick or find the missing game. Indians believed in a great sky god. To him they sometimes offered smoke from their pipes as a tribute, but he was too far away to be of much use to them they thought, and it was the spirits around them and the souls of the animals on which they depended for food that they really feared. Like all uneducated people, they were superstitious and believed in dreams and visions. When the

shoulder bone of a caribou had been scorched in the fire, every mark left upon it was carefully noticed by the hunter. The charred lines were symbols of good or bad fortune. They foretold plenty of game or none at all.

The white man brought many new diseases to the native peoples of America. Thousands of Indians died of smallpox, measles, and influenza. They became weakened, too, by eating the white man's food. They wanted the things that the traders had to sell: knives, hatchets, guns, pots and pans, bright cotton



Courtesy National Museum of Canada

CAMP OF A NASKAPI FAMILY

and woollen clothing, and even sewing machines and phonographs. To get these things they had to bring to the trader the furs that he wanted to buy: foxes, beaver, marten, and mink. Most of the hunter's time was now spent on his trap lines and he and his family lived mainly on flour and tea. When fur was scarce, there was not enough even of these foods.

Today the Indians on the Labrador live under very similar

circumstances. In winter they hunt and trap and in the summer they come out to one of the trading posts along the coast. Both tribes have been christianized, and in June—the leaf month—the Montagnais usually come out to Seven Islands or other settlements in Quebec, where there is a Roman Catholic church. Here, of course, they live very much like their white neighbours, but unfortunately the damp air of the coast has been bad for them and they have suffered from tuberculosis. Now the white man with his doctors and nurses and dietitians is working to improve the health of these northern Indians.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make models of an Indian snowshoe and an Indian moccasin.
2. Dramatize the story hour in an Indian camp.
3. Suppose that you have accompanied an Indian family to the trading post. What foods would you suggest that they buy so that they would be healthy in winter even when game was scarce?

CHAPTER XLII

THE ESKIMOS OF LABRADOR

INDIANS and Eskimos, so unlike in many ways, both came, scientists tell us, from the continent of Asia. How they got here we do not know, but the probable route was by way of Bering Strait. This is only fifty miles wide, and even today Eskimos from Russian Siberia and Alaska cross and recross this Strait. When the first migrations began is a problem the scientists are still trying to solve. All that they yet know is that Eskimos have been on the Labrador for many hundreds of years.

These short, squat people with oily black hair and broad smiling faces, preferred the coast of Labrador to the inland plains. In summer they fished, hunted the whale, the walrus, and the seal, but in winter they left the sea-shore and went in search of caribou. At one time they must have lived as far south as the Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland. The Eskimos were forced to carry on a never-ending war with their Indian enemies, and not so long ago one of their old battlefields at Forteau could be recognized by the flint chips scattered over the ground. When the Indians got firearms, the war went against the Eskimos and they were driven into the northern part of the Labrador. Even there they came into conflict with the Naskapi, and wars between the two peoples lasted until the white man's laws and the white man's religion made peace between them. Even the name Eskimo goes back to these old wars, for the term is an Indian one and means "eater of raw flesh". The Eskimos call themselves Innuït, or men, and they have a right to be proud of themselves. It took brains as well as skill to live off the land in a country as inhospitable as Northern Labrador, but the Eskimos did it and kept healthy and strong.

Only in a few places in the Canadian Arctic do we find Eskimos living under conditions similar to those which the Labrador Eskimos once experienced. Explorers such as Steffanson have lived among them. They have eaten and dressed as these primitive people do and have been able to keep healthy and warm in the Arctic. Now much of what we know about the manners and customs of the Eskimo before the coming of the white man we have learned by studying these people of the Far North.

In this chapter we shall see how the Eskimos of the Labrador lived before the Moravian missionaries came among them. From the sea and the barren shores they had to provide shelter, food, and clothing for themselves. They had to make bows and arrows, spears and sleds, and find fuel of some sort even on the

fringes of the Arctic, where the tallest tree was no more than a few inches high.

In order to survive at all the Eskimo had to become a skilful artisan. On that part of the coast beyond the tree line, he made his winter house of snow. Explorers tell us that it is an art to build such a house and that it is very comfortable and warm when properly constructed. Since a snow-house has to be abandoned when frost appears on the inside, it is fortunate that it can be built in two or three hours. When the Eskimos found a place where the snow was drifted hard, two men set to work. One cut snow-blocks, and the other trimmed them so that they would fit into the wall. The builder made a circular row on the snow, taking care to leave an open space at one side to serve as a door, and then the real art of igloo building came into play. The second row of blocks had to be placed so that they leaned towards the inside of the house; then a long block was put over the doorway and a third and fourth row added to the wall. Only a narrow opening in the roof remained to be filled. For this a snow-block was carefully shaped and fitted into place. The two men had built the house around themselves, and now it was finished, including the sleeping quarters, for the cutter of the blocks had been careful to leave a platform around part of the wall. On this the family would later pile skins, sit, and sleep. To keep drafts away from the door, which was no more than two feet high, the builders made a tunnel and in front of it a snow wall to serve as a windbreak. When the family entered the new igloo they placed a block of snow over the doorway; another block formed the table.

To heat and light the house the Eskimo had invented for himself a blubber lamp. This was really a big saucer made of soapstone. One method of keeping it lighted was to suspend a piece of seal's fat over the flame of the lamp. When the heat melted the fat, oil ran down into the saucer where a bit of moss, grass, or pussy willow served as a wick.

The Eskimo is not dark-skinned, although many people think so, but lack of soap and water, constant exposure to storm and cold, as well as his practice of anointing himself with seal oil made him appear dark to those who saw him first. His nickname, the eater of raw flesh, too, was no truer than nicknames usually are, for he did not always eat raw flesh where it was possible to cook it. His food, of course, was principally meat and fish, since he had neither grain nor vegetables, but in spring he ate the buds of the dwarf willow and in summer he could gather sea birds' eggs and, on most parts of the coast, wild berries.

While the Eskimo did not depend on the caribou as much as the Indian did to feed and clothe him, it was in the years when deer were plentiful that he fared well. To trap the deer the Eskimo hunter built piles of stones at points here and there leading into a narrow valley. To the deer these were men and with good reason, for often hunters hidden behind them would suddenly move and rush upon the herd. Sometimes, too, the deer were speared while they were swimming a river or lake. Like all primitive people the Eskimo knew nothing about conserving the wild animals so necessary to his living. Whenever he had the opportunity he slaughtered more of them than he could possibly use. Of course, in the days when he depended upon the spear, or the bow and arrow, the wild life around him had not greatly suffered.



Courtesy Miss Kate Hettasch

ESKIMO DRESS, MODERN STYLE

From caribou skins the Eskimo woman made most of the clothing for her family. If possible, only the skins of animals killed in the late summer were used, for then the hair was of the right length and the skin strong and free from holes made by the warble-fly. Since it took eight skins to make one suit for a man, and since each member of an Eskimo family wore two suits in the wintertime, the mother was a very busy woman. Each skin had to be cleaned with a stone scraper, and made soft and pliable by being chewed with her teeth. She was an expert seamstress and made clothes that fitted. The first suit of shirt and trousers was made to be worn with the soft hair next to the skin. The outer suit of coat and trousers had the hair outside. The hood on the coat was bordered with fur, and she often decorated clothes by inserting bands of fur or skin of another colour.

Sealskin was also used for clothing, particularly for winter boots. First the hair was scraped off, and then a bottom was cut for the boot; this was chewed soft at the edges and gathered to form the foot; then a tongue was sewn in, and a long leg made and decorated with a banding of furred sealskin through which a drawskin ran. So that the boot might be watertight the Eskimo woman never pierced the skin that she was sewing. With her bone needle and sinew thread she made stitches that a modern surgeon would envy.

Besides making watertight boots the Eskimo woman also made the covering for the kayak, which was a completely watertight boat. This boat, still in use on some parts of Northern Labrador, is just large enough for one person. The framework is made of wood, if there is any to be had, but in the days when the Eskimo had whalebone he often used strips of it fastened together with seal or walrus hide. Over this slender framework the woman stretched soaked seal or walrus skins and sewed them with the sinews from the back of the seal. The top of the boat was then covered in the same way except for a small hole near

the middle. When the Eskimo got into his kayak and pulled his skin-coat tight about his neck and over the narrow opening in the boat, the kayak was completely watertight. If it turned over, as it sometimes did, the hunter could right it with a sweep of his double-bladed paddle. The kayak was used for hunting. The Eskimo had another larger boat known as the *omiak* or woman's boat. This was also covered with skin; it was quite seaworthy and in it the family would travel for miles along the coast.

When the spring came and the snow-houses began to leak, the Eskimo family set up the *tupek*. This also was covered with skins, but it differed in shape from an Indian *tepee* as it usually had a ridge-pole.

Plenty of seals spelled prosperity for an Eskimo community, for not only did they use the skin and meat, but from the bones they made many of the articles which were in ordinary use. Everybody rejoiced when a man caught a seal for he always shared the meat among his neighbours. Hoarding was unknown among the native peoples of America. Food was always shared as long as any remained.

Only a very patient people could catch seals as the Eskimo caught them. When the ice is frozen the seals have to keep holes open through which they can poke their noses, for they cannot live without air. With the help of his dog the Eskimo found one of these holes. He put a marker into it, that is a piece of bone or ivory fastened to a string. Then he stood beside the hole for hours, if necessary, watching for the little marker to move. When it did, he drove his poised spear down into a seal. These spears were made in such a way that the handle could be pulled out, leaving the ivory point, to which a line was attached, in the animal. This line was held securely while the hunter widened the hole until it was big enough for him to catch the line in both hands and pull the seal out.

In the spring seals climb out upon the ice to sleep in the

sunshine. Then the Eskimo used another method. Crawling over the ice, he imitated all the actions of a seal. Slowly moving his head and scratching himself as that animal does, he was able to crawl near enough to his prey to kill it with his spear. Only an expert hunter, as Europeans have since discovered, can perform this feat.

In the summer the Eskimo hunter used his kayak. He took with him a supply of bone-headed spears fastened to lines of skin or hide and also several inflated bladders. A harpooned seal would sink to the bottom; so floats were attached to the harpoons. The Eskimos hunted walruses and whales in the same manner, but not single-handed. So many harpoons were driven into a whale that the floats attached to them kept the monster

from submerging. When the hunters had secured a prize of this kind, there was great rejoicing, not only would they have plenty of blubber and meat, but whale-bone for their dog-sleds as well as for a dozen other things.

Life was not all work in an Eskimo settlement. The people loved singing and had some really beautiful melodies. They were also very fond of dancing and of a game played with pieces of string something like a cats-cradle. Eskimo girls played with dolls, and both boys and girls had toys made of bone or ivory. Carving was a



Courtesy Miss Kate Hettasch

TWO LITTLE ESKIMOS

hobby, and attractive figurines were made from walrus tusk.

Although the Eskimos were a cheerful and fun-loving people, their religion was a very gloomy one. Evil spirits were everywhere, but the one they dreaded most was the sea-goddess who, they thought, controlled the weather and regulated the supply of seals. Great care had to be taken also to please the souls of animals since on their good pleasure depended the supply of game. Everything had a soul. When an Eskimo died, his belongings were buried with him, but first each article was broken so that its soul would be free to escape and join its owner in the spirit world. Like the Indians, the Eskimo believed in the power of magic to cure sickness, and they too had their shamans. When a person was sick or in trouble of some sort, he gave the shaman gifts. The latter then worked himself into a frenzy. In this state he was supposed to get help from a few friendly spirits who would circumvent demons or even restore the soul which had wandered from the body.

These poor people were brutally treated by the white man. The whalers on the Labrador coast murdered them just as the Beothucks had been murdered by the fishermen in Newfoundland. Like the Beothucks, too, the Eskimos became cruel and blood-thirsty. Fortunately for them, however, some white men came to Labrador not to exploit but to help the natives. These were Moravian missionaries.

Our Friend Has Come

While white men and Indians were both intent on killing off the Eskimos, there came to these poor benighted people John Christian Erhardt. This good man was a member of the *Unitas Fratrum* (United Brothers), but since this religious movement had started in the mountains of Moravia in what is now Czechoslovakia, the members of the Order were usually called Moravians. Most of the missionaries were and still are Germans.

John Christian Erhardt was a mate on a whaling vessel in Greenland where he saw what his brethren had done to help

the Eskimos in that island. He was filled with a desire to work among the Eskimos of Labrador and in 1752 he had his wish. A London firm fitted out a vessel to trade on the Labrador coast and took Erhardt and his friends along. Unfortunately this first missionary effort ended in tragedy. Erhardt, the captain, and five members of the crew were killed by the Eskimos.

When the news of this tragedy reached the ears of Jens Haven, a German carpenter, he at once made up his mind that he would go as a missionary to the Labrador. But there were many obstacles in the way. He knew nothing about seafaring life, and he was ignorant of both Eskimo and English. First he went to Greenland and worked among the Eskimos there until he had learned the language. All Eskimos can understand one another in whatever part of the north they are. Ten years after Erhardt's death Jens was ready to set out for the Labrador. He went to Newfoundland and there he met the great navigator, Captain Cook, who arranged for him to be taken north. Anxiously he waited for his first glimpse of the Eskimos and, when they came bent on destruction as the others in his boat believed, he called out to them in their own language. When they heard him, these simple people were delighted. "Our friend has come!" they said. Jens had to return to England, but the next year he was back again with three other missionaries. Now he had a powerful supporter, Sir Hugh Palliser, the governor of Newfoundland and Labrador, who was determined to help the Eskimos. Haven and the other missionaries were sent to the Labrador in a British man-of-war.

In planning their missions the brethren were wise and business-like. They asked for a grant of twelve square miles (approximately) for each settlement that they should make on the Labrador. These land grants were for the protection of the natives. There would be always room for them at the mission stations. Many difficulties were still to be met, however, and it was not until 1770 that Jens and another missionary, Chris-

tian Drachardt, arrived off Amitook, an island near what is now Nain. No fishermen or traders came so far north at that time, and, as Captain Mugford steered the little mission ship through the maze of islands fringing the coast, the scene of desolation which met the eyes of the missionaries must have been enough to make even the bravest people shudder. Deep myster-



Courtesy Miss Kate Hettasch, Nain

SCHOOL AT NAIN

ious waterways and dark sea-scarred mountains were all that could be seen. Their first station was at Nain, but from time to time other stations were added along the coast. Hopedale is about one hundred and fifty miles south of Nain and Hebron about the same distance to the north. There were also mission stations at Makkovik, Okkak, and Ramah. To christianize and civilize these very primitive people was a task that required the greatest patience and courage, and the missionaries had to work many years before they made a single convert. Then white traders brought rum and trinkets to barter with the Eskimos

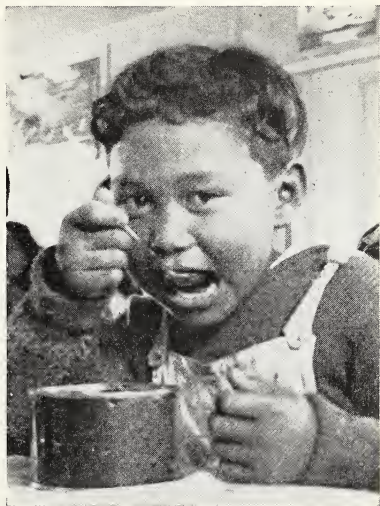
for their fish and furs, and there was much distress, for the poor simple people did not have enough food. Some of them were persuaded to travel in circuses in Europe and in the United States. There they caught smallpox and other diseases and most of them died, but some returned to bring these plagues to their relations, hundreds of whom perished. There are practically no Eskimos left alive on the southern part of the Labrador to-day, although, of course, some of the settlers there have a little Eskimo blood. At the Moravian stations, however, there are about a thousand Eskimos and the fact that these people are living is due in a great part to the care of the devoted missionaries.

To keep the Eskimos in their settlements from being starved by the traders, the brethren themselves had to trade with the natives. They trained them to wash and dry codfish so well that soon it was the best made on the Labrador. The skin-boots, slippers and other handicrafts were bought and sold again in Newfoundland or in England. Year after year for more than one hundred years, a little mission ship came to the Labrador, and in all that time an appointment was never missed nor a ship lost. All nations respected the work of the missionaries and in time of war their vessels were not molested.

In 1926 the Hudson's Bay Company, who had stations on the coast, took over the trade of the Moravian stations for a period of twenty-one years. But when war came it was difficult for them to look after the buying and selling of codfish; so the Newfoundland government took over the work. Now it supplies the Eskimo with nets and small boats and buys all the produce that he has to sell. When the prices of codfish and oil are high, the natives do very well. They may make as much as eight dollars now on a single sealskin. The Newfoundland government also helps to support the mission schools.

The school at Nain is known as the Macmillan Moravian Mission School. Commander Macmillan is a Canadian and a

famous Arctic explorer. The mission school buildings had been destroyed by fire and, when the explorer called at Nain on his way to Greenland, he saw how badly a new school was needed. So the following winter he and his wife collected enough money in the United States to buy all the necessary materials for one and, when he was going north again in 1929, he took them to Nain. That autumn the boarding-school was opened, and the superintendent's daughter, who had been trained as a teacher, took charge. There were ten boarders at first, but the school kept growing, and now there are about eighty. Soon it was necessary to add to the first building; so the Hudson's Bay Company gave their cottage hospital.

*Courtesy Miss Kate Hettasch***SCHOOL LUNCH AT NAIN**

Still there was not enough room. Then Commander Macmillan added a third building. In this school the happy black-eyed Eskimo children study history, geography, arithmetic and a lot of other subjects, as well as the music that they love. They are taught the rules of health and cleanliness, but the old time meals of their forefathers are still dear to the hearts of the little natives. One of these is fermented seal's fat and dried meat. Another is the Eskimo version of strawberries and cream. The cream in this case is seal's fat which the Eskimo women work until it is soft and white. To this is added frozen crowberries. In an

Eskimo family the father and boys must be served first, and according to a very old custom they take the best pieces of meat.

The Eskimos live in wooden houses at the settlements. Only when hunting do they build snow-houses. In the summer when they go fishing on the islands they use tents. They are still partly dressed in the styles of their ancestors. Everybody wears parkas, which we have found so comfortable that we have borrowed the style from them. White people in the north also wear



Courtesy Miss Kate Hettasch, Nain

THE KNITTING LESSON

the Eskimo moccasins and skin boots. The Eskimo people still live the life of nomads except for a short time in the winter when they are at, or near, the stations. Part of the time must be spent at the sealing posts; then they gather birds' eggs on the

islands. In summertime they fish on the islands, and in fall they must go inland for caribou.

Most of them have no gardens of their own, but depend on vegetables that come from the missionaries' gardens. Although the northern stations are on the borders of the Arctic, the missionaries grow potatoes, cabbages, cauliflowers, lettuce, carrots, and other vegetables. They even grow tomatoes, but it is far too cold for these to ripen out of doors.

To come from comfortable homes in Europe to the bleak Labrador requires a great deal of heroism. Even now the missionaries are very poorly paid,—for a long time most of them worked for less than one hundred dollars a year. Yet the Moravian missionaries in Labrador spend almost all their lives there. Two of these are Dr. Paul Hettasch and his wife, who have spent fifty years among their beloved Innuits.

"Our friend has come!" cried the Eskimos to a Moravian missionary long ago. How right they were.

THINGS TO DO

1. Build a table scene showing Jens Haven and his Eskimo congregation.
2. Make a model of a kayak.
3. Prepare a booklet on "Life Among the Labrador Eskimos, Then and Now". Illustrate your book with pictures and coloured drawings. Make a lino block for the cover.

CHAPTER XLIII

PLANTERS AND LIVIERS

WORDS have strange ways of changing their meanings. A planter is one who plants something in the ground. When the first English colonists went to Virginia, they went to plant tobacco and so they were rightly called planters, and their colony became a plantation. But the colonies in Newfoundland were also known as plantations, and here a planter was a man who had property and employed people to work for him. He was a man who had wealth enough to erect buildings, buy boats, and issue supplies to other men. His fishing property — flakes, stages, and stores — was known as a room. These terms, planters and rooms, are still used in Newfoundland but not as commonly as they were. Two hundred years ago there were many firms in England and in the Channel Islands who had their rooms in Newfoundland and on the Labrador. Although the Channel Islands belong to England, the people there speak French, and after 1763 those French-speaking people were able to understand and trade with the new French-speaking subjects of the English king. Jersey merchants built rooms at Blanc Sablon and other places in Labrador as well as in what is now Quebec.

Merchants from Conception Bay also built rooms at many places along the Labrador coast wherever there was shelter for their boats, and good fishing. This is the reason why they so often built on islands.

Every spring the planters' vessels went to Labrador. Each little schooner was heavily loaded with men, women, and children. With them, too, were their pigs and goats and dogs, all crowded into one small vessel which had in addition to this live freight, tons of salt for preserving the codfish, trapboats, empty barrels later to be filled with blubber, and food enough for the planter's family, his servants, and passengers. There were tubs of margarine and lard, salt pork, flour, and sacks of hard bread for the brewis which would later be made of boiled bread and fish.

The passengers were put off at certain places along the coast where the men caught codfish, and the women and children helped them wash and dry it. In the fall they all went home again; then the goats would be a little wilder and the pigs a little fatter. These Newfoundlanders who only spent the summer on the Labrador and who came and went as passengers were known as stationers.



Courtesy Miss Kate Hettasch, Nain

PICKING MUSSELS

During the summer many of the stationers lived in small houses not much better than tilts or huts, but the planters who took their families to the Labrador had comfortable homes. Captain Bob Bartlett, who was a famous Arctic explorer, used to spend his summers as a boy on his father's room at Turnavik. In the *Log of Bob Bartlett* we can read all about these Labrador days and how he and his brothers and sisters led there the kind of merry adventurous lives that healthy children love.

In the fall, when the Newfoundlanders went home, there was usually added to the great discomfort of the voyage the terrible danger of the overloaded vessels being swamped in the fall

gales. When mail and passenger steamers began to call at Labrador ports, many of the stationers travelled by steamer. Laws were also made by the Newfoundland government forbidding over-crowding on schooners.

There are fewer Newfoundlanders going to Labrador as stationers now, and those who do go do not suffer the discomforts which their parents and grandparents knew.

White people who live in Labrador all the year round became known as *liviers* (live here) to distinguish them from the stationers. Sometimes the planters left families behind them



A PLANTER'S ROOM IN LABRADOR, 100 YEARS AGO

in the fall to look after their property. These in time became *liviers*. The traders brought out servants from Europe, some of whom married native girls and settled in Labrador as trappers. For the most part these white people of Labrador are of English, Scottish, or Irish descent, but there are also some French. These *liviers* usually fish in the summertime. In the bays such as Hamilton Inlet they catch salmon and trout.

Others live on the islands and catch codfish. In the winter the people on the coast usually go inland or to the more sheltered bays where there is wood for fuel and where the men can trap.

Winter, too, is the time for sports and visiting. It is then that the Grenfell Missions have their fairs and settlers come to them from many miles away. When the ice is right for travelling, a good husky team can cover more than thirty miles a day.

With the exception of the one at Goose Airport, there is no hotel on the Labrador, but no traveller is ever denied a shelter. If there is a settler's house near when night comes, the chance visitor is always sure of a generous welcome.

Along the Trapline

The traplines on the Labrador are handed down from father to son, and no man would think of hunting on another's land.

Fur-bearing animals are not so plentiful as they once were, and to make a success of trapping a man needs a trapline 150 or 200 miles long. That is why trappers have to go farther and farther away from the coast. Some of them go more than three hundred miles up the Hamilton River to the Height of Land in the very interior of the peninsula. This route is so difficult that a trapper in his canoe and on foot must spend nineteen or twenty days to reach his trapline. For the months of fall and early winter, he takes a supply of flour, lard, tea, pea-meal, a little sugar, and baking powder for his pancakes or bannocks. For much of his food he depends mainly upon small game: rabbits, porcupine, and grouse. Not all the trappers, even of Southern Labrador, go up the Hamilton River; some of them have their traplines much farther to the north.

A fur path is not a path at all but a blazed trail. Many trappers mark each trap with a three-cornered blaze and the path with a single blaze. Some trappers do not use marks at all, but depend upon their memories, which are keen as those of Indians.

The trapper likes variation along his trap-line. Marten traps are little houses set against the bases of big trees. The sides are

of split rotten logs held up by stakes, and the roof is of brush. The bait goes in at the back of the house and the trap in the entrance. Beyond the marten house the trail winds over rolling



Courtesy Miss Kate Hettasch, Nain
ESKIMO HUNTER

hills and little valleys and by lakes dotted with tiny islets. Otters are fishers and for them traps must be set in water. On again goes the trail to where foxes burrow into dry banks, and on again into the green spruce woods. Otter and mink, marten and fox, there must be traps for them all.

Like the farmer, the trapper has his animal pests. Mice and wolverine are constant annoyances. The mice tunnel through the snow and eat the fur off whichever side of the pelt is nearer to the ground; they also steal the trapper's grub. They often outwit him by cutting the

string by which he has suspended a sack of flour, supposedly out of their reach. Flour is very precious in the northland. However much his annoyance, though, the trapper is likely to remember that it is upon the mice he depends for a living. They are the food of other fur-bearing animals and, when they are plentiful, there will be plenty of pelts. The wolverine, as far as the hunter is concerned, is entirely free from all good qualities. He is both crafty and mean. To protect his food the trapper must carry on a constant battle of wits with this wily animal which takes great pleasure in destruction. Usually the wolverine wins; he is rarely caught.

Instead of keeping all his food in his tilt, the trapper usually builds a scaffold, for there is always the danger of the tilt's being burnt while he is away on his line. He has other tilts but the loss of his food would mean starvation, since he is many miles from his nearest neighbour.

Because the Labrador trappers know the country so well, they often act as guides for scientists and explorers. After Leonidas Hubbard, an American explorer, had died of starvation in the interior of Labrador, his young wife, a Canadian before her marriage, made up her mind that she would take up his unfinished work and explore and map the route from the North-West River to the mouth of the George River in Ungava Bay. She had had no experience of roughing it in the wilds of Labrador, but she did have plenty of courage. Among her servants was a young boy from North-West River, Gilbert Blake, who at that time was only sixteen years old. Mrs. Hubbard and her party were luckier than her husband had been, for he had not been able to find his way to Lake Mishikamau, but she found the lake and crossed it and reached at last the George River. For days she and her party swept down over the rapids and through the gorges of this unmapped river. Only the most skilful paddling on the part of Mrs. Hubbard's guides made it possible for them to navigate stretches of treacherous water, but they had reached a place where they could not turn back. On the day she arrived at Fort Chimo, Mrs. Hubbard had accomplished what her husband had perished in attempting; she had crossed and mapped the most desolate part of Northern Labrador.

THINGS TO DO

1. Describe what would happen in Labrador if someone could go into the forest and destroy all the mice.
2. Write a short story in which the trapper outwits the wolverine.
3. Prepare an animated map of Labrador using pictures and drawings to show many of the interesting things you would see on a trip from Blanc Sablon to Cape Chidley.

CHAPTER XLIV

DR. GRENFELL



Courtesy International Grenfell Association

SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

ONE of the happiest chapters in the story of the Labrador was begun on a day in the summer of 1892 when a little ship sailed into one of its harbours and dropped anchor among a crowd of fishing schooners gathered there. She was the *Albert*, a hospital ship sent out to the coast by the Board of Deep Sea Missions in England, and on her deck stood the young doctor, Wilfred Grenfell, who was to be for more than forty years the best known and the best loved sailor along that stormy coast.

Dr. Grenfell had received in his boyhood in England the best possible training for the life he was later to live on the lonely Labrador and on the equally lonely North-

ern part of Newfoundland. He had learned to swim and dive, to build a boat and sail her on the long reaches of the river Dee.

The boy could not help loving the sea; it was in his blood. His ancestors had been sea-faring men for generations. Indeed the gallant old Elizabethan sea-dog, Sir Richard Grenville, was a distant relation of his family. It is said that the first English vessel to fish in the far-off waters of Newfoundland had borne the name of Grenfell.

When the young doctor graduated from a London hospital, he went first to work among the fishermen on the Dogger Banks. When, however, the Mission decided to send a hospital ship to Labrador, he volunteered for this more difficult and dangerous work. He was at this time not only a doctor but a master mariner as well, and thus he was able to sail his ship up and down the hundreds of miles of coast following the fishermen in their summer migrations.

From the very first, however, the doctor realized that a hospital ship was not enough. Hospitals to which the very sick could be taken must be built on the land. For, in addition to the fishermen from Newfoundland, there were the *liviers*, as the residents of the Labrador are called. And among these there were many sick and poverty-stricken people.

At first he was content with two hospitals, one at Battle Harbour and another about one hundred and fifty miles beyond this at Indian Harbour. These were places that the schooners frequented in great numbers.

The buildings had been given by two St. John's firms, but to equip and staff the hospitals and to extend the services of the hospital-ship a lot of money was required, much more than the mission board in England had to spend for this work. The young doctor and his co-worker set out to collect money in Canada. This task they dreaded more than the hidden reefs and treacherous icebergs of the Labrador, but people came to their assistance. Lord and Lady Strathcona, both of whom at

one time had lived in Labrador, gave him a beautiful little steamship the *Sir Donald*, and later an even finer ship, the *Strathcona*.

Up and down the coast in summer went the hospital ship giving medical aid to the sick, food to the hungry, books to those who had never known a library, and what was very precious, too, in the days before radio, news of the great outside world; sometimes even for the fishermen news from home.

The long Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland pushes itself squarely into the path of the Arctic Current, and because Cape Bauld has plunged its feet deep in those icy waters its head is often hidden in a cap of fog. For many years this coast had been frequented by the French, who called it *Petit Nord* (Little North). They were not allowed to live there during the winter, however, but a few Newfoundlanders had settled on the coast even during the time when the French fished there; these were isolated from the rest of the island. It was at St. Anthony, one of the most northerly settlements in this peninsula, that Doctor Grenfell decided to open a winter hospital. The first "hospital" was only a single room in a settler's house, but a beginning had been made. When the men of the place were through with their fishing, they and the doctor went into the woods and cut the framework for a cottage hospital. This they soon built, and St. Anthony became the headquarters of the Grenfell Missions.

People do not get well rapidly when they are worried by hunger and debt. Nobody knew this fact better than Doctor Grenfell. The people of Northern Newfoundland and Labrador became his people; no part of their lives was outside his thoughtful care. To help the fishermen get a just price for their produce he started co-operatives. Today, co-operative stores are well known, but when Dr. Grenfell began to teach the fishermen how to co-operate in buying and selling, the idea was a new one in the North, and he had to work very hard indeed and meet many disappointments before the value of such a move-

*Courtesy International Grenfell Association*

HOSPITAL AT ST. ANTHONY

ment could be shown. To provide work for men and women and particularly for those who were convalescing in his hospitals, he encouraged them to perfect some of their old crafts, such as carving and mat-hooking, and he introduced many new ones. The materials used were simple and ranged from the ivory tusks of the walrus to old silk stockings collected in the United States and in Canada. To brighten the lives of the people in the creation of objects of beauty was good, but to help sick people to contribute to the support of themselves and their families had been the chief factor in introducing this work. To sell the beautiful pieces of handicraft, products of the Mission, Dr Grenfell depended on his wife, an American who did much to interest her countrymen in his work.

As he travelled up and down the coast visiting sick liviers in their lonely settlements, Dr. Grenfell met another problem. What was to become of orphan children in such struggling communities, and what chance had a sick or ailing child in a poverty-stricken tilt? There were also blind and crippled children who could not be kept permanently in his hospitals. But it was not Doctor Grenfell's way to meet a problem without mastering it and before long he had built a Children's Home at St. Anthony. He used to joke about the way he collected children instead of stamps. One day he found in a poor cabin a widow and a family of starving children; these little tots he bundled up and took home with him.

Healthy children were sometimes a problem, too. How could they get an education in isolated places where there were no schools? Once, when the mail-steamer on her way up the coast stopped at St. Anthony, a small boy carrying a very heavy kit-bag approached the doctor. "I'm Percy," he announced. "Where from?" asked Dr. Grenfell. "From Northern Labrador, sir," was the reply. "And why have you come to St. Anthony?" "To get learning, sir!"

Fortunately for Percy, a boarding school had already been built at St. Anthony, and later another was built at Cartwright. There are now three Grenfell Mission schools.

By this time Grenfell Associations had been formed in many cities in England and on this continent; these raised the funds that the doctor needed to carry on the ever-growing work. To staff the hospitals and schools and to serve in tiny hamlets along the coast volunteers came in increasing numbers. Some of these were skilled doctors and scientists, others were university students, known as wops, but all were glad to have a part in the great adventure of saving lives.

Dr. Grenfell believed that the boys and girls in his schools would be of great service to their communities if they could get the right technical and professional training; so scholarships

were obtained from schools and colleges in Canada and the United States. Boys and girls now get the coveted education in those places, and many of them return to help in the work of the mission as electricians, nurses, teachers, dressmakers and shoemakers.

In 1923 when a new hospital was built at St. Anthony, the king, in recognition of the work which Doctor Grenfell had done, created him a knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He had, in addition to his work as a missionary, magistrate, and doctor, helped to explore and chart a dangerous coast, succeeded in having lighthouses erected on treacherous reefs, and even collected many thousands of dollars for the building of a dry dock at St. Anthony, where wrecked and damaged ships could be repaired.



Courtesy International Grenfell Association

A COMMUNITY WORKER, LABRADOR

Sir Wilfred and Lady Grenfell are both dead, and their ashes lie on Fox Farm Hill overlooking the hospital at St. Anthony. An old grey boulder with two name plates on it and the simple inscription "Life is a field of honour", marks the resting-place of these heroic people.

The work of the Grenfell Mission, however, still goes on. Today there are five hospitals and four nursing stations, a hospital ship and a supply ship, as well as schools and a Children's Home. The greenhouses started years ago are still supplying the nearby families with cabbage plants, allies in the great fight

against scurvy and beri-beri, and there is now at St. Anthony a new branch of the co-operative movement, a people's bank.

THINGS TO DO

1. The International Grenfell Association has a little magazine, *Among the Deep Sea Fishers*. You may obtain a copy from the headquarters of the mission in Canada. This is at 48 Sparks Street, Ottawa.
2. Read "Adrift on an Icepan" by Sir Wilfred Grenfell.
3. Dramatize the visit of the missionary-doctor to a sick patient in some lonely settlement on the Labrador coast.

CHAPTER XLV

SERVANT AND FRIEND

A VERY well known native of Newfoundland is the Newfoundland dog. This magnificent animal became extremely popular in Europe more than one hundred years ago. Sir Walter Scott, the Scottish poet and novelist, had his Mungo, and an English poet, Lord Byron, wrote a poem in memory of a Newfoundland dog which he called his truest friend. Charles Dickens at a later day had a Newfoundland dog named Don, and over in Germany the great composer, Richard Wagner, said that his Newfoundlands were "Nature's gentlemen". Artists, too, delighted to paint the huge body and intelligent eyes of these dogs. The most famous painting is probably that by Landseer. The title is "A Distinguished Member of the Humaine Society".

Nobody knows the origin of this famous breed of dogs. One of the ancestors was probably the big Pyrenees sheep dog brought to the island by the Basques. These powerful Newfoundland

dogs with broad massive heads and square muzzles stand high on their stout legs. The full grown dog stands nearly three feet high and may weigh as much as a man. The black Newfoundland is the one we commonly see, but some dogs are black and white. The dog shown in the famous painting is almost white, and this type is now known as the Landseer Newfoundland. The hair of the Newfoundland dog may be either straight or wavy, but there is always a thick woolly undercoat which never gets wet through. It is his undercoat which helps this dog to swim and dive in the coldest water and in very stormy seas. From the earliest days Newfoundlands have



Courtesy Holloway Studio

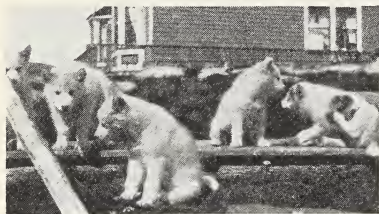
NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

been noted as life-savers; many of them have earned the title which Landseer bestowed upon the big fellow in his painting.

The Labrador Retriever is a smaller brother of the big Newfoundland. This is the dog which is most commonly found in the island to-day. Retrievers have the gentleness, the intelligence, and the loyalty of the race, but they are not so large and are less difficult to feed. They get their name, of course, from the fact that they are very clever at retrieving game. They are also excellent swimmers and sledge dogs.

In the days before roads were built and there were horses and automobiles in use, it was the Newfoundland dog that helped the early settlers to carry all their burdens. People living on the smaller islands and in the more distant settlements must depend on them still for this purpose. The Newfoundland dog and his

master carried the mail to remote settlements, and to show the gratitude of the people to this fine public servant, the government placed him upon one of its postage stamps. No other country had honoured a dog in this way before.



Courtesy International Grenfell Association

YOUNG HUSKIES

good-natured, but not all of them possess the same devotion and loyalty to their masters that the Newfoundlands possess. They are, however, good dogs for the North since their thick fur coat keeps them warm even in the most bitter weather. They sleep out of doors and are quite comfortable when the temperature is thirty or forty degrees below zero. So valuable are their dogs to those on the Labrador that it would be almost impossible to live without them. They have a keen sense of direction and seem to know when the ice is safe and when it is not. They are powerful sledge dogs, and medical missionaries have travelled 120 miles in eighteen hours with three relays of dogs.

Like those in Newfoundland, the dogs of Labrador have served as mail-carriers. Many centuries ago Herodotus praised the men who carried state messages in these words: "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." We in a colder climate than he knew may add as a further tribute to the Northern mail-carrier and his dogs, "nor bitter frost, nor drifting ice, nor Arctic blizzards can stay these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

The Eskimo dog of Labrador still has many of the characteristics of his wolf ancestors. He howls where other dogs bark. His form, too, is very much like that of the wolf, and while some Huskies are black and white, others are blue-grey or tawny. These dogs are intelligent and often

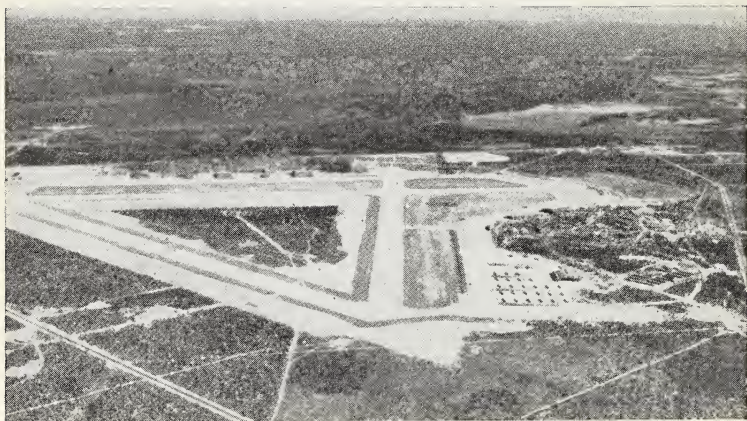
During the winter, which meant from the first of December to the first of June, the mail was formerly carried from Quebec along the Labrador to Ungava Bay in Hudson's Straits. This route began at a settlement about one hundred and fifty miles below Quebec City and stretched for nearly two thousand miles. For more than seven hundred miles of this journey the route lay in the Province of Quebec, but at Blanc Sablon the Newfoundland postal service took control and mailmen and their dogs carried the mail over the bleak and dangerous route to Rigolet in Hamilton Inlet. There the Hudson's Bay Company took charge, and the company's men took the mail on to Davis Inlet. From there men from the company's posts on Ungava Bay carried it across the bleak wilderness of Northern Labrador. This surely was one of the most dangerous and longest mail-routes ever covered by men and dogs. There are still long lonely routes in the north where the mailman and his dogs must be depended on for news from the outside world.

When we think of the pioneers in the past who did so much to build up civilization, let us think also of the dogs, our servants and friends.

THINGS TO DO

1. Read "A Reverie on a Dog" by E. J. Pratt. You will find it in *Collected Poems*.
2. Read the story of Skipper in "The Adventures of Billy Topsail".
3. Dramatize the arrival of the mail at a trading post in Northern Labrador.

CHAPTER XLVI
R.C.A.F. GOOSE



Courtesy R.C.A.F.

GOOSE BAY AIRPORT

THE Goose Bay Airport, often spoken of as a wilderness city, is one of the largest in the world. At the head of Lake Melville, which is 100 miles from the ocean, there is a plateau between the Goose and the Hamilton Rivers, and it is here that the Canadian Government built in war-time a town large enough to accommodate 5,000 people—more than the entire population of Labrador at that time. The airport today has hundreds

of buildings, including a large hospital, an electric power plant, a school, a hotel, a library, a radio broadcasting station, an ultra-modern laundry, and moving picture theatres.

Goose Bay is on the Great Circle, and the main airlines of the world use this route. The airport is part of the "Atlantic Bridge" by means of which heavy planes may hop in comparative safety from North America to Europe. It is so large that strato-flyers carrying nearly one hundred people can use the runways. Powerful lights, stabbing the darkness for more than two miles, guide the planes to concrete runways that are 6,000 feet long and 200 feet wide. Because of its importance it is fortunate that there is plenty of room for the airport to grow larger yet. The plateau on which it is built is 120 square miles in area and it all belongs to the Federal Government.

Goose Airport, as we know, was built not to accommodate passengers but as a ferrying station for the multitude of giant bombers that Canada and the United States poured into Europe during the last three years of the war. In 1941 things were going very badly for Great Britain and her European allies. It was then that the Canadian Government decided that an airfield must be built in Labrador, and a surveyor was sent to the Hamilton River district to find a site that was large enough for the huge airport they had in mind. There were many other necessary conditions also, and to find the ideal site was not easy. But a Hudson's Bay Company official at North-West River told the surveyor, Mr. Eric Fry, about the sandy plateau thirty miles away at Goose Bay. It was covered with stunted spruce and caribou moss; it overlooked the nearby lake, and it was sheltered to some extent by the Mealy Mountains, but it was surrounded by a deep swamp. The people of North-West River called it Robert's Berry Bank because a trapper from a nearby settlement had found a path through the swamp to the rock-cranberries of the plateau. It was he who guided Mr. Fry.

The United States also saw that a base in Labrador was nec-

essary, and their scouts reached Goose Bay while Mr. Fry was measuring the area. It was decided that Canada should build and control the airport, but that the United States would also use the field when it was ready. This was in the summer of 1941. Winter comes early to the Labrador and in November the lake is frozen. Now began a terrible race with the frost. Soldiers and civilians worked day and night. Thousands of trees had to be cut and sawn into lumber. Sometimes some of those that had been standing in the forest in the morning had been nailed into some building before night. At first there was no electricity or steam, and men lived in huts where the temperature was 16 degrees below zero. All through the winter they worked, building most of the time by lantern light. But Canadian and United States forces were constantly arriving until by the end of the year there were 2,400 men there, and R.C.A.F. Goose had become a town.

*Courtesy R.C.A.F.*

MEMBERS OF A GROUND CREW AT WORK

It was necessary also to make a seaport. The narrows leading into the basin at the foot of the plateau had to be dredged and docks built so that large freighters and oil tankers could come right to the edge of the tableland. (Today these docks are large enough to accommodate four 10,000 ton ships at one time.) All the while great bombers were being ferried across the Atlantic by way of Gander, Goose, Iceland, and Prestwick in the north of Scotland, as many as 100 a day. By 1944 there were more than twelve thousand transocean flights, and huge oil-tankers were unloading at the port as much as a quarter of a million gallons of gasoline at a time. During the war, Goose was one of the busiest spots in the world. It is too far from the ocean to be troubled by fog; so it has many more flying days than Gander. It is also nearer to Montreal.

Because this great airfield was so vital to our war-effort, it had to be heavily guarded. Roads criss-crossed the plateau and these bristled with the slender barrels of anti-aircraft guns. Hurricane fighters were always on the alert, for at any moment enemy troopers might drop by parachute from the sky. Soldiers scoured the swamps where in summer the mosquitoes and black flies which the Indians call "no-see-ums" swarm. These torture the flesh like red-hot coals; but the men joked about them and said that they sometimes mistook mosquitoes for planes coming in.

R.C.A.F. had and still has another mission. Planes sometimes make a crash landing in the wilds of Labrador. So from the earliest days of the airport men have been especially trained to carry on rescue operations. The first of the rescue squads was made up mostly of veteran bushmen; some of them were Cree Indians from Northern Saskatchewan. The great Hamilton valley is a wilderness of mountains, bogs, and almost impenetrable forests; it is not difficult to imagine how very nearly impossible it is to carry on rescue operations in this part of the world, but daring rescues were nevertheless made during the



war and today Goose Bay is the home station of the R.C.A.F.'s busiest search and rescue squads. They have become famous for their mercy flights. Early in the war a veteran bushman came across an Indian village where most of the seventy people in the camp were desperately ill with influenza. They were nearly starving, too, for that year the caribou had been scarce. It is in helping such people as these that the hospital staff are kept employed. Sick and under-nourished Indian children are brought to the hospital and kept there until they are well again. Often, too, a plane from Goose airport flies to some lonely little settlement on the Labrador to pick up a patient for the hospital, and sometimes this patient must be flown on, for further treatment, to Montreal. No people anywhere get finer care than these sick people. Not long ago a little girl suffering from pneumonia was brought to the hospital at Goose Bay. A plane was sent at once to Montreal to get a new life-saving drug that she needed. Later another also went to Montreal for an iron lung. Meanwhile the emergency officer and his staff made equipment to supply her with humidified oxygen, and by working around the clock they were able to keep her alive.

THINGS TO DO

1. Dramatize a mercy flight in Labrador.

CHAPTER XLVII

WE STAND ON GUARD

WHEN we look at a map of North America we can see why Newfoundland has been called the "Sentinel of the St. Lawrence".

Mr. Churchill in his picturesque manner once compared it to an orange in the mouth of a suckling pig. This island stands squarely before the gateway of the great river to block the approach of every enemy for, to reach the river, ships must pass either to the north or the south of Newfoundland.

Newfoundland is not far from the mainland. The Straits of Belle Isle are only nine miles wide at their narrowest part and Cabot Strait is only 55 miles wide between Cape Ray and North Cape in Cape Breton Island. As we have already seen, the French knew centuries ago that, if they wished to hold Canada, they must fortify the South Coast of Newfoundland. If we look again at the map, we can see that Newfoundland is of vital importance to the United States. All ships travelling between that country and Western Europe pass the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Many of the great American cities as well as those in Eastern Canada are within bombing distance of planes with their bases in this island.

Newfoundland has also another function in wartime. We have already learned that it is only 1640 miles from the Irish coast. Because of its nearness to Europe then, Newfoundland not only acts as a sentinel to guard the eastern seaboard from attack, but it is also a giant fortress from which Canadians can sally out to attack a European enemy on his own shores.

When the Second Great War was begun in 1939, Newfoundland had one of the largest airfields in the world, and Botwood in Notre Dame Bay was a good base for sea planes. Newfoundland was at that time a British colony, but Great Britain could not spare ships and planes and men, or build all the batteries necessary for the defence of 6,000 miles of coast. The whole population of Newfoundland and Labrador was then not more than 320,000 — not half as many people as there are in Montreal or Toronto. It was, as we can see, impossible for Newfoundland to defend herself. When the war began to go badly for the United Kingdom, Canada sent hundreds of men from her

army and airforce to guard the airfields and to patrol the coast. The United States was a foreign power, but she was able to obtain at this time the lease of bases in Newfoundland. These she had the right to hold for ninety-nine years. One of the bases is Fort Pepperell, at Quidi Vidi, a little settlement very near St. John's. Since it was so necessary to protect the great shipping lane that ran to the south of the island, the United States also built a large naval base and an airfield at Argentia in Placentia Bay.

It was in beautiful Placentia Bay while this American base was being constructed that one of the most dramatic incidents of the war took place,—the historic meeting between Mr. Churchill, then the British Prime Minister, and Mr. Roosevelt, the Presi-



Courtesy U.S. Army

ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY, ARGENTIA

dent of the United States. This was in the summer of 1941 when the British Empire stood alone against the might of powerful enemies. Secrecy must shroud the movements of a British prime minister and a president of the United States at such a time. Placentia Bay was an excellent choice for their conference. It is ninety miles deep and fifty-five miles wide, one of the finest harbours in North America. In such a bay the mightiest fleet can ride safely at anchor. Off Argentia, the British battleship, *Prince of Wales*, and the American *Augusta* met. There were many ships there, grey ships striped with camouflage like the restless waves of the sea. In the shining August weather the sailors on the *Prince of Wales* could look out over the quiet waters of the harbour beyond the escort destroyers and the American men-of-war to the shingly beaches and to evergreen woods, and hills bright with moss and lichen.

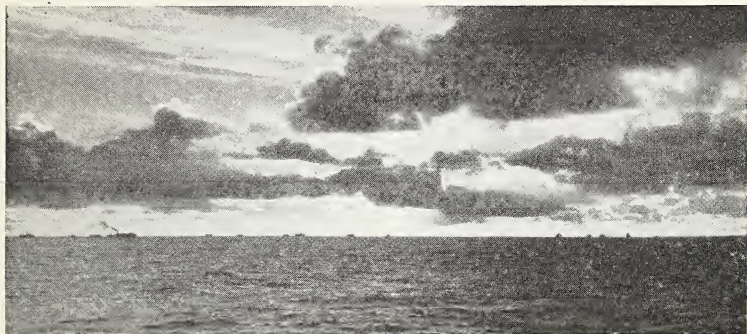
While little boats scurried across the bay and lazy clouds drifted over the hills, the two men on whom depended the fate of the world signed the Atlantic Charter. This was a new Magna Carta. All nations, it said, must have the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries, and "All men in all lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want."

This freedom promised us by the Atlantic Charter is yet only a shining ideal for many people, but it is now a part of our heritage to be claimed for ourselves and others.

The West Coast of Newfoundland is almost free from fog and at Stephenville the United States built Harmon Field. She used, too, the Gander Airport which was at this time greatly enlarged by the Federal Government of Canada.

Canada, as we know, also built the Goose Airport in Labrador, and from these heavily guarded fields airplane escorts accompanied the great convoys far out to sea until planes from the Azores took over. It was from these fields, too, that thousands of giant bombers were later flown to Europe, Asia, and Africa.

As a base for her fighter escorts, Canada also built an airfield at Torbay, not far from St. John's. This base and the seaplane base at Botwood were heavily guarded by soldiers. Bell Island was also guarded, for in wartime iron ore becomes more precious than gold. It was on the ore from Bell Island that Canada depended for much of her steel. The enemy did his best to cut off this supply from reaching North Sydney. Four ships were torpedoed at anchor off the iron mine at Wabana before a boom could be erected as a defence. One ambitious U-boat captain even attacked the jetty.

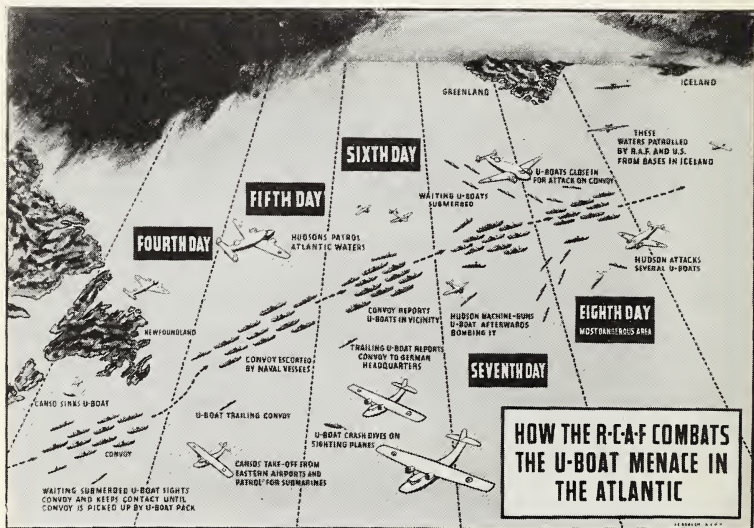


Courtesy Royal Canadian Navy

CONVOY OFF NEWFOUNDLAND

For centuries St. John's has been used as a base for convoy escorts. In the Second Great War the Royal Navy and the Royal Canadian Navy used it as the centre of one of the principal Western Atlantic escort forces. The Federal Government built H.M.C.S. *Avalon* at St. John's. They also built technical schools to train escort crews. As the war went on more buildings were added. It took a shore force of 5,000 officers and men to look after the 11,000 sailors of the Newfoundland forces. The United States at that time also occupied the lower part of the harbour of St. John's. This harbour is not very large, but sometimes

100 naval and merchant ships were crowded there. Often during the war merchant ships would be brought, or came limping into port with their top-sides blown away and their decks a shambles. Floating docks as well as the dry docks were kept busy patching them up and sending them out to sea again. A new naval hospital was built and this, with the civilian hospitals, took care of the hundreds of frozen and wounded sailors.



Courtesy R.C.A.F.

WHERE THE U-BOATS GATHERED

Because of its importance, St. John's was often the target for the U-Boats, but they never had any success. When they tried to destroy the dry dock, their torpedoes only struck the rocks outside the harbour. The boom across the harbour was so strong that there was no getting in that way; so in September, 1943, the enemy began to sow mines at its approaches,

but the mine-sweepers cleared them away so quickly that only two merchant vessels were lost.

In the latter part of the war, when the United States became busy in the Pacific, the United Kingdom and Canada had to look after the North Atlantic sea lanes themselves. As the war went on the number of ships convoyed by an all-Canadian escort group based in Newfoundland grew larger and larger, and the largest convoy in history was taken over safely in 1944. There were 167 ships in this immense convoy and they carried a million tons of cargo to Europe.

Because Bay Bulls is so near St. John's, it was used in the wars of long ago as a base for attack against its larger neighbour. To prevent its being used again for such a purpose, the Canadians erected a boom as a protection and built a marine railway so that it could be speedily defended. It was in this little port that the German submarine U-190 surrendered at the end of the war.

THINGS TO DO

1. Imagine that you were one of the crew of a Canadian escort ship. Tell the story of an attack by a submarine pack on a convoy that you were guarding.
2. Read about ASDIC and how it helped to save our ships in the Second Great War.
3. Make a model of a bomber.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE FIGHTING NEWFOUNDLANDER

WHEN the First Great War broke out in the summer of 1914, Newfoundland, like other parts of the British Empire, went

at once to the help of the Motherland. They had no trained soldiers at that time, but they did have a British training ship, H.M.S. Calypso, stationed in St. John's, where young fishermen received some training as naval reserves. There were boys' brigades, too, belonging to the Roman Catholic, and Anglican and other Protestant churches, and these lads had received training somewhat similar to that given the cadets of today. When war broke out, many of these at once volunteered, and the first contingent of Newfoundlanders, known as the "Blue Puttees" arrived in England early in the fall. Other contingents quickly followed. The naval reserves and many untrained men joined the navy. Those who had had training as loggers joined the Forestry Corps. In war time no service is more necessary than that of the merchant marine, and hundreds of Newfoundlanders manned the ships which carried food and supplies to Europe. These men worked and died as bravely as their brothers in the other services.

The Royal Newfoundland Regiment fought in far-off Gallipoli. The allies at that time were struggling to take the Dardanelles away from Turkey so that they could get supplies to Russia. Newfoundland sailors also served in this struggle, and the lads who a few years before were climbing the cliffs of their native land for fun now climbed the cliffs above the Dardanelles to silence Turkish guns. They were a small part of the men of British descent who fought at Gallipoli. You will read the story of this battlefield in other books and how the bravest efforts of gallant men all failed.

July 1st is Canada Day, but in Newfoundland it is also Remembrance Day, for it was on this day in 1916 that one of the terrible battles of the Somme was fought. It was along the banks of this river in Northern France that the stiffest fighting in the war took place. Before the battle, the Regiment had dug themselves a trench which they called St. John's Road, and on the morning of the battle they had to advance from this trench

across No Man's Land to their objective, the village of Beaumont Hamel. But the ground between them and the village was full of craters dug by exploding shells; it was also blocked by barbed wire. The enemy had trained their guns on our men, and they had to advance through a wall of fire. They did, but at the next roll-call only sixty-eight men were left to answer out of the 753 who had gone so courageously into action.

When the war was all over, the people of Newfoundland bought one hundred acres of this battle-field, and dedicated it to the memory of the brave lads who had died there. The badge of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment was the caribou, and today a bronze caribou overlooks this Newfoundland park at Beaumont Hamel. There are similar monuments scattered over the battlefields, for nearly four thousand Newfoundlanders were killed or wounded in the First Great War. This became for Newfoundland a sad, proud Trail of the Caribou.

For those who had died at sea there could be no such memorial. They were lost in great warships, in mine-sweepers and, as merchant seamen, in tramp steamers and sailing vessels. In the Royal Navy 167 men were killed in action, but of the number lost in the merchant marine we have no record.

When in 1939 the Second World War began, Newfoundland was no longer a self-governing part of the Empire, but Newfoundlanders joined the armed forces of Canada and the United Kingdom — 3,419 joined the Royal Navy and 3,056 the Royal Artillery and the Royal Air Force; 600 fought in the Canadian services. Hundreds of Newfoundlanders, too, were in the merchant navy. In this war women served in the armed forces. More than five hundred Newfoundland girls were WRENS or CWACS or WAAFS.

In this war as in the first, hundreds of young Newfoundlanders gave their lives. Together with the heroes of other lands they deserve the finest memorial we can give them, a world at peace.

CHAPTER XLIX

CONFEDERATION AT LAST

AWAY back in 1864 when the Maritime Provinces had a conference to study Confederation, Newfoundland sent representatives to Prince Edward Island where the conference was held. But three years later, when most of the colonies confederated to form the Dominion of Canada, Newfoundland stayed out. There were several reasons for this decision. Newfoundland at that time had not the same problems as Upper and Lower Canada; she was not afraid of attack as some of the other colonies were; she had not even as large a debt as they.

At that time, too, federation or the union of independent colonies or states into one large, powerful *federal state* was not thought as much of as today. Such a union had yet to prove itself a step forward in self-government.

Only after much agitation and two conventions did the seven colonies of Australia federate in 1900. Again, it was not until 1909 that the four states of South Africa followed the examples of Canada and Australia to give the world another new nation — a nation large and powerful enough to command the respect of the great nations of the earth.

There were statesmen, however, even then who looked forward to the time when this island would be part of the Dominion and so when the British North America Act was passed in 1867 provision was made for the entrance of Newfoundland whenever she was ready to join the Union. But Newfoundlanders were proud of their own self-government and clung to their independence.

At the end of the nineteenth century, however, dark days fell upon Newfoundland and some of her leaders thought that she should unite with Canada. But, unfortunately, at that time the Federal government was tactless and short-sighted. The terms of union offered Newfoundland were not generous, and the people of the colony, who were very proud and sensitive, would not accept them. They were so angry that for a generation no politician in the island dared mention Confederation.



Courtesy Royal Canadian Navy

"SAILOR", THE WAR-TIME MASCOT OF THE "CROW'S NEST" CLUB, ST. JOHN'S, STANDS BESIDE THE MEMORIAL PLAQUE OF H.M.C.S. "SPIKENARD", LOST AT SEA.

The years came and went and Newfoundland, who herself had become a dominion, did not wish to change her form of government. But in 1934 she had to sink back for a time to the status of a crown colony. Then came the Second World War which brought sorrow and fear to Newfoundland as well as rising prices for her products and increased prosperity. In this war Canadian soldiers, sailors, and airmen were stationed in the island and they were no longer able to think of it as a remote part of the British Empire. New-

foundlanders, too, had joined the Canadian army and they, together with the thousands of other Newfoundlanders already living in the various provinces, wished for the Union of Newfoundland with Canada. The war had also taught the world many lessons. One was that small countries can no longer stand alone and that only in uniting with their larger neighbours can they hope for protection in time of danger. The war had shown,

too, how vital the safety of Newfoundland is to all the other parts of North America.

When in 1948 the time came for Newfoundlanders to decide the form of government they preferred, their delegates were offered courteous and generous terms by the Federal Government. The result was that a majority of the people voted for Confederation.

D'Arcy McGee, the great Canadian orator, once spoke of Canada as an Achilles' shield lying on the blue rim of ocean. Newfoundland is now part of that shield.

THINGS TO DO

1. Examine the coat-of-arms of Newfoundland. See if you can explain what each feature represents.
2. Make a list of the flowers which are emblems of Canadian provinces. Tell why each is typical of the province it represents.

LOOKING FORWARD

WE ALL like to look forward. Let us take a peep at the future of this very old colony which has become a very new province. Newfoundland's provincial parliament, meeting in St. John's, will control many of the affairs which concern the daily lives of her people, such as lands and forests, schools, hospitals, agriculture, mines, mills, and factories. The Federal Government to which she will send members — both to the House of Commons and to the Senate — will now control trade with foreign countries. It will look after lighthouses, the post office, railways, mail steamers, and salt water fisheries.

Since the Federal Government helps all the provinces to improve the welfare of the people, there will be more doctors and trained nurses at work in the smaller outports. There will also be more hospitals and sanitoriums. With more hospital beds for the sick and with plenty of milk to keep growing children healthy, Newfoundlanders will rout the terrible enemy, tuberculosis, which has in the past killed thousands of the people.

The coming years will bring with them other improvements. Only a small part of the mineral wealth of Newfoundland and Labrador has been discovered yet. There will be more mines. "White coal" will be developed from the numerous waterfalls so that people in the small settlements will have the benefit of electricity. More of the limestone, gypsum, and timber will be used to build schools, gymnasiums, libraries, and community centres. More and better roads will be built. There will be fewer tiny settlements since the need for them is now disappearing. Thanks to the airplane the people who continue to live in more remote places will not be cut off from larger settlements during the long winter months. Like other Canadian provinces, Newfoundland will have a national park where city people may spend delightful holidays surrounded by abundant wild life.

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